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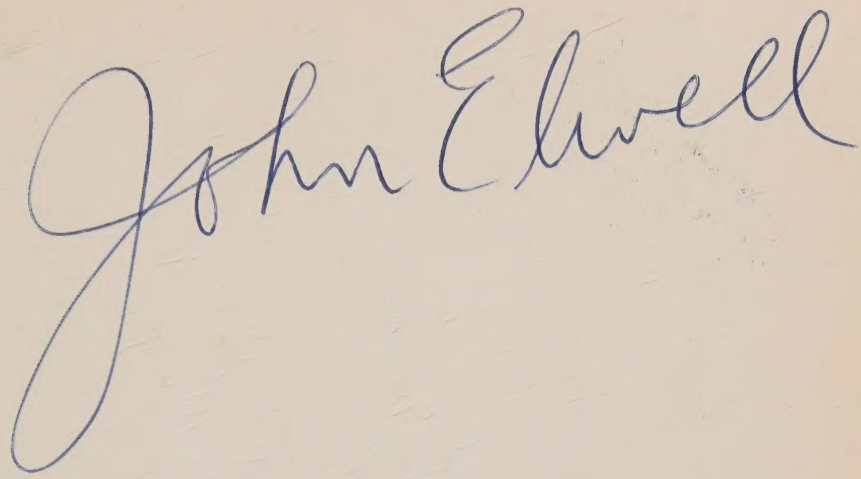
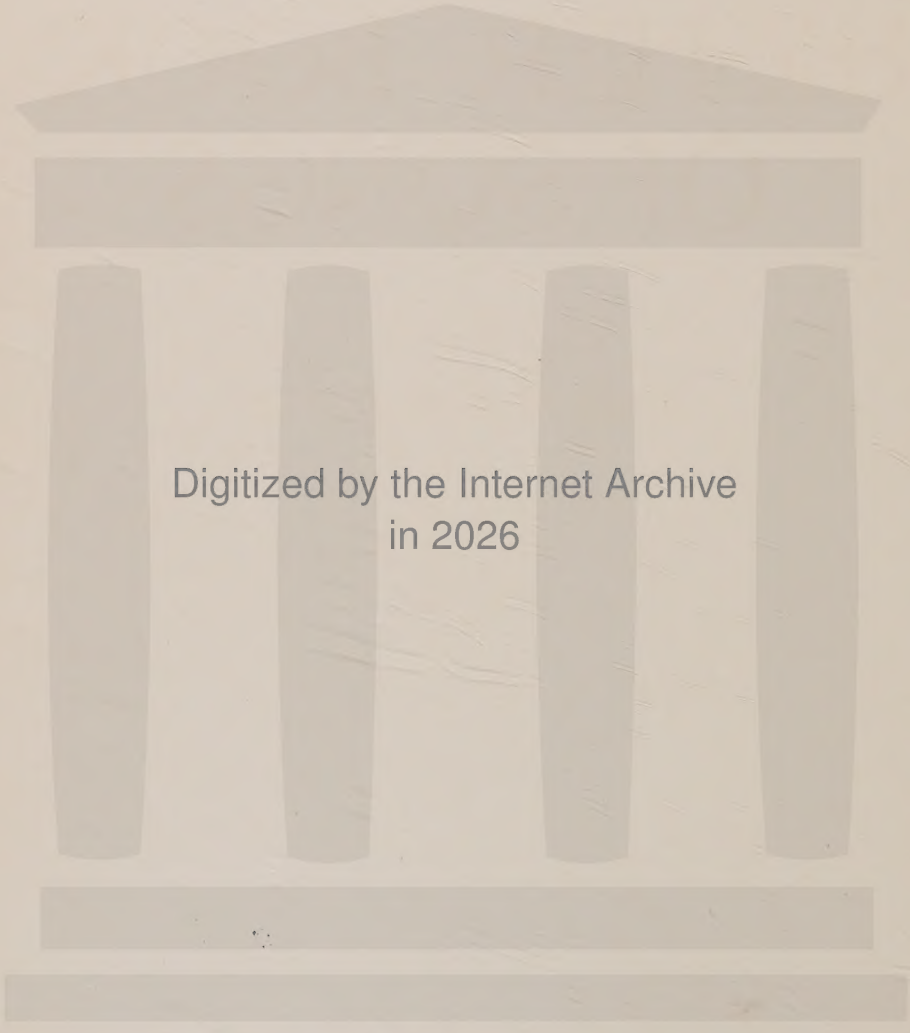

John Elwell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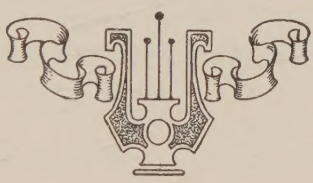
Books of Songs

HIGHER BOOK OF SONGS

by
Robert Foresman



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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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FORESMAN—HIGHER BOOK OF SONGS

W. P. 6

MADE IN U. S. A.

PREFACE

This book follows the *Fifth Book of Songs* in the Foresman *Books of Songs* series. It has been planned for use in high schools and in other advanced music classes.

PLAN. In order to carry over the sight-reading capacity developed in the grades into the high-school and post-high-school periods, there must be correct organization of material and a teaching procedure which continues the method in a logical development. Organized musical training of this type results in something much more important than the ability to read music at sight; it should mean the development of the student's natural musical endowment into a sensitive and spontaneous response to fine music and the attainment of at least a fair capacity for musical expression.

This training, to be effective, should have three aspects: the purely technical side, including sight reading; the development of musical feeling, musical memory, and the sense of musical form; and the purely cultural side, by which music becomes part of the student's world and is related by him to the other arts and to his own life. Only by attention to this threefold function of musical training can the work of the school curriculum be carried over into the adult life of the students.

ARRANGEMENT. In recognition of the fact that music study in advanced classes should have a definite relation to the training which has gone before, this *Higher Book of Songs* has been graded with the same care as the other books of this series. Due regard has also been paid to desirable juxtaposition of keys, to contrasts of major and minor keys, and to the presentation of the widest possible variety of musical effects.

The special requirements of music for high-school use in respect to part arrangements, range, etc. have been carefully provided for, especially that of furnishing interesting part work for other voices than soprano. The use of many songs with the melody partly or wholly sung by one of the lower voices gives a thoroughly practical and musical solution of this problem.

In the earlier songs, the soprano and alto parts are no more difficult than those that have been sung in previous years; attention can, therefore, be concentrated on the sight reading and singing of the bass and tenor parts. Both bass and tenor are introduced naturally and easily in these first songs, often by placing the melody in one of the lower voices. In many songs, bass and tenor sing together. This plan insures the development of ability to read in the bass clef and gives an adequate introduction to more difficult work for the lower voices.

Technical problems, such as chromatics, minor intervals, and unusual or difficult intervals are also introduced in a natural way, which enables the passages containing them to be sung with ease and facility. Moreover, the melodies themselves, as well as the harmonization of the parts, make a direct appeal to musical feeling, thus stimulating in the singers an instant feeling response and consequent ease in correct and musical interpretation.

While it is not necessary that the songs be studied in the order in which they appear, this order will be found of great suggestive value in making selections, since it not only brings out the particular musical value of each song but also gives due place and emphasis to the problems and technical relations presented. Indeed, a comprehensive grasp of the song material and its musical significance can probably be most easily gained by a rather close following of this order.

CONTENT. The songs in this book have been chosen to cover the widest possible range of period, style, and mood. Beginning with the work of 17th and early 18th Century composers,—Bach, Handel, Rameau, Tenaglia, Falconieri,—the chronological procession passes on through the works of Gluck, Mozart, and Haydn, the Italian operatic composers,—Rossini, Donizetti, Mascagni, Verdi,—and the German masters of the 19th Century—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Brahms; thus presenting an outline of musical art covering three centuries.

The important Russian school is represented by Tschaikowsky, Cui, Moussorgski, Gretchaninoff, Rimski-Korsakov, and Rachmaninoff; and American music by Chadwick, MacDowell, Deems Taylor, and others. Characteristic selections from the work of Grieg, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, Richard Strauss, and Sibelius are included, and a number of outstanding compositions by minor composers give breadth and variety to the general picture of musical culture.

Parallel with this selection of composed songs are folk songs, chosen with the definite purpose of filling out the outline and emphasizing the inclusiveness of music as an art and its place in the cultural life of civilized nations. They include old English ballads, a German *minnelied*, a French carol, and a group of melodies representing Scandinavian, German, English, Celtic, Russian, Hungarian, French, Spanish, and Italian musical impulses and expressions of the common people. The unusually large number of American folk songs illustrates in a striking manner the actual process of *folk song making*; the definite way in which a nation sets the seal of personality on an art which it has made its own.

In style, the songs include the ballad, carol, glee, choral; the four-part song in its simplest form; selections from opera and oratorio; and a few art songs of moderate difficulty.

The range of mood, as in all the *Books of Songs*, has purposely been made as wide as the necessary limitations of space and grading will permit. Songs of nature in varied aspects; songs of war, sport, and adventure, of gay dance and solemn procession; love songs of exceptional beauty and dignity; hymns, both familiar and classic, as well as a large group of fine religious songs of more complex structure; give opportunity for fine discrimination of many diverse moods.

The Topical Index, which lists the songs with regard to subject matter and origin of words and music, will naturally suggest many unusual and interesting leads for work in musical appreciation. Especial attention is called to the group of songs set to poems of the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets; to the group headed "America Singing," which presents a comprehensive view of American folk song; and to the group of poems in translation, which includes lyrics of Heine, Goethe, De Musset, and Verlaine.

The entire selection has been made with the idea of musical appreciation definitely in mind and will be found exceptionally useful wherever this subject is to be taught.

Besides the Topical Index the book contains an Index of Part Arrangements, an Alphabetical Index, and a Glossary of Musical Terms.

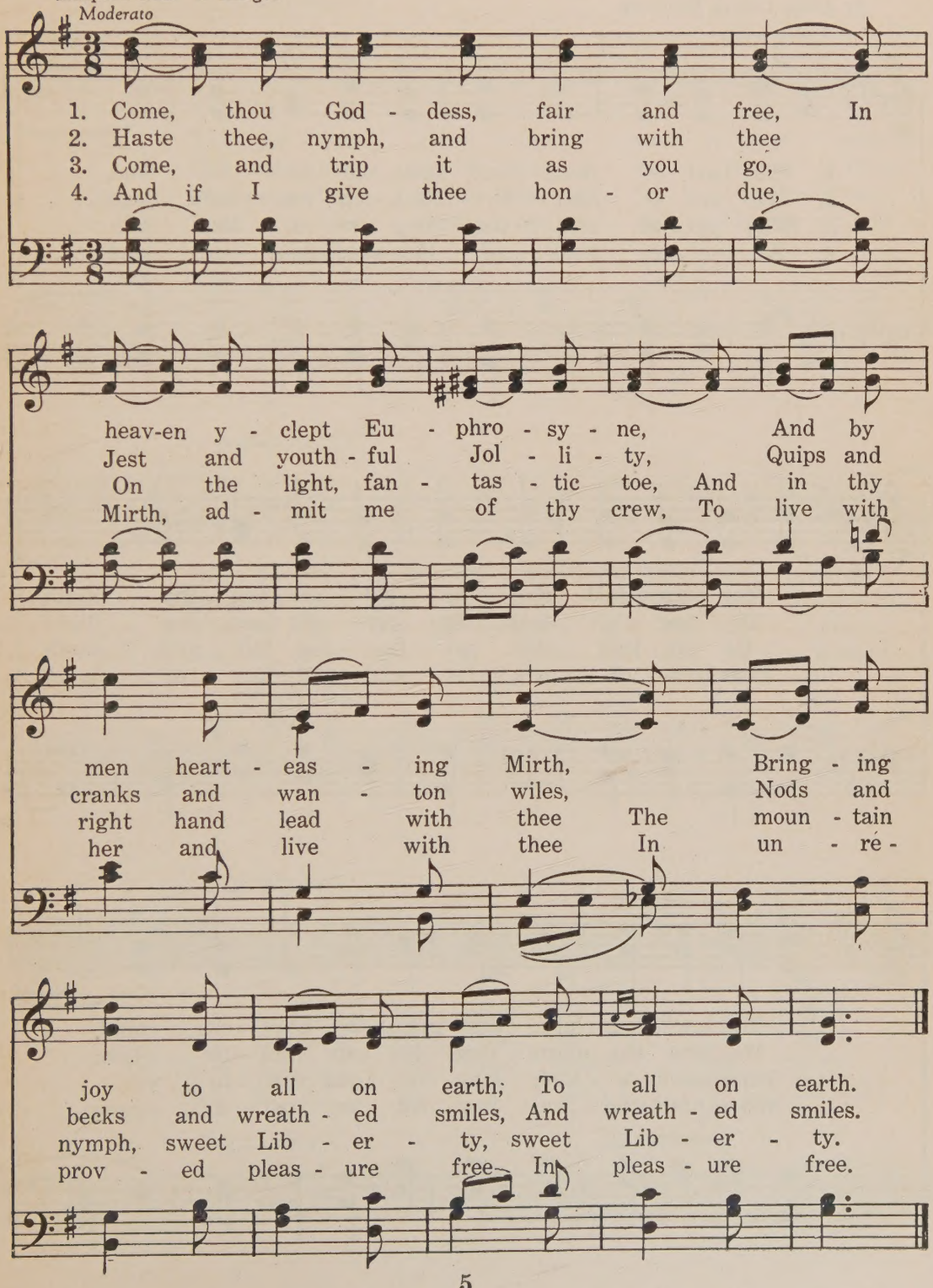
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. The author wishes to express his appreciation of the valuable work of harmonization and arrangement, as well as of musical criticism and editing, which has been done by Mr. Mayhew L. Lake; of the help in the difficult twofold task of research and selection which has been given by many persons, especially by Mr. Robert A. Coan; and of the important service of Miss Cecil Cowdrey, in contributing numerous original poems and translations. Thanks are also due to the several publishers whose courtesy has made possible the inclusion of a number of copyrighted selections.

EUPHROSYNE

John Milton
Adapted from "L' Allegro"

Andrea Falconieri

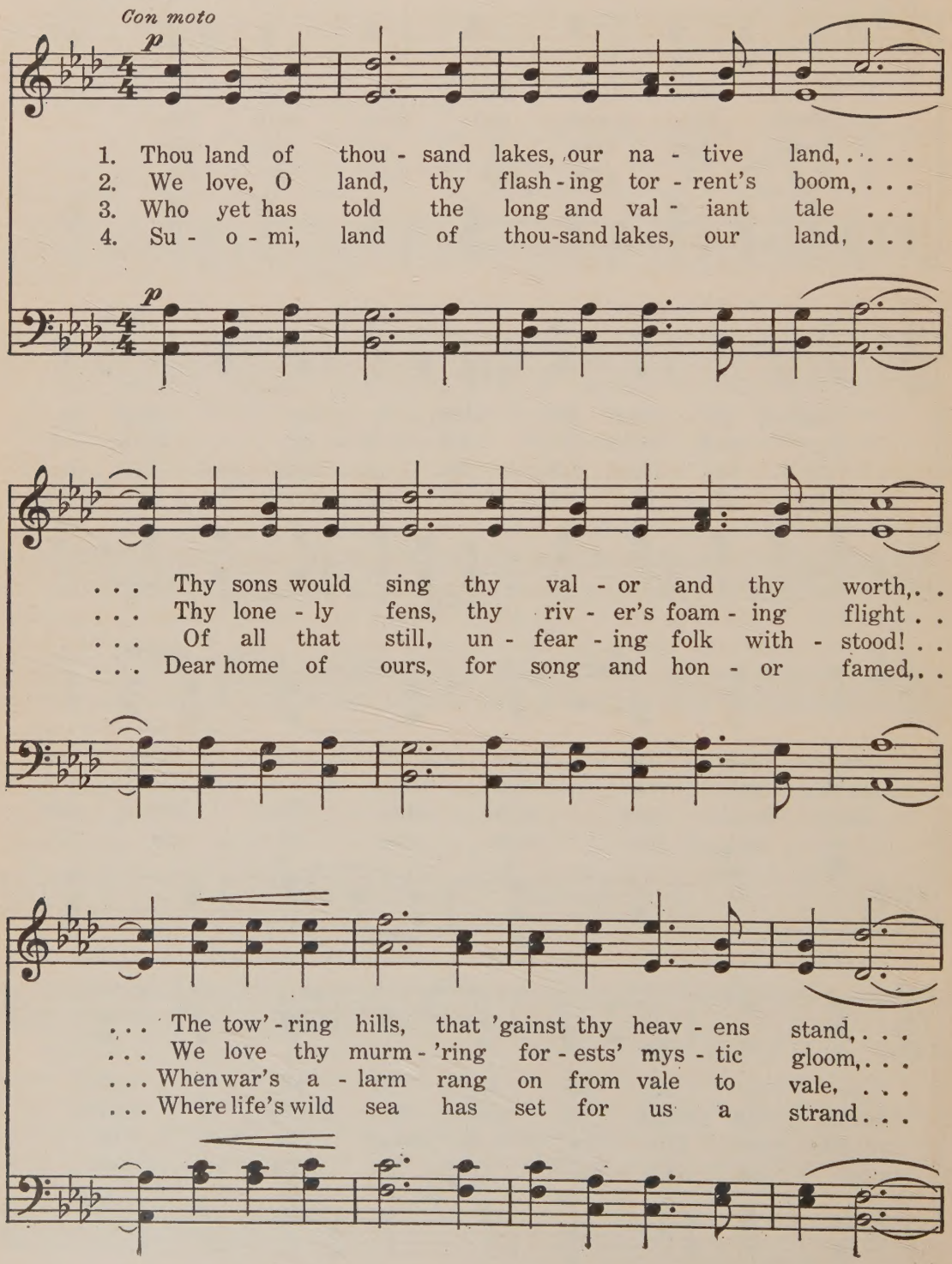
Moderato

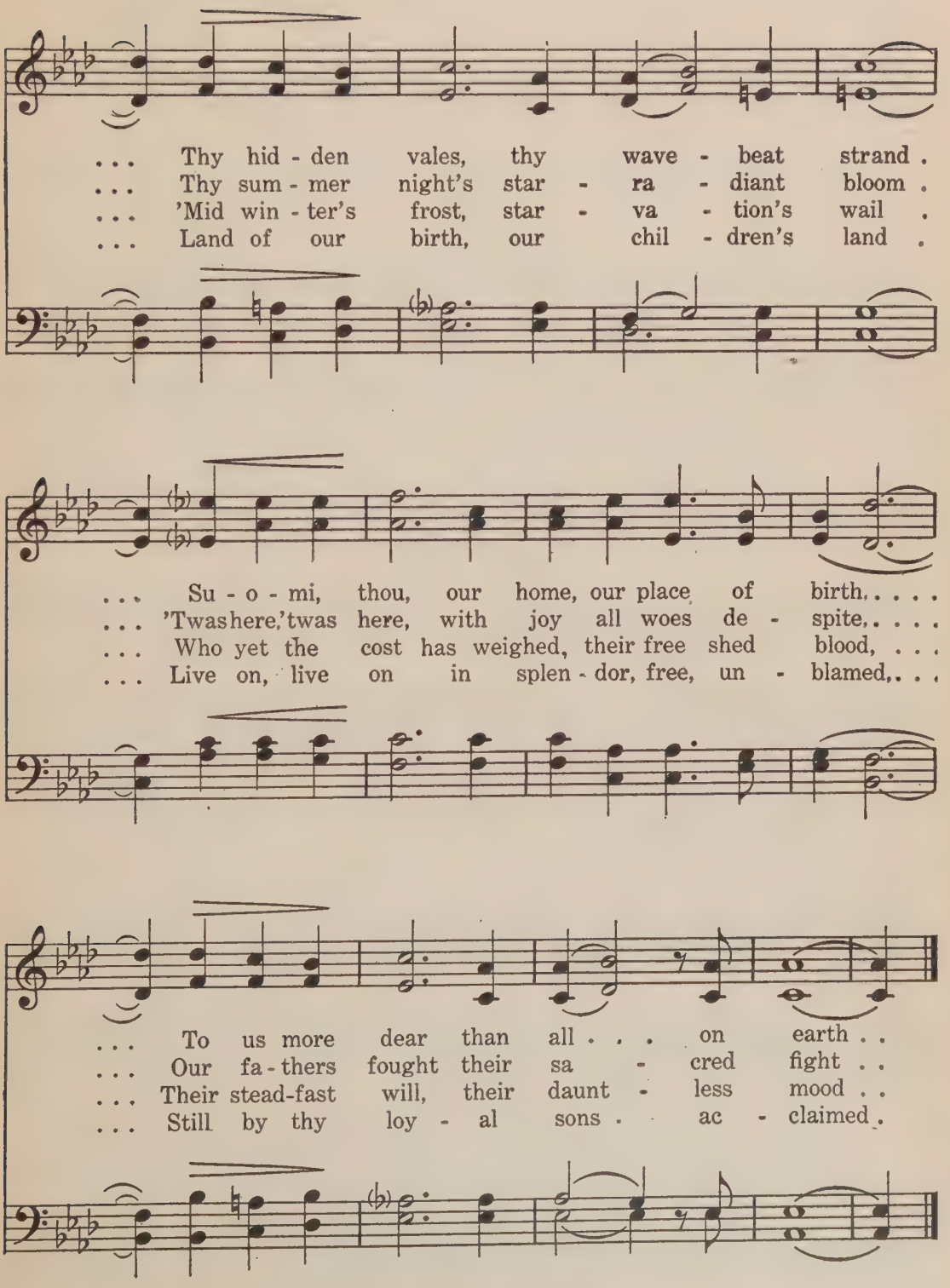


FINLANDIA

Adapted and arranged from
"Our Native Land"
by Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Jean Sibelius




. . . Thy hid - den vales, thy wave - beat strand .
. . . Thy sum - mer night's star - ra - diant bloom .
. . . 'Mid win - ter's frost, star - va - tion's wail .
. . . Land of our birth, our chil - dren's land .
. . . Su - o - mi, thou, our home, our place of birth. . . . .
. . . 'Twas here, 'twas here, with joy all woes de - spite. . . . .
. . . Who yet the cost has weighed, their free shed blood, . . .
. . . Live on, live on in splen - dor, free, un - blamed. . . .
. . . To us more dear than all . . . on earth . .
. . . Our fa - thers fought their sa - cred fight . .
. . . Their stead-fast will, their daunt - less mood . .
. . . Still by thy loy - al sons . ac - claimed .

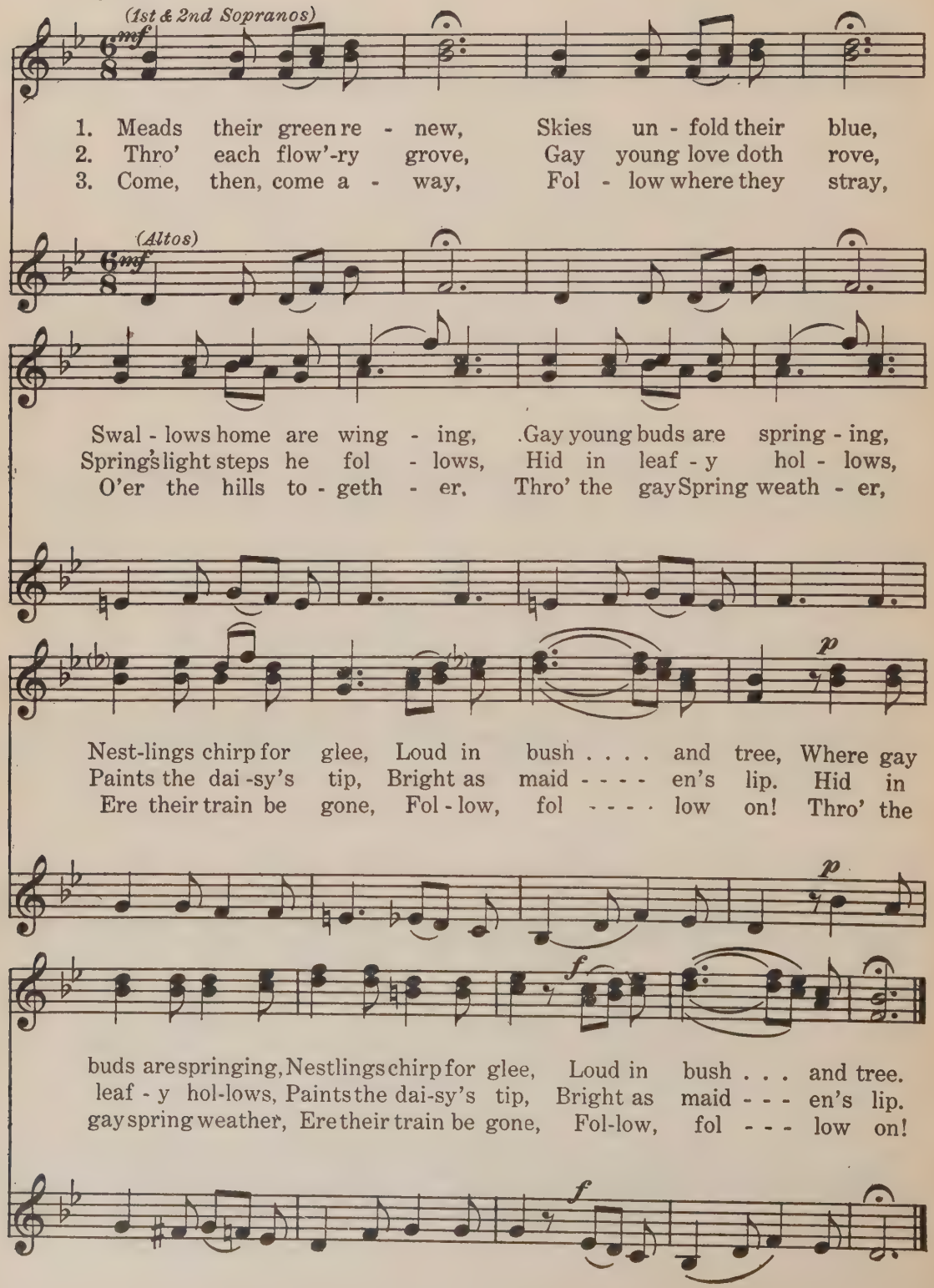
SONG OF MAY

From the German
of Ludwig Holth

Franz Schubert

Moderato

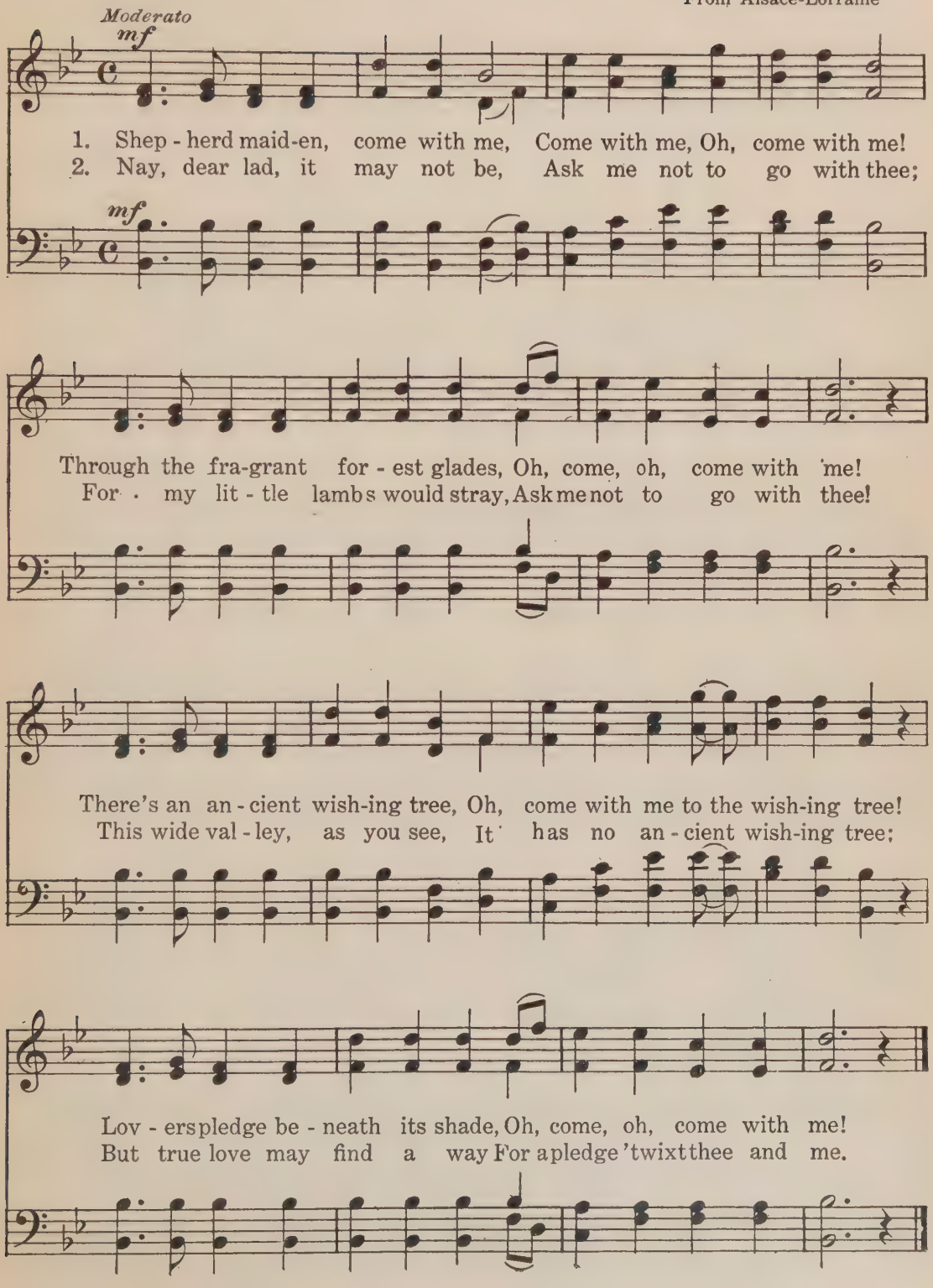
(1st & 2nd Sopranos)



PASTORALE

Susanna Myers

French Folk Song
From Alsace-Lorraine

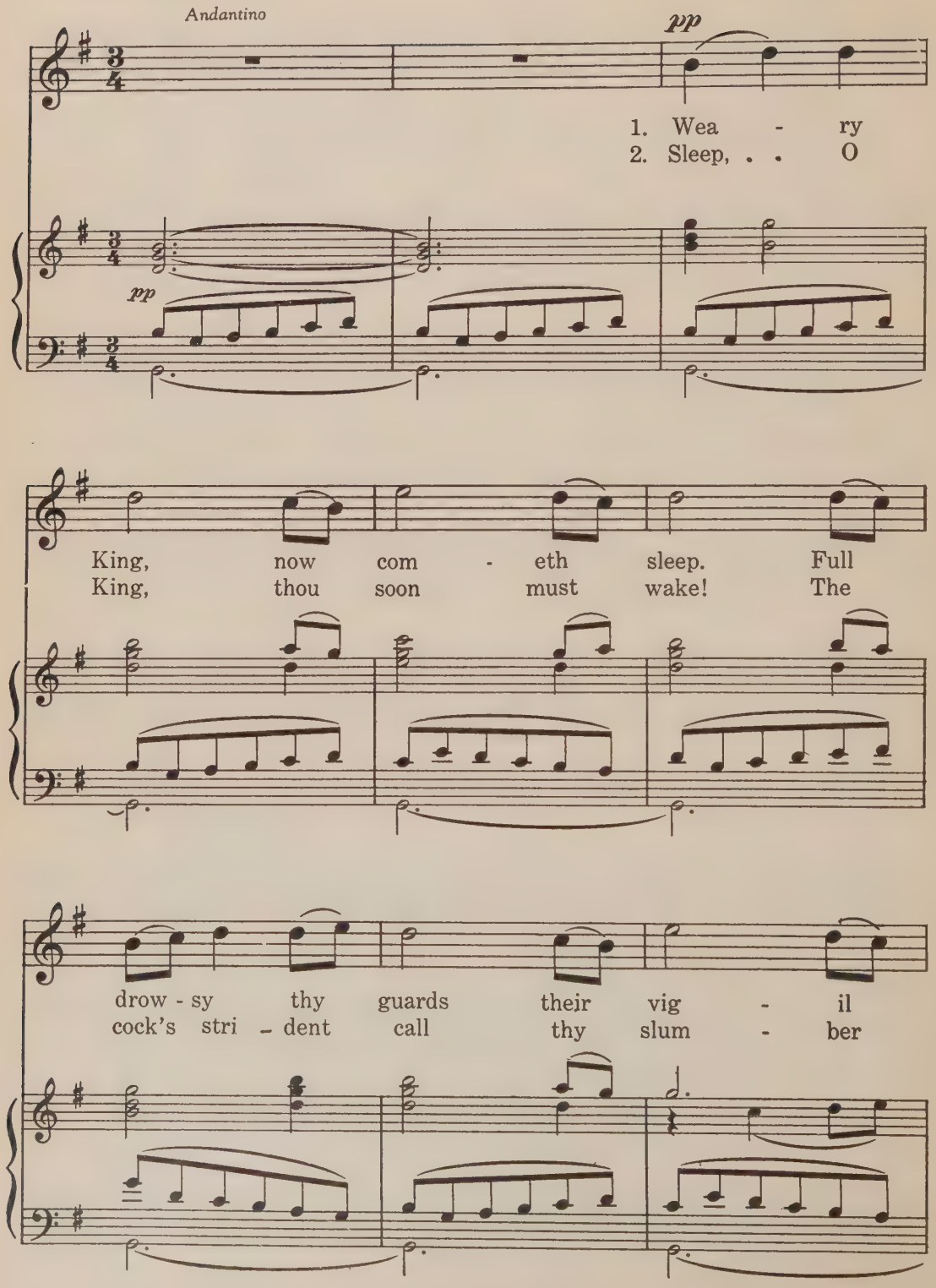


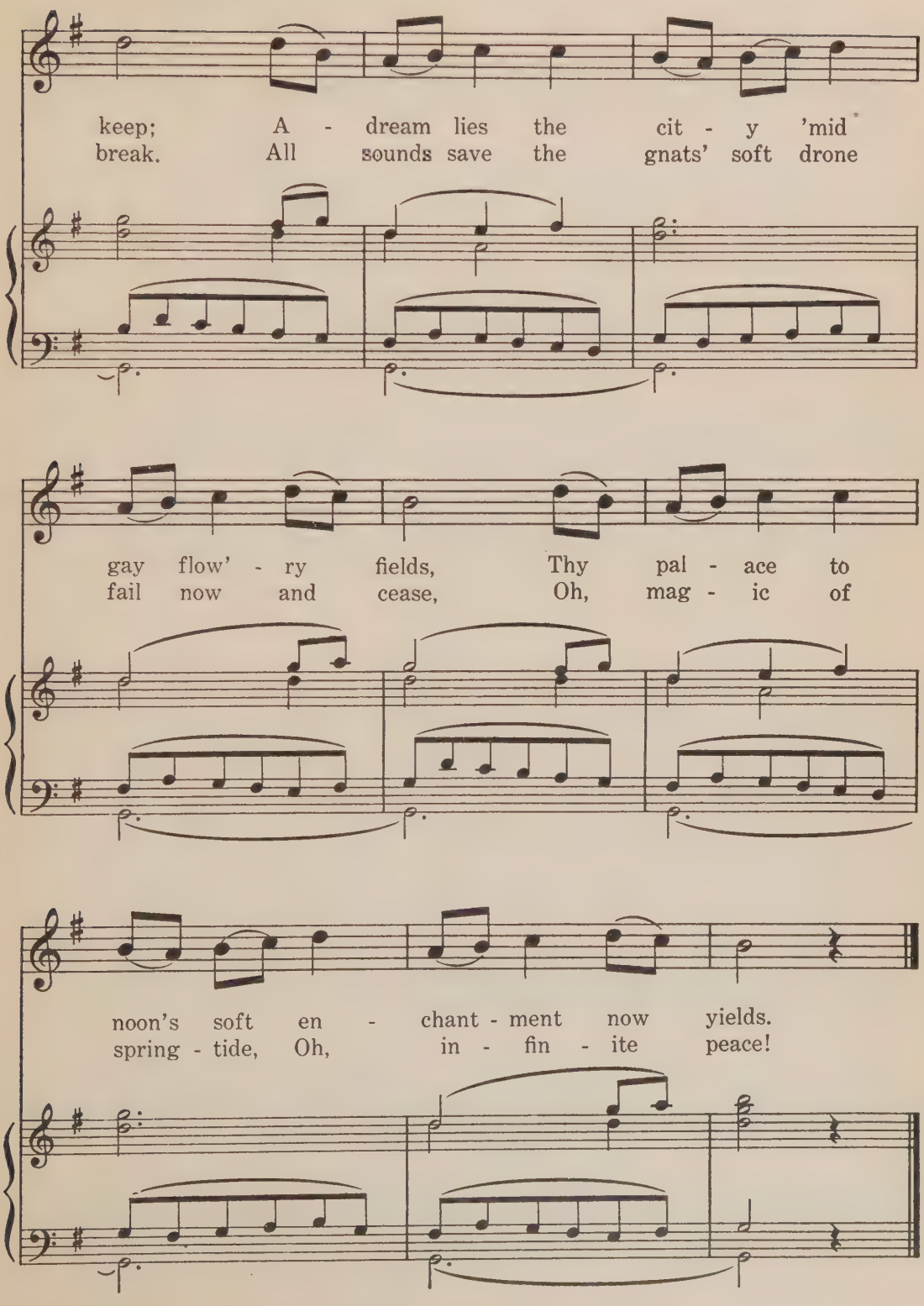
MAGIC SLEEP

Words descriptive of an Instrumental Passage in the Opera

Nikolai Rimski-Korsakov
From *Le Coq d'Or*

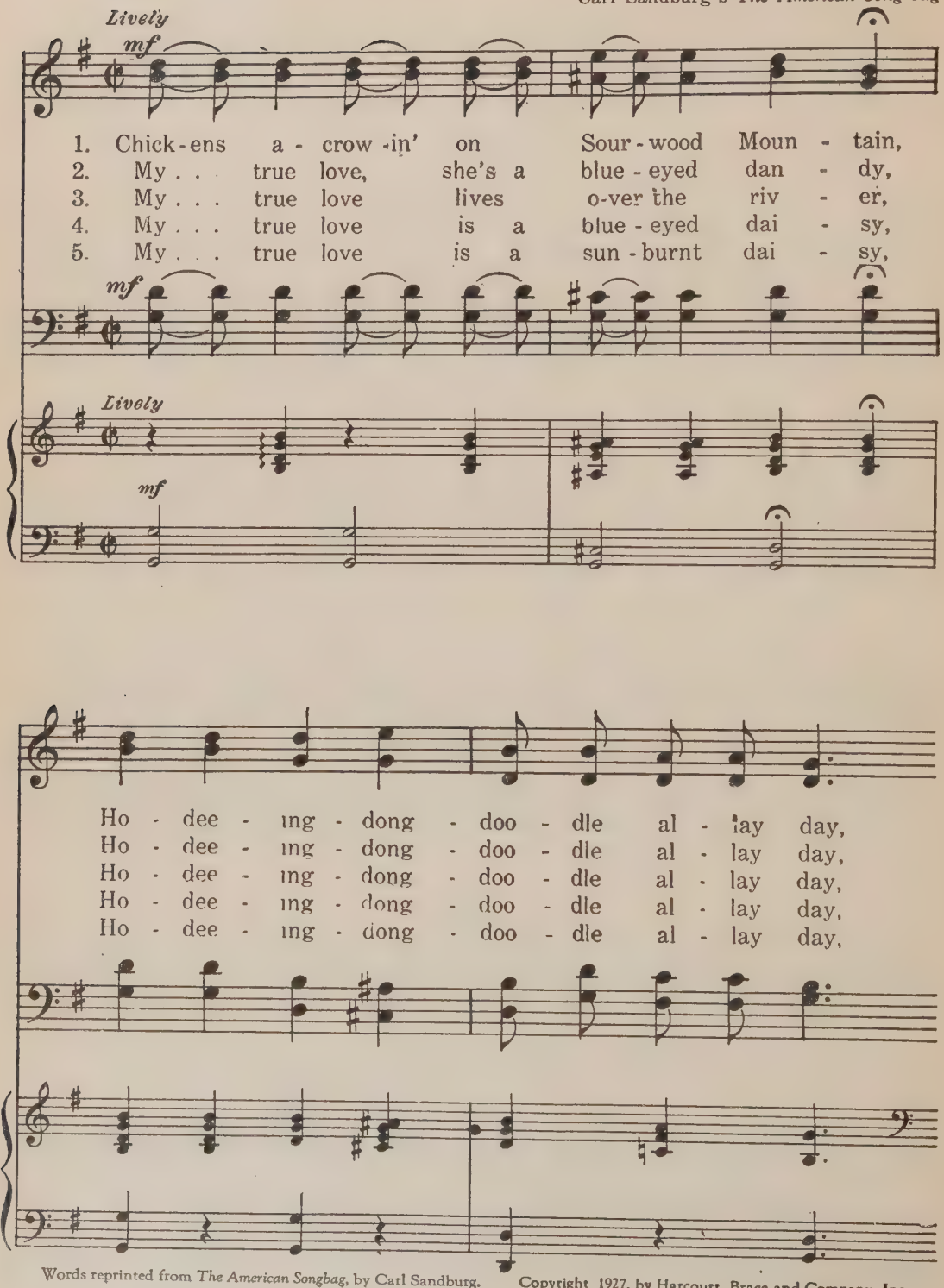
Andantino



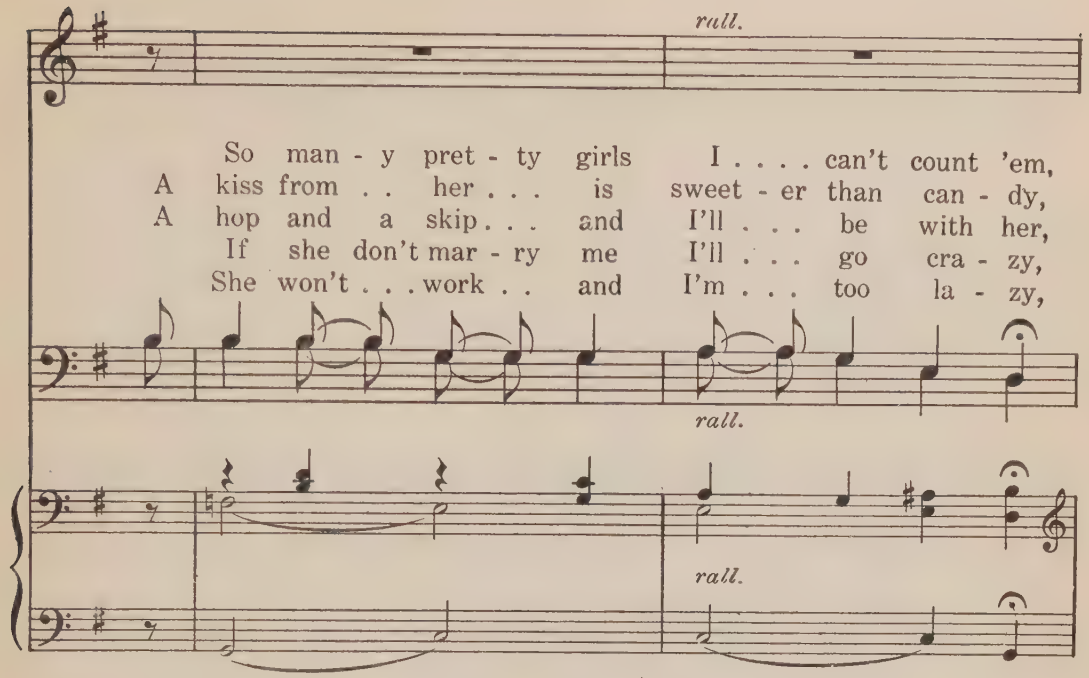

keep; A - dream lies the cit - y 'mid
break. All sounds save the gnats' soft drone
gay flow' - ry fields, Thy pal - ace to
fail now and cease, Oh, mag - ic of
noon's soft en - chant - ment now yields.
spring - tide, Oh, in - fin - ite peace!

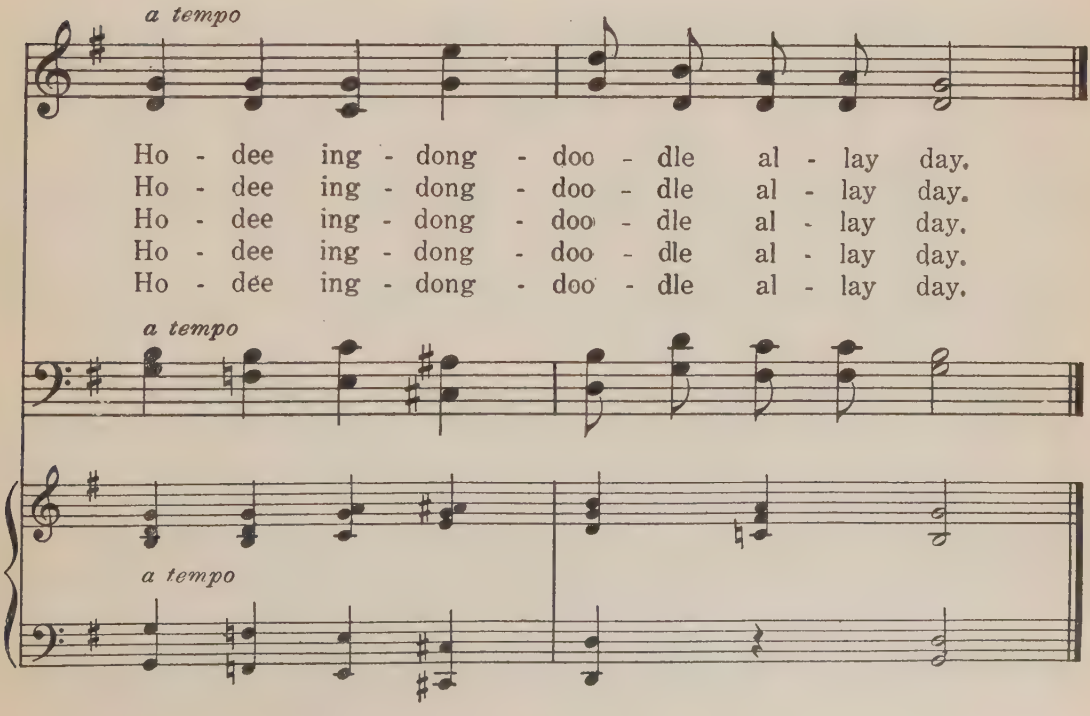
SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

Text and music from
Kentucky, as recorded in
Carl Sandburg's *The American Song bag*



Words reprinted from *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright 1927, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

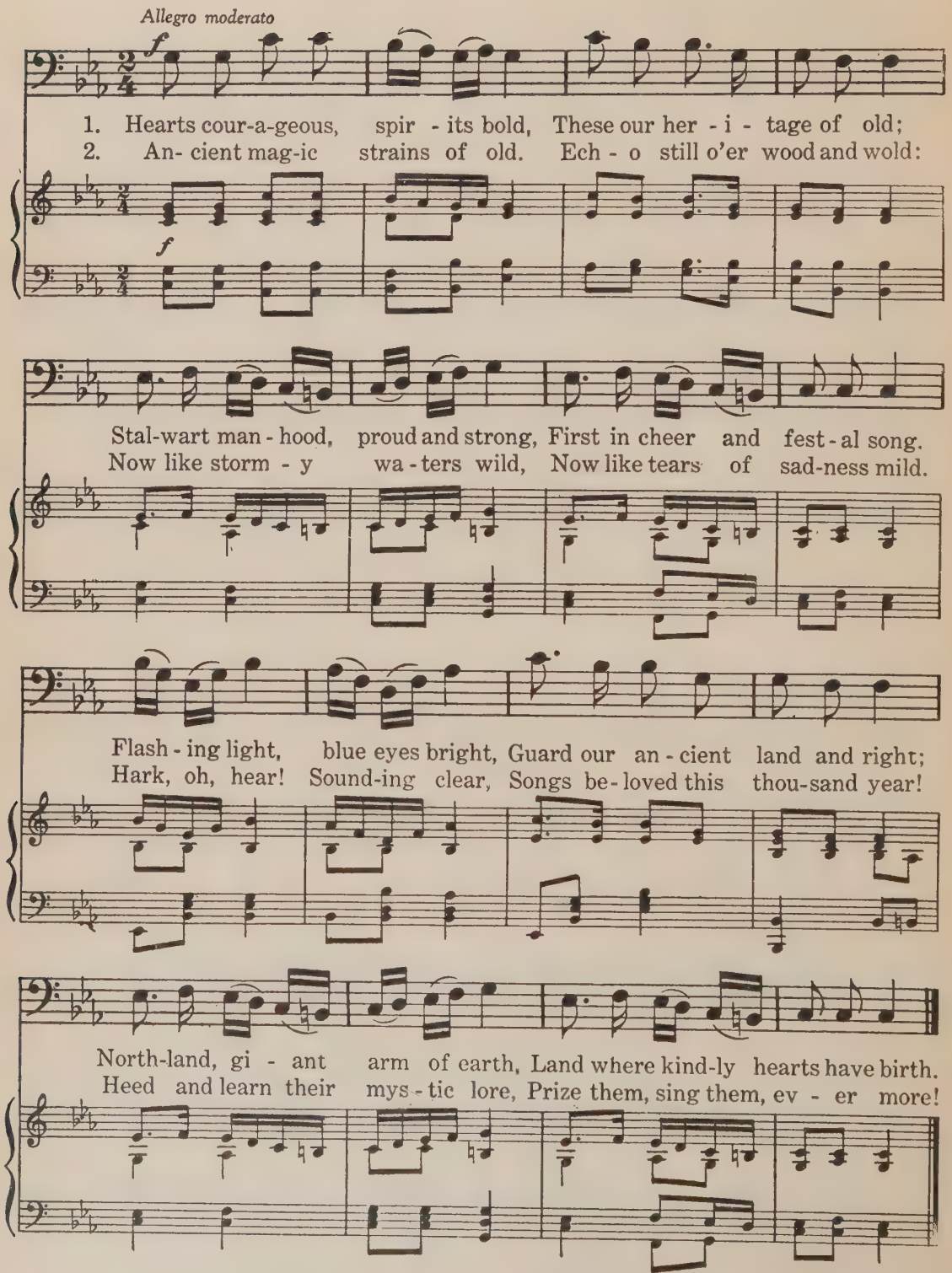

rall.
So man - y pret - ty girls I . . . . can't count 'em,
A kiss from . . her . . . is sweet - er than can - dy,
A hop and a skip . . . and I'll . . . be with her,
If she don't mar - ry me I'll . . . go cra - zy,
She won't . . . work . . and I'm . . . too la - zy,
rall.
rall.


a tempo
Ho - dee ing - dong - doo - dle al - lay day.
Ho - dee ing - dong - doo - dle al - lay day.
Ho - dee ing - dong - doo - dle al - lay day.
Ho - dee ing - dong - doo - dle al - lay day.
Ho - dee ing - dong - doo - dle al - lay day.
a tempo
a tempo

MARCH OF THE DALESMEN

From the Swedish

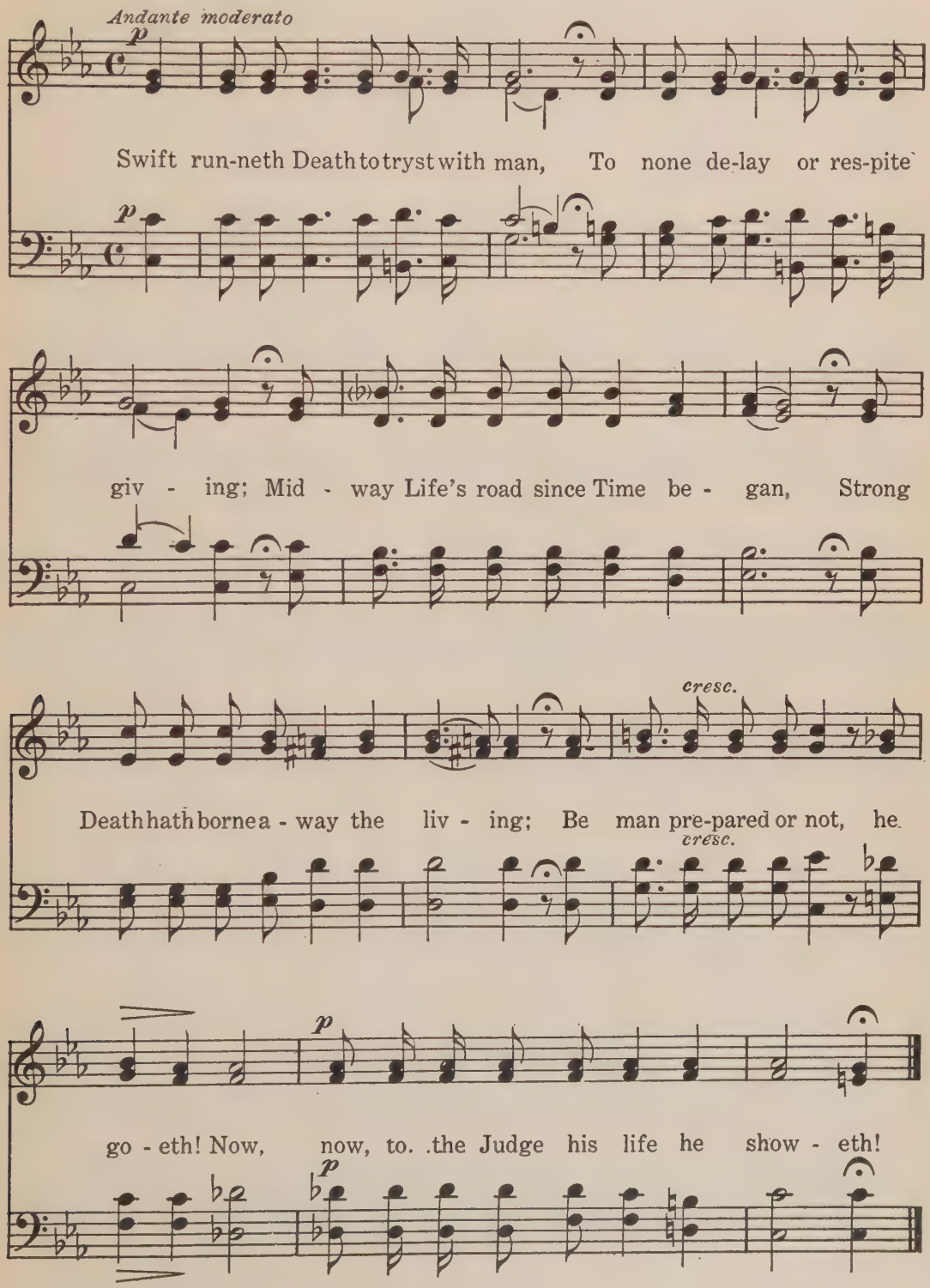
Swedish Folk Song



CHANT OF THE MONKS

Friedrich von Schiller
From *Wilhelm Tell*

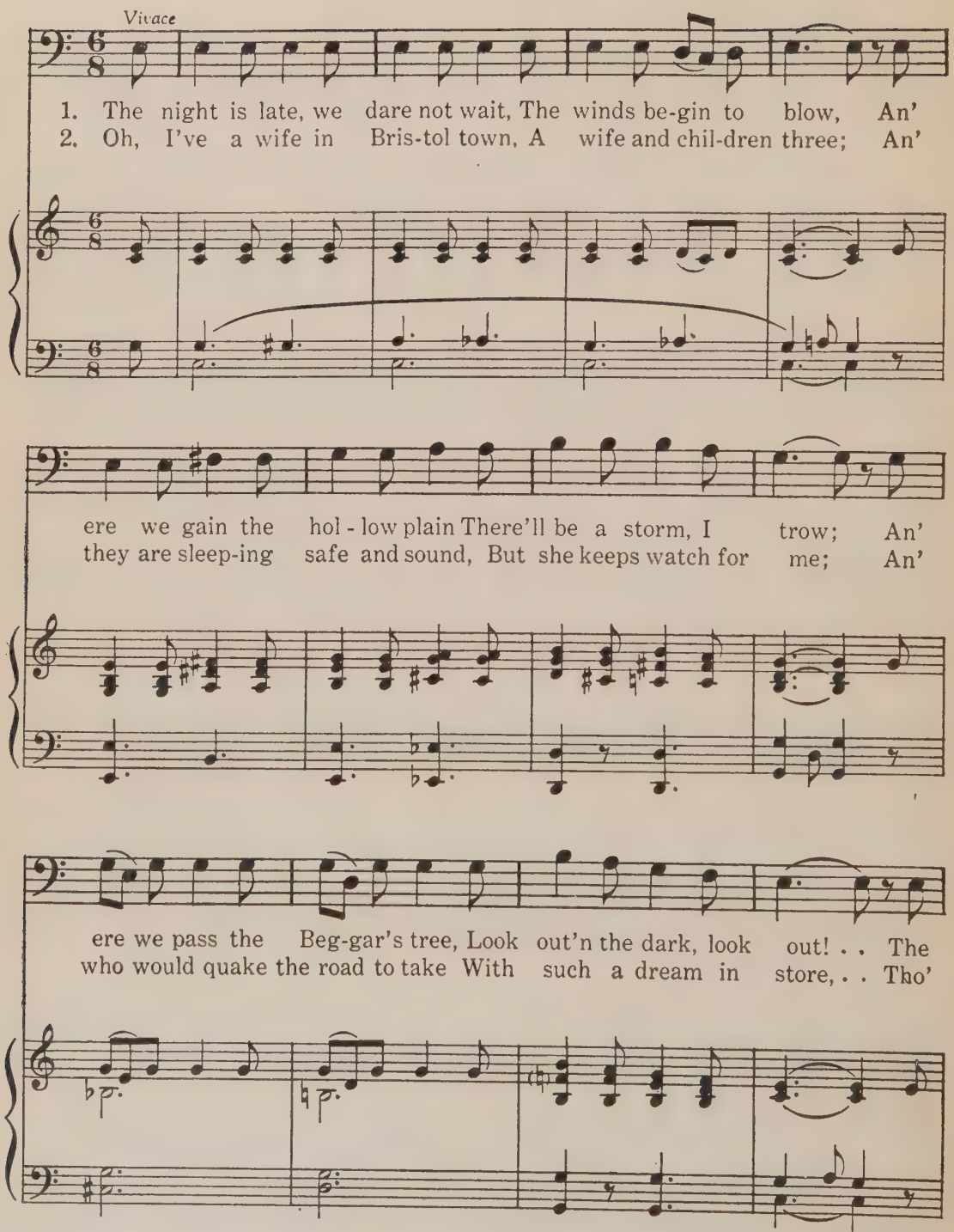
Ludwig van Beethoven

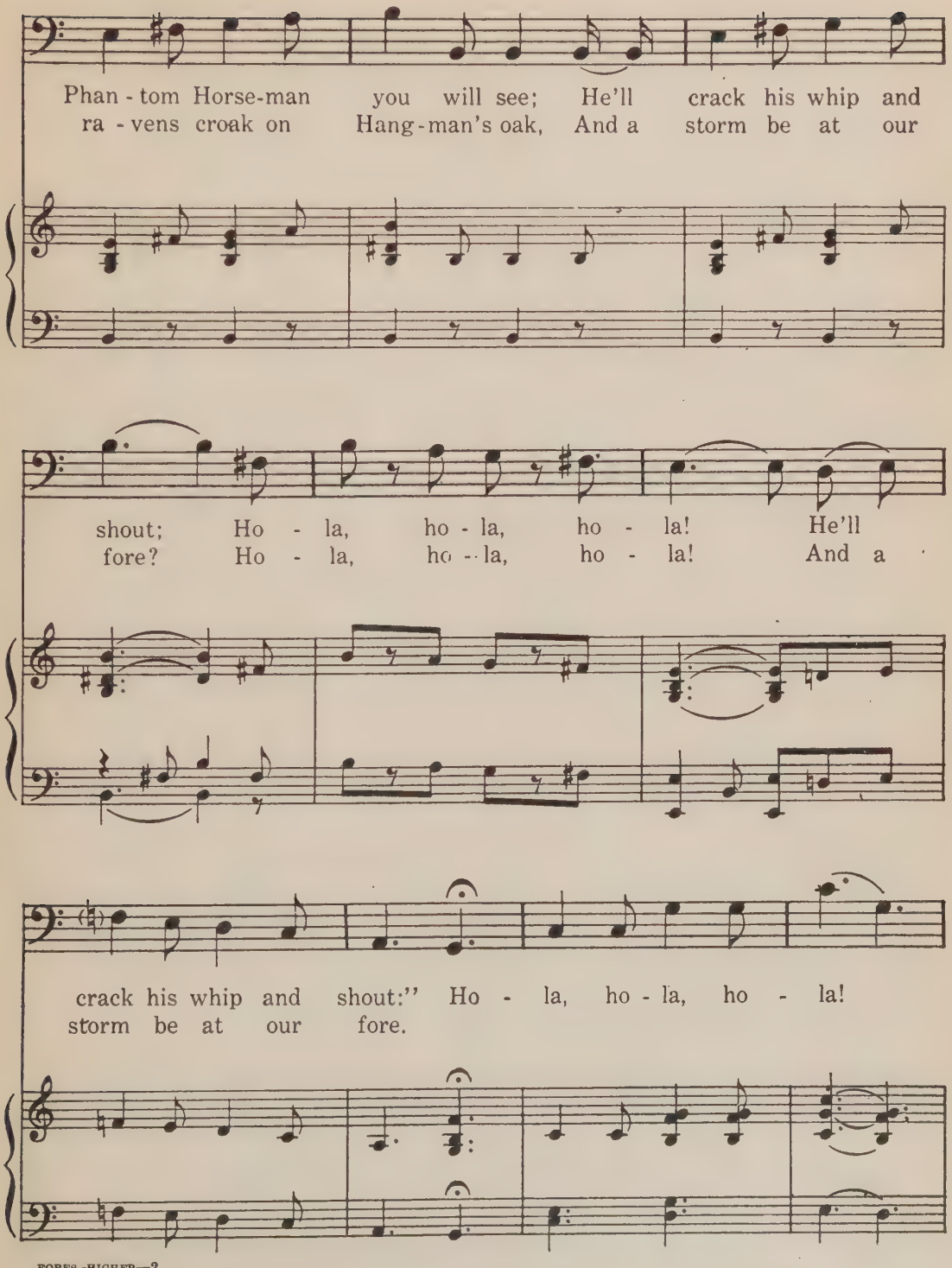


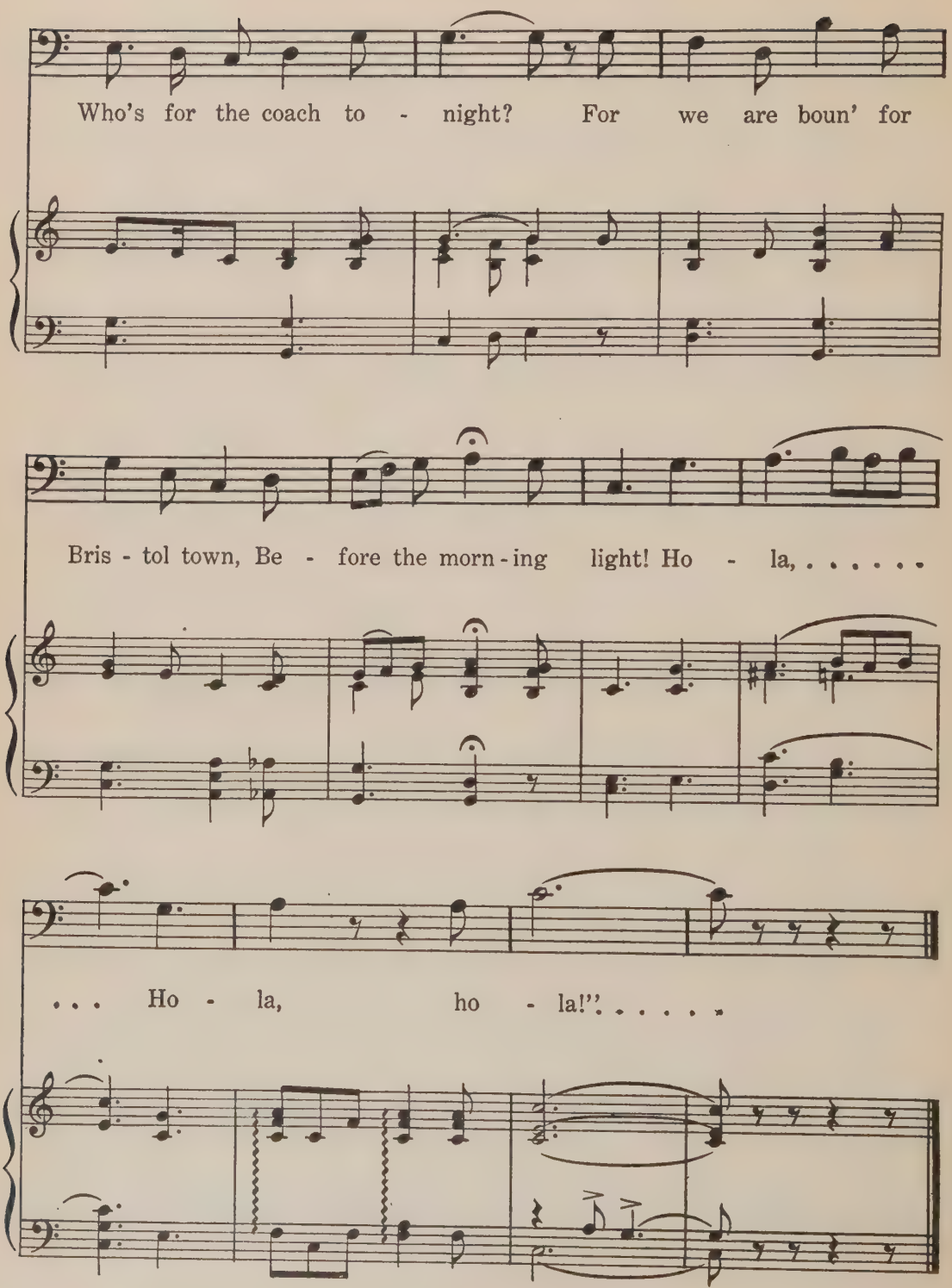
THE POSTILLION

F. E. Weatherly

J. L. Molloy



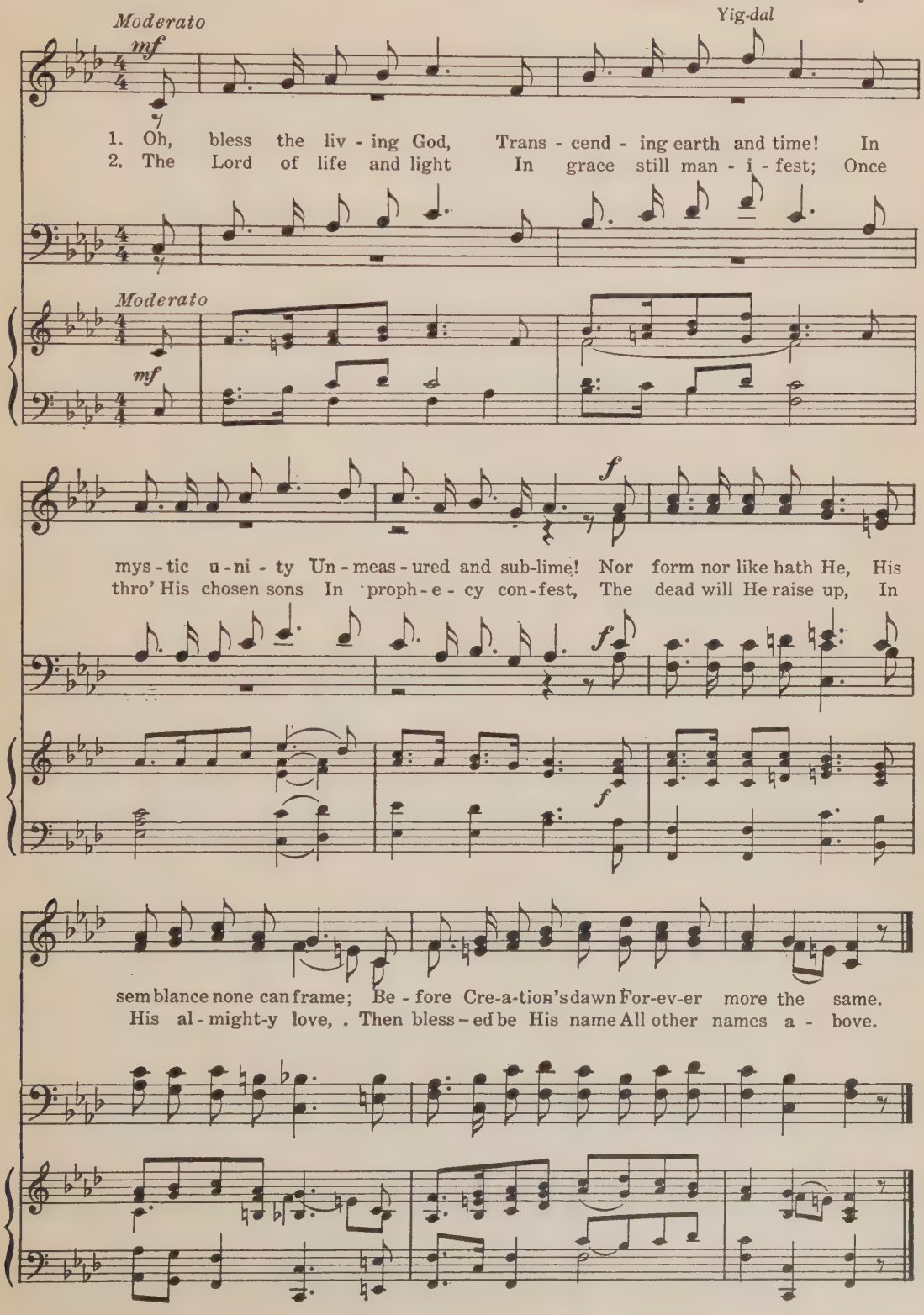

Phan - tom Horse-man you will see; He'll crack his whip and
ra - vens croak on Hang - man's oak, And a storm be at our
shout; Ho - la, ho - la, ho - la! He'll
fore? Ho - la, ho - la, ho - la! And a
crack his whip and shout:" Ho - la, ho - la, ho - la!
storm be at our fore.


Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for
Bris - tol town, Be - fore the morn - ing light! Ho - la, ...
. . . Ho - la, ho - la!" . . . . .

OH, BLESS THE LIVING GOD

From the Hebrew

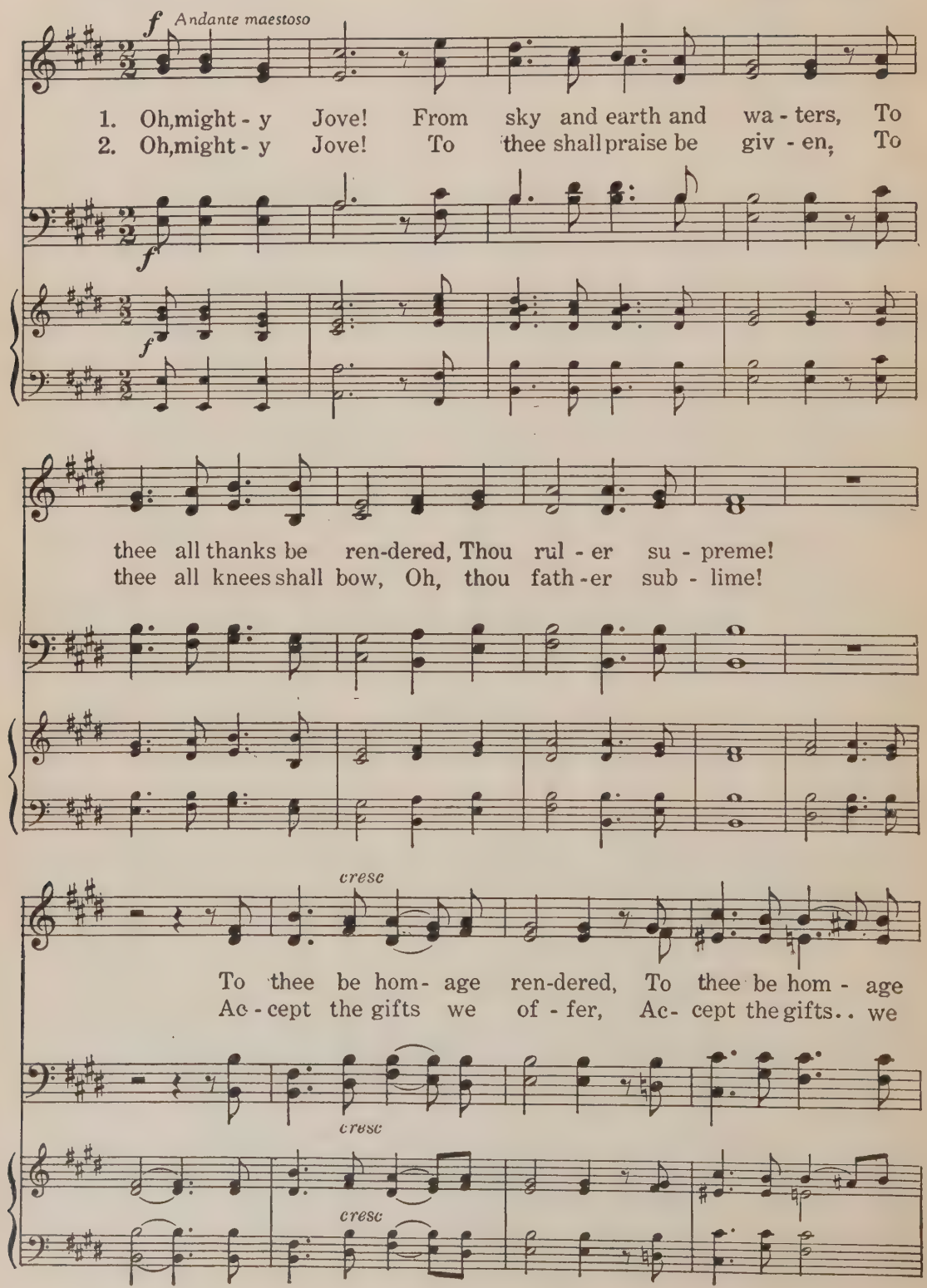
Traditional Hebrew Melody
Yig-dal

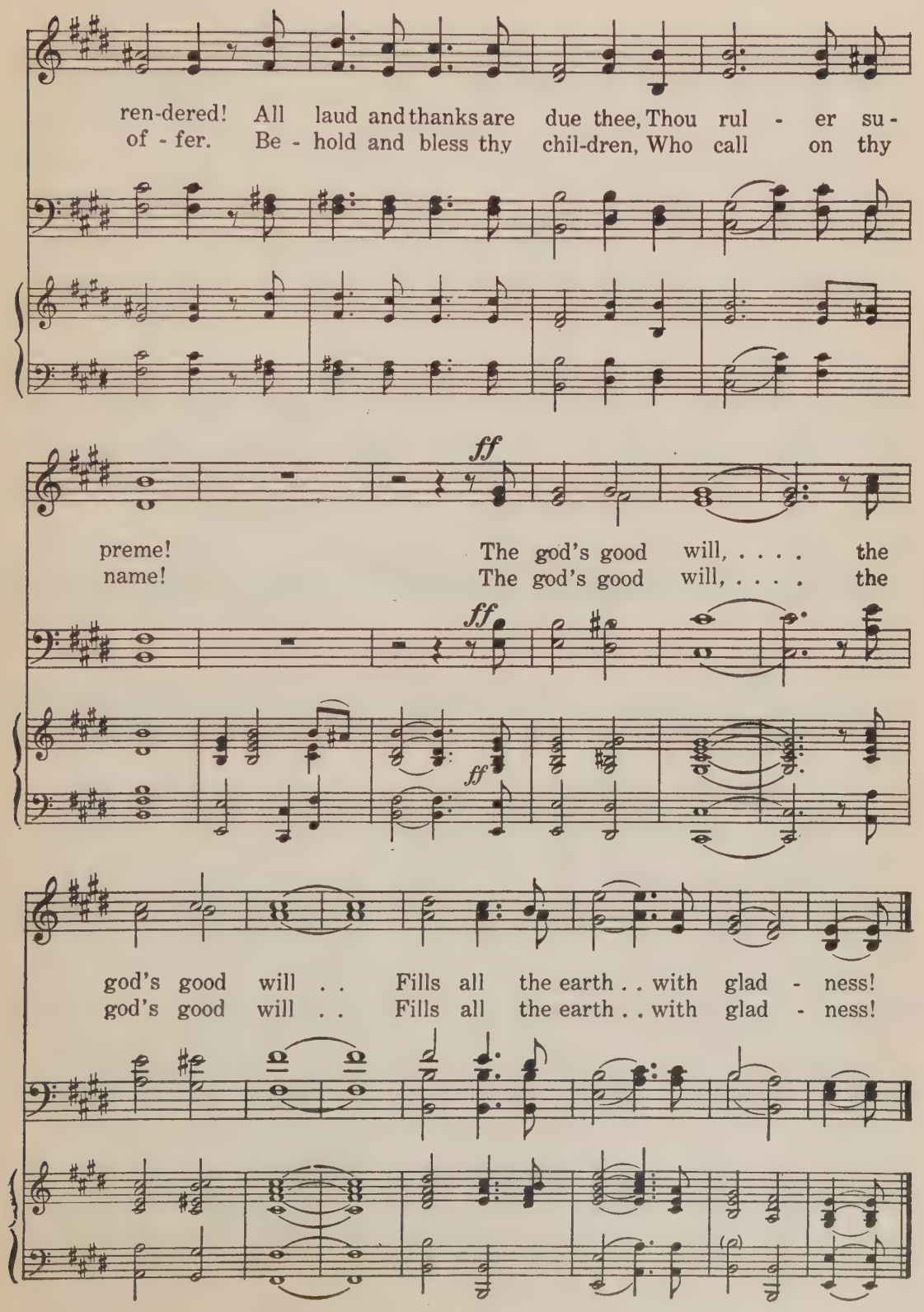


HYMN TO JOVE

From the French

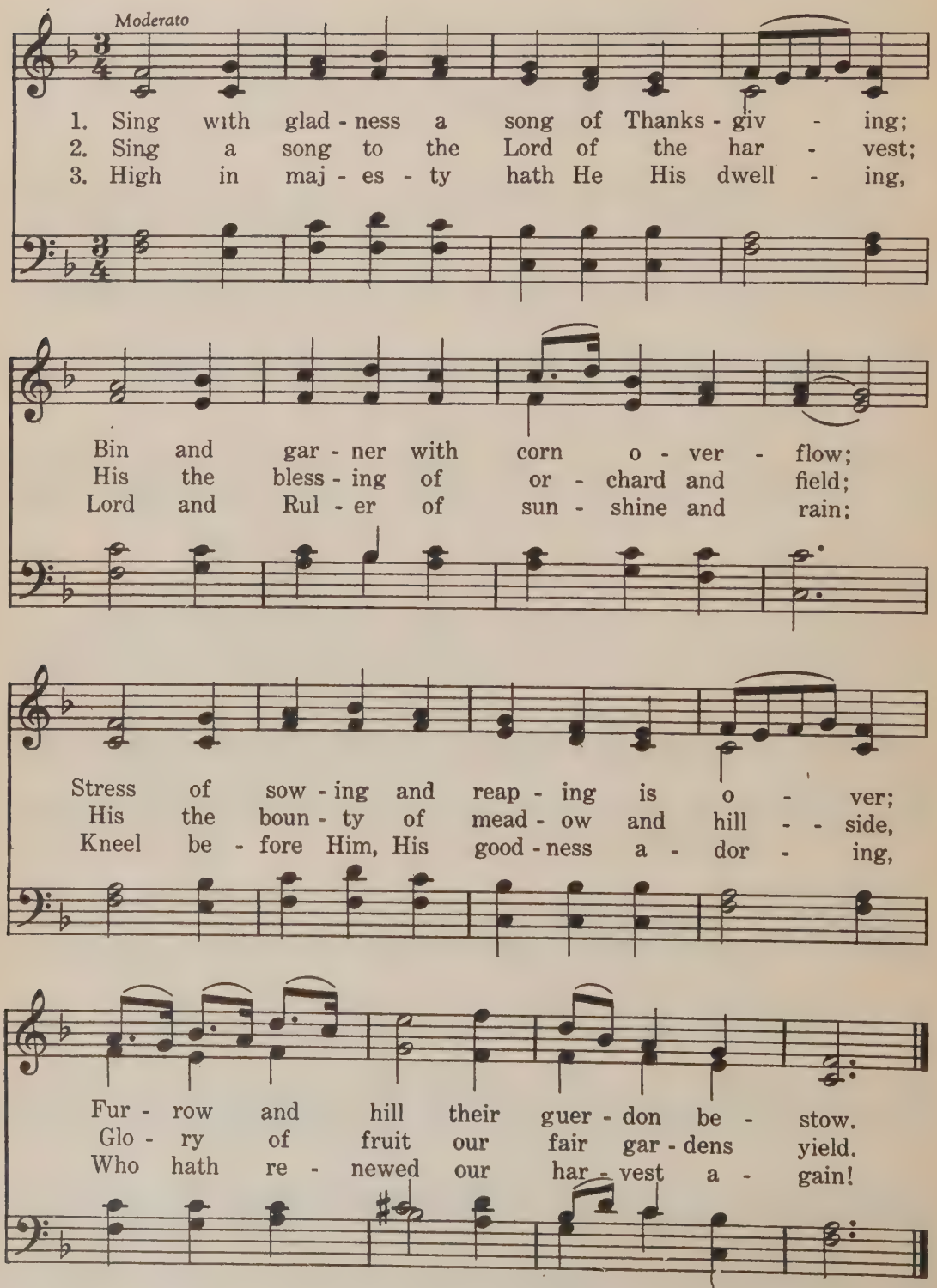
J. P. Rameau
From *Nais*



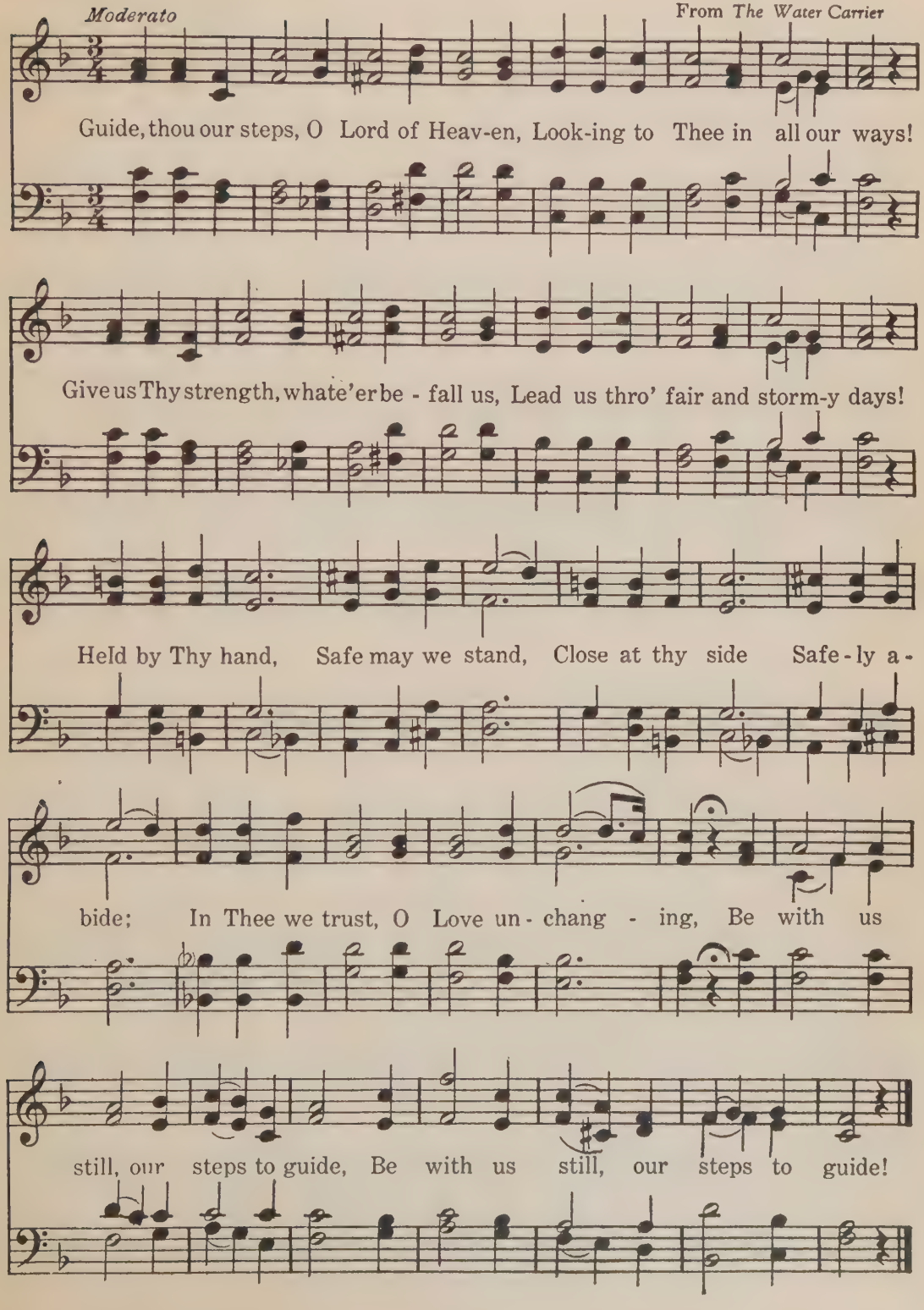

ren-dered! All laud and thanks are due thee, Thou rul - er su-
of - fer. Be - hold and bless thy chil-dren, Who call on thy
ff
preme! The god's good will, ... the
name! The god's good will, ... the
ff
ff
god's good will . . Fills all the earth . . with glad - ness!
god's good will . . Fills all the earth . . with glad - ness!

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

Cecil Cowdrey — Dr. Thomas Arne

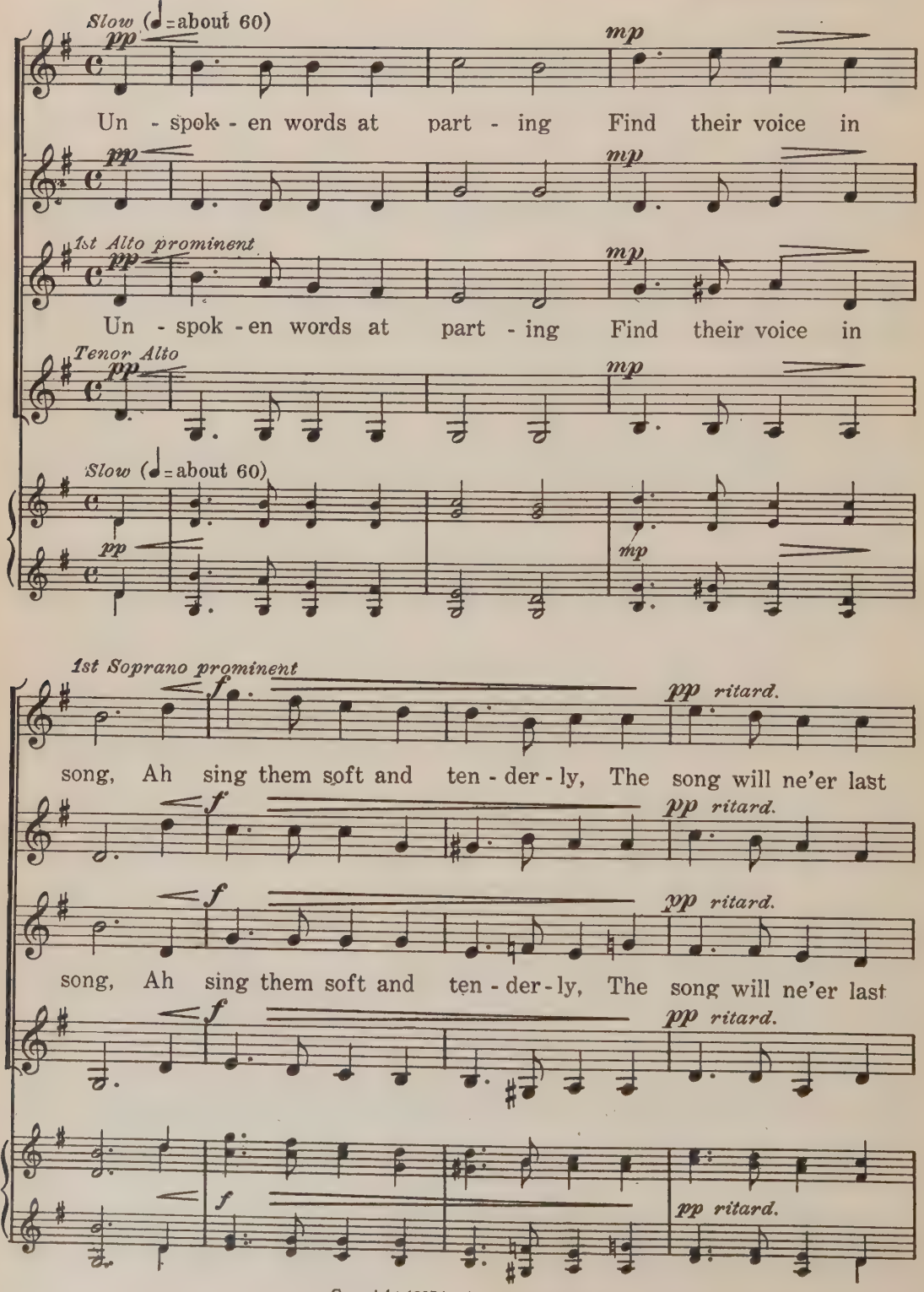


Luigi Cherubini
From *The Water Carrier*



AT PARTING

Words and Music by
Edward MacDowell



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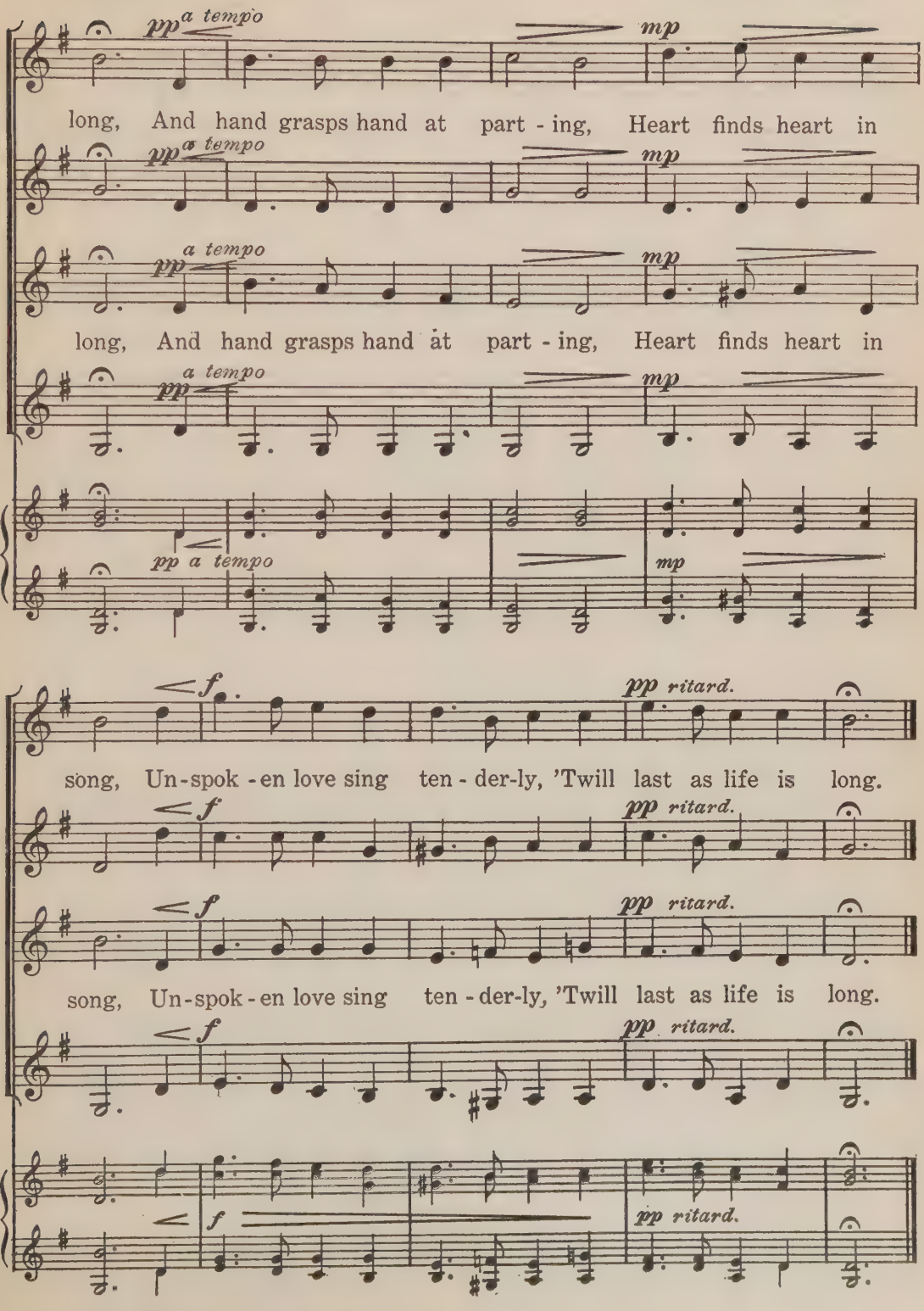
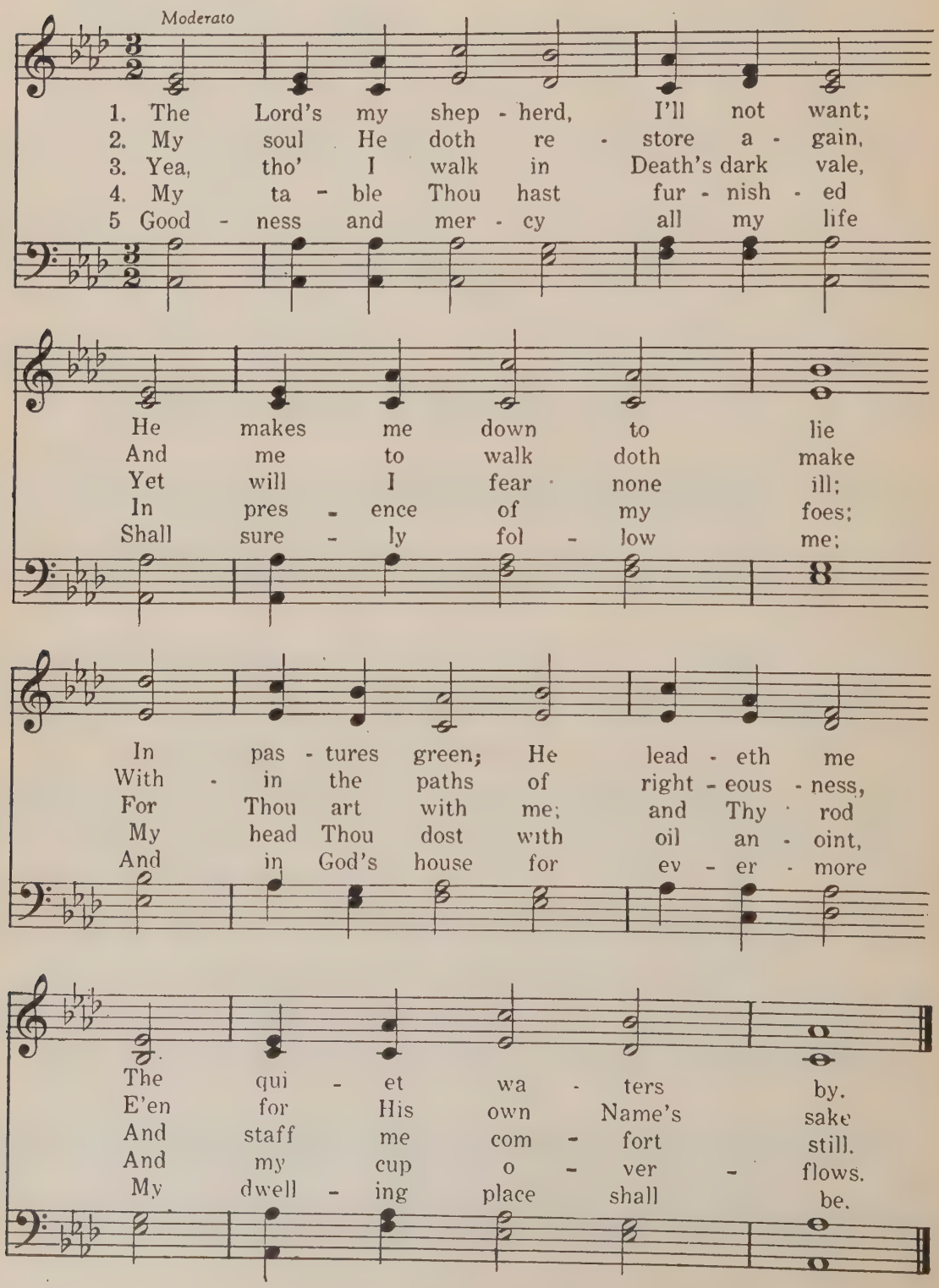

pp a tempo
mp
long, And hand grasps hand at part - ing, Heart finds heart in
pp a tempo
mp
long, And hand grasps hand at part - ing, Heart finds heart in
pp a tempo
mp
pp a tempo
mp
f
pp ritard.
song, Un - spok - en love sing ten - der - ly, 'Twill last as life is long.
f
pp ritard.
f
pp ritard.
song, Un - spok - en love sing ten - der - ly, 'Twill last as life is long.
f
pp ritard.
f
pp ritard.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

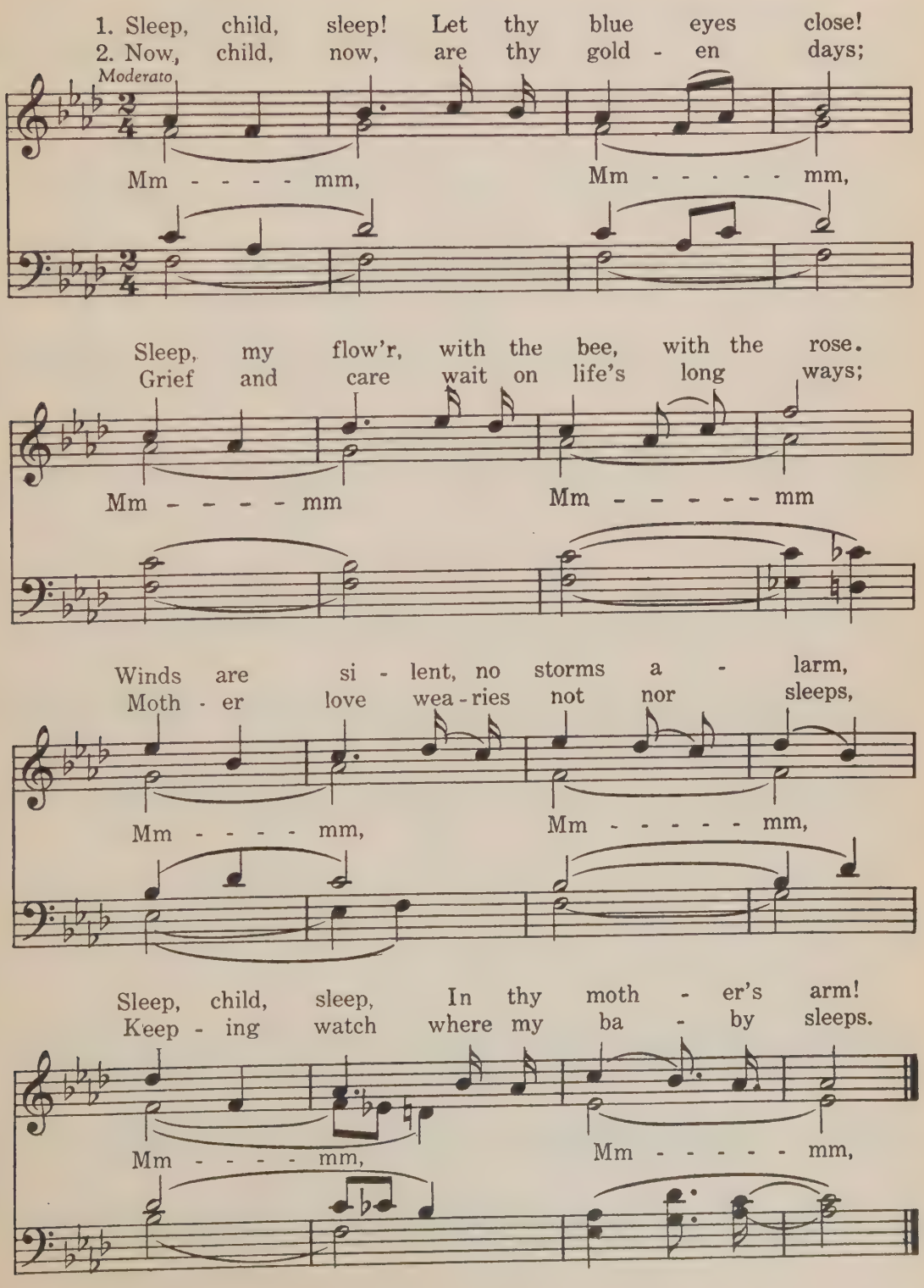
Twenty-third Psalm
Rouse's Version, 1623

William H Havergal



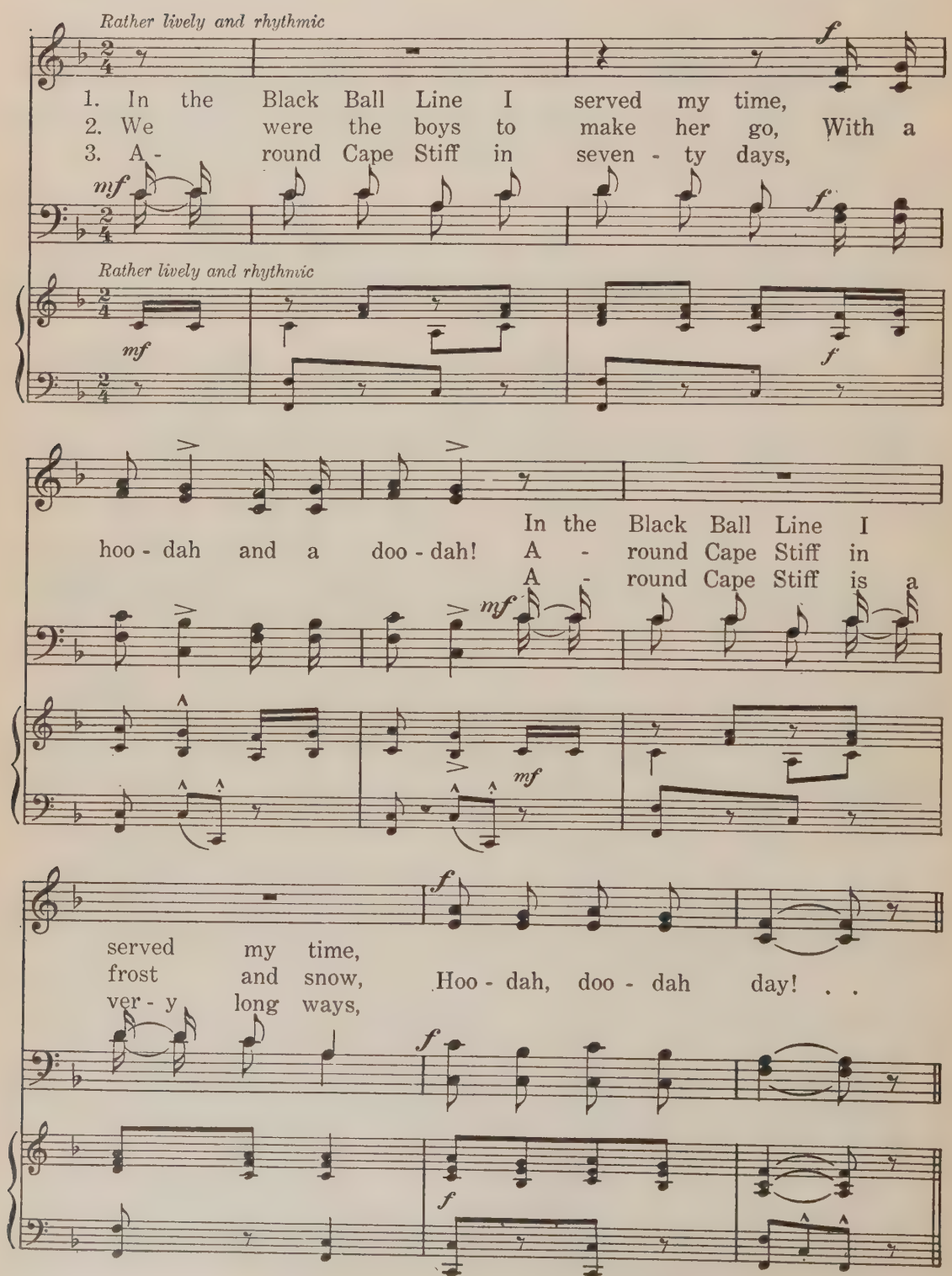
BERCEUSE

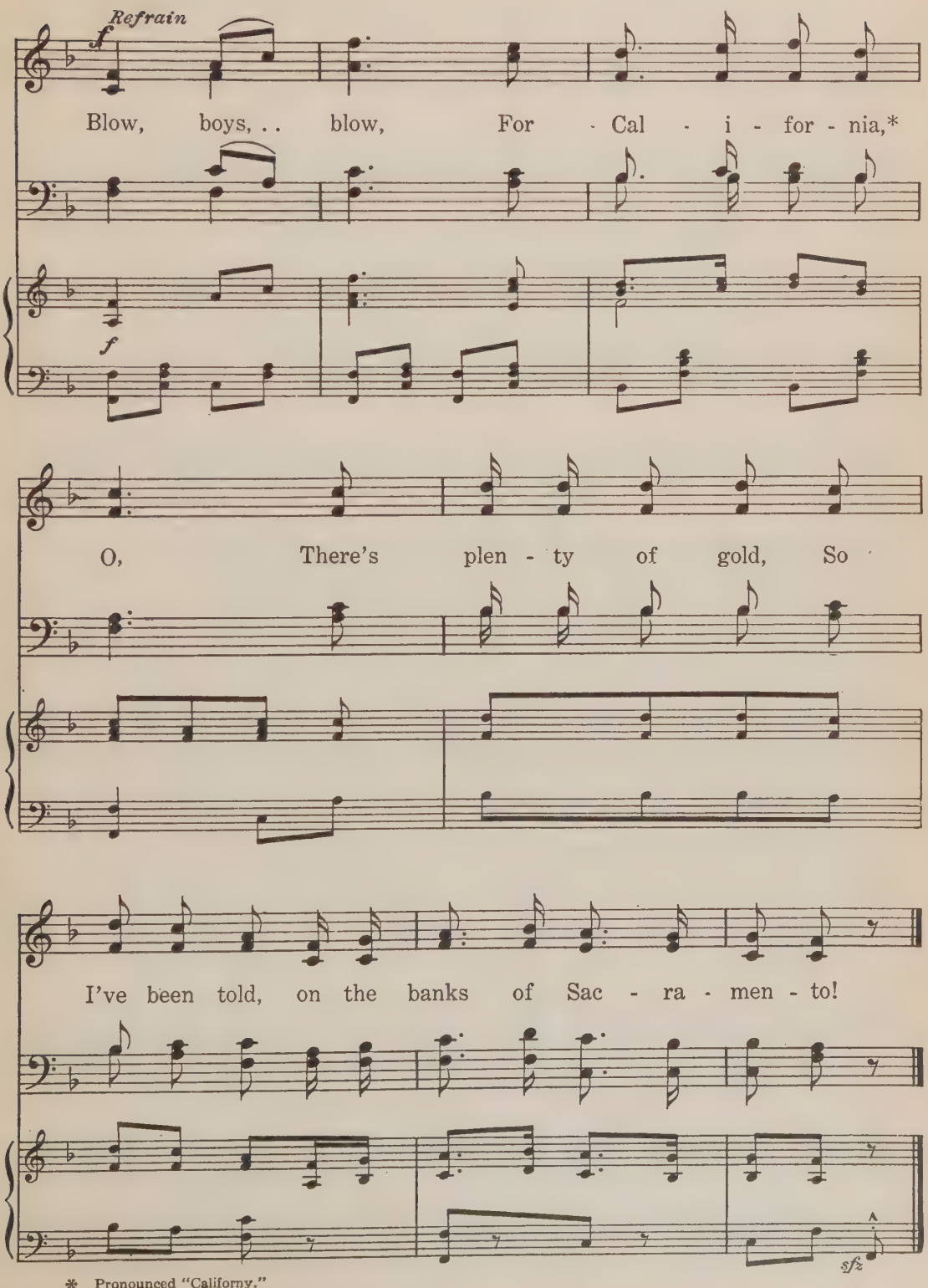
Cecil Cowdrey — Alexander Spendiarow



THE BANKS OF SACRAMENTO

American Chantey

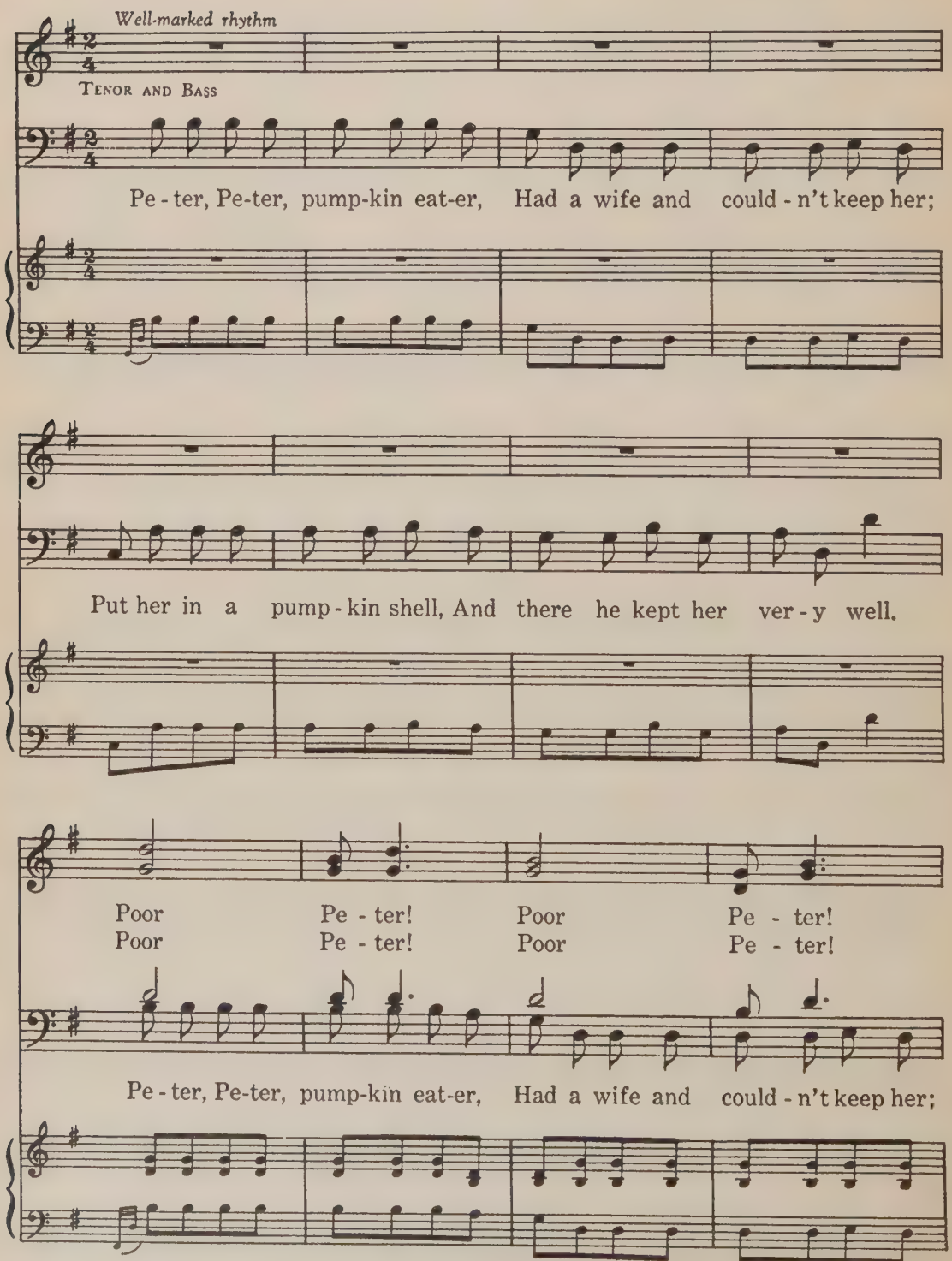


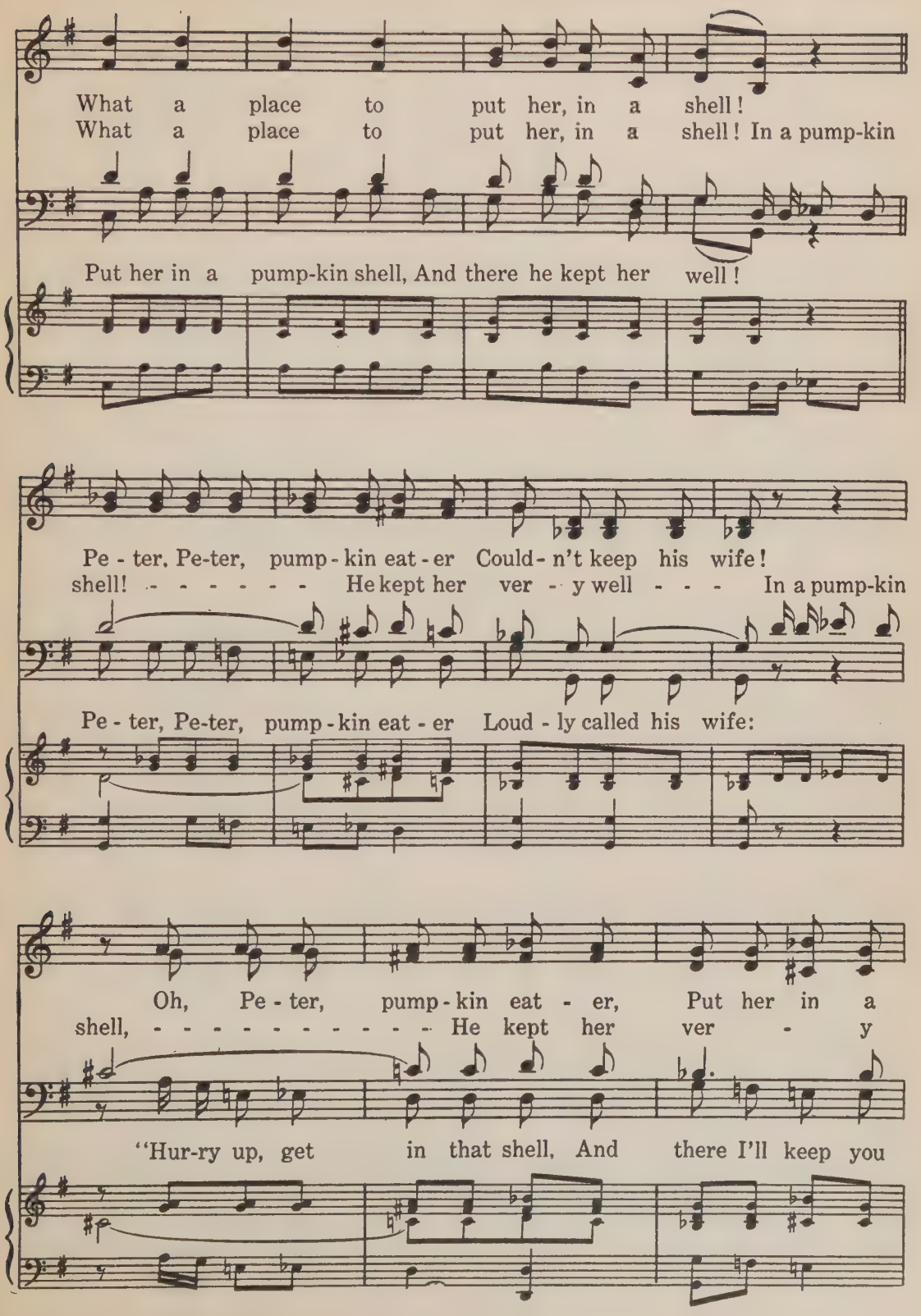


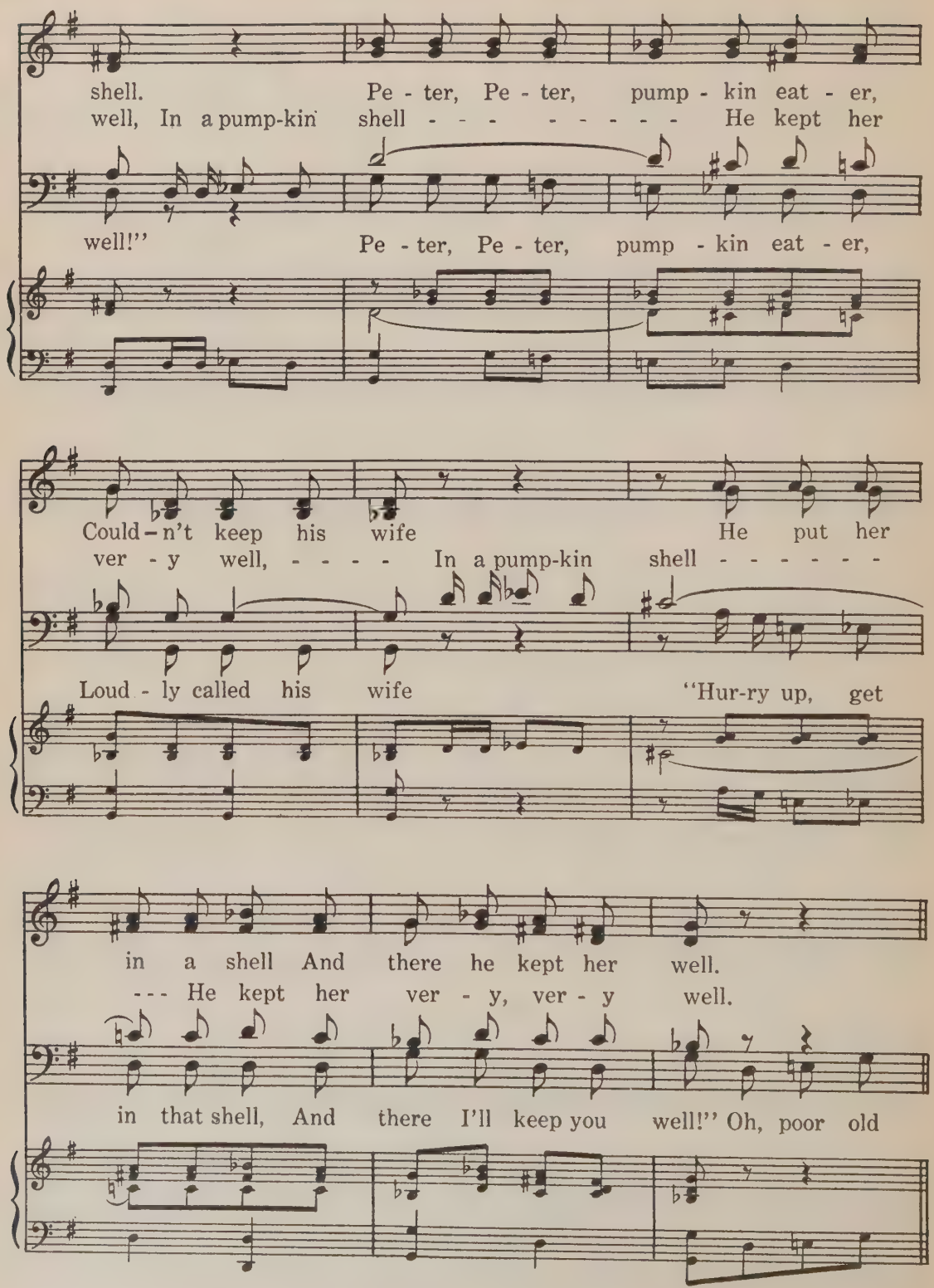
* Pronounced "Californy."

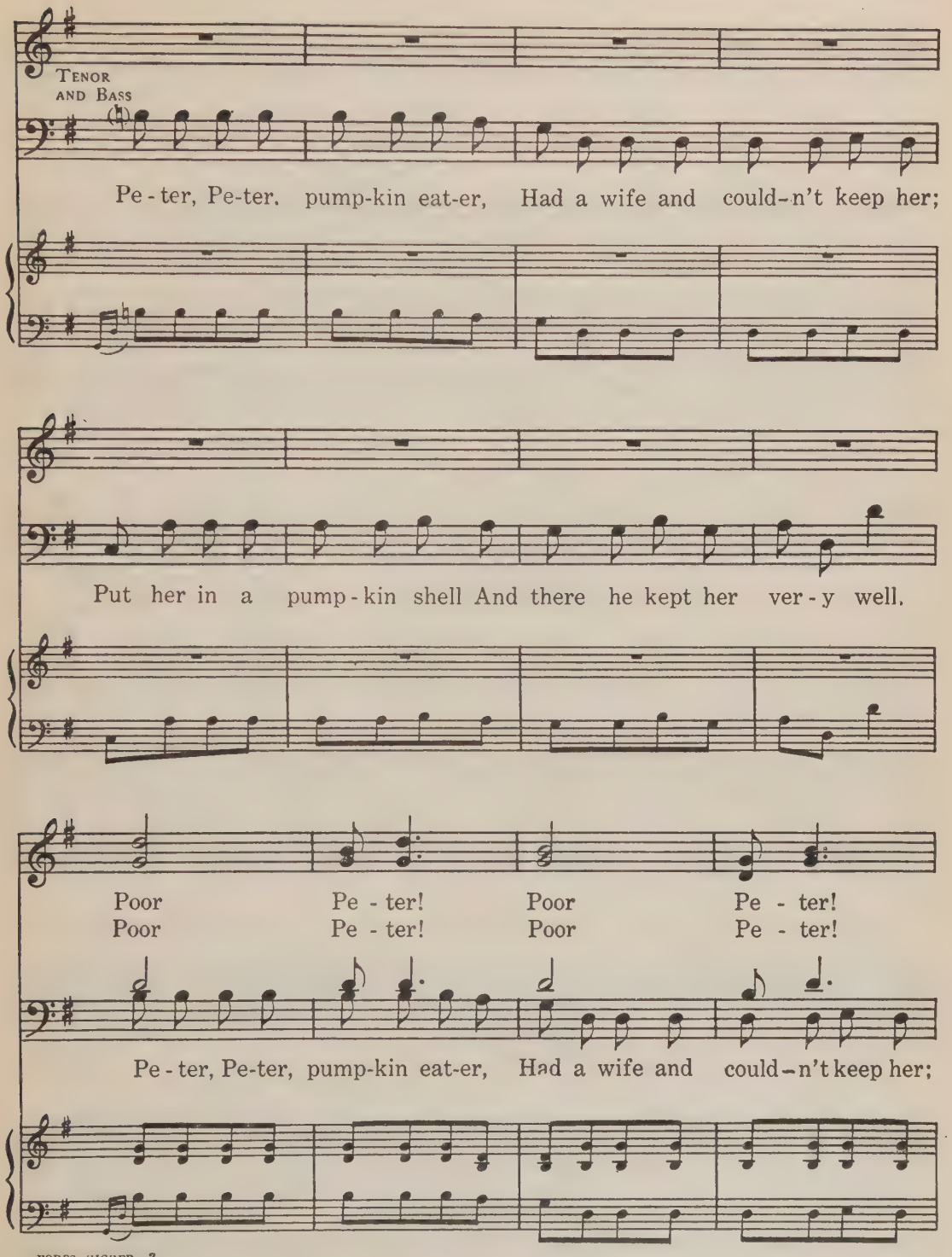
PETER, PETER

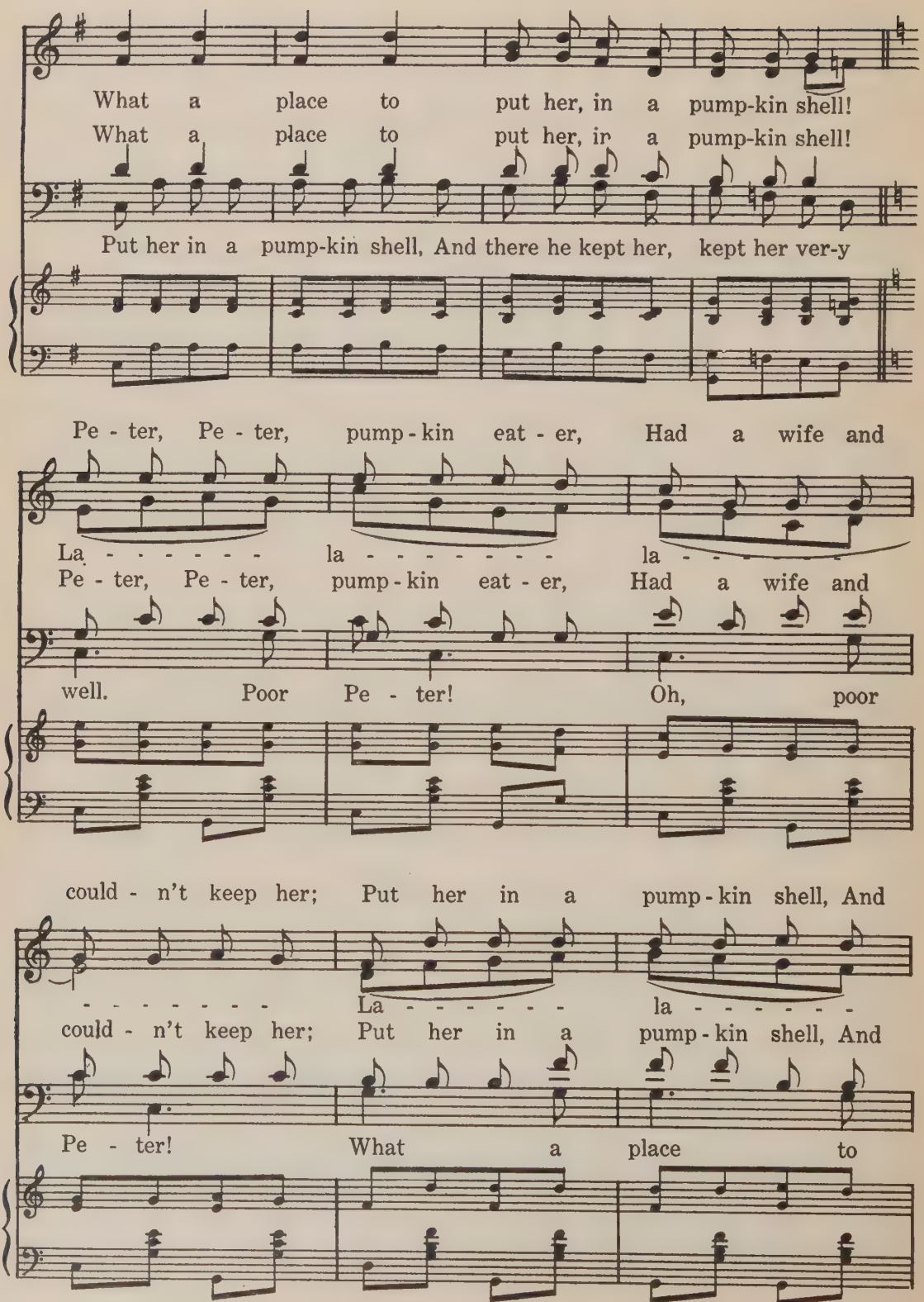
Old German Tune
Adapted by Mayhew L. Lake

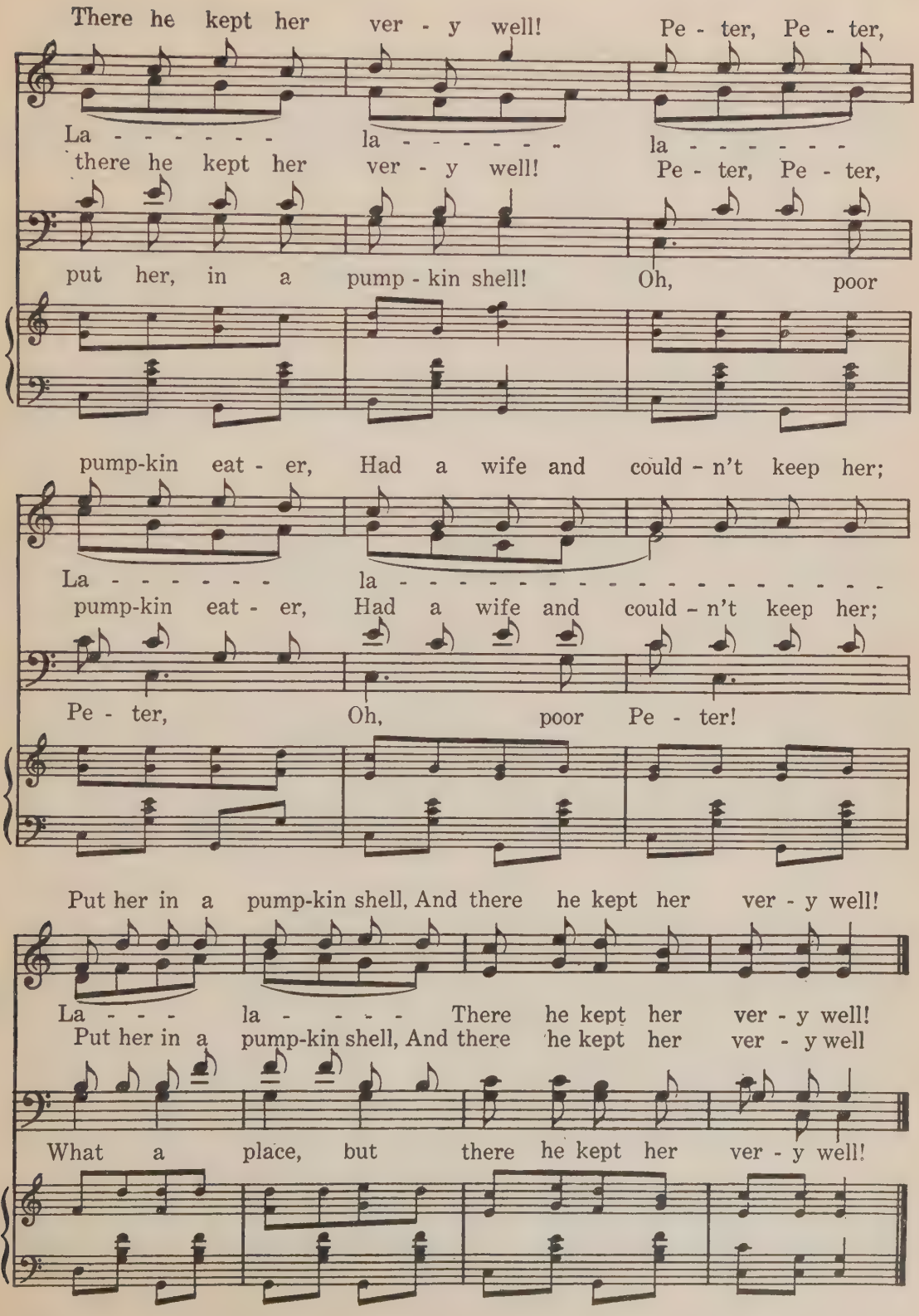



What a place to put her, in a shell!
What a place to put her, in a shell! In a pump-kin
Put her in a pump-kin shell, And there he kept her well!
Pe - ter, Pe-ter, pump - kin eat - er Could - n't keep his wife!
shell! - - - - - - - He kept her ver - - y well - - - In a pump-kin
Pe - ter, Pe-ter, pump - kin eat - er Loud - ly called his wife:
Oh, Pe - ter, pump - kin eat - er, Put her in a
shell, - - - - - - - - - - - He kept her ver - y
"Hur-ry up, get in that shell, And there I'll keep you


shell. Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump - kin eat - er,
well, In a pump-kin shell - - - - - - - - He kept her
well!" Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump - kin eat - er,
Could - n't keep his wife He put her
ver - y well, - - - - In a pump-kin shell - - - - - -
Loud - ly called his wife "Hur-ry up, get
in a shell And there he kept her well.
--- He kept her ver - y, ver - y well.
in that shell, And there I'll keep you well!" Oh, poor old


TENOR
AND BASS
Pe - ter, Pe-ter, pump-kin eat-er, Had a wife and could-n't keep her;
Put her in a pump - kin shell And there he kept her ver - y well.
Poor Pe - ter! Poor Pe - ter!
Poor Pe - ter! Poor Pe - ter!
Pe - ter, Pe-ter, pump-kin eat-er, Had a wife and could-n't keep her;

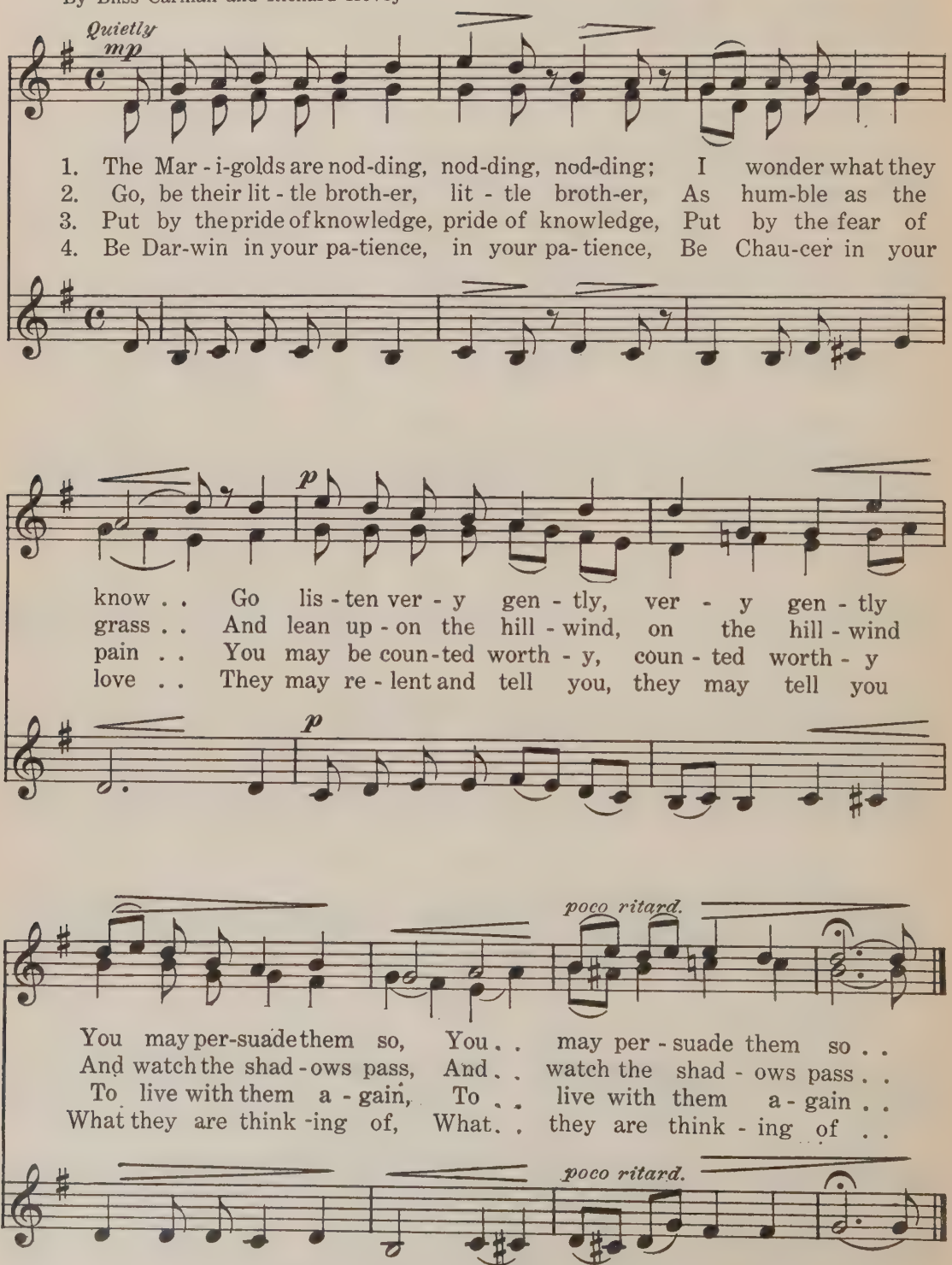

What a place to put her, in a pump-kin shell!
What a place to put her, in a pump-kin shell!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, And there he kept her, kept her ver-y
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump - kin eat - er, Had a wife and
La - - - - - - - la - - - - - - - - la - - - - - - -
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, pump - kin eat - er, Had a wife and
well. Poor Pe - ter! Oh, poor
could - n't keep her; Put her in a pump - kin shell, And
- - - - - - - - La - - - - - - - la - - - - - - -
could - n't keep her; Put her in a pump - kin shell, And
Pe - ter! What a place to


There he kept her ver - y well! Pe - ter, Pe - ter,
La - - - - - - - la - - - - - - - la - - - - - - -
there he kept her ver - y well! Pe - ter, Pe - ter,
put her, in a pump - kin shell! Oh, poor
pump-kin eat - er, Had a wife and could - n't keep her;
La - - - - - - - la - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
pump-kin eat - er, Had a wife and could - n't keep her;
Pe - ter, Oh, poor Pe - ter!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, And there he kept her ver - y well!
La - - - - la - - - - - There he kept her ver - y well!
Put her in a pump-kin shell, And there he kept her ver - y well
What a place, but there he kept her ver - y well!

MARIGOLDS

From *Songs from Vagabondia*
By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey

Margaret Ruthven Lang



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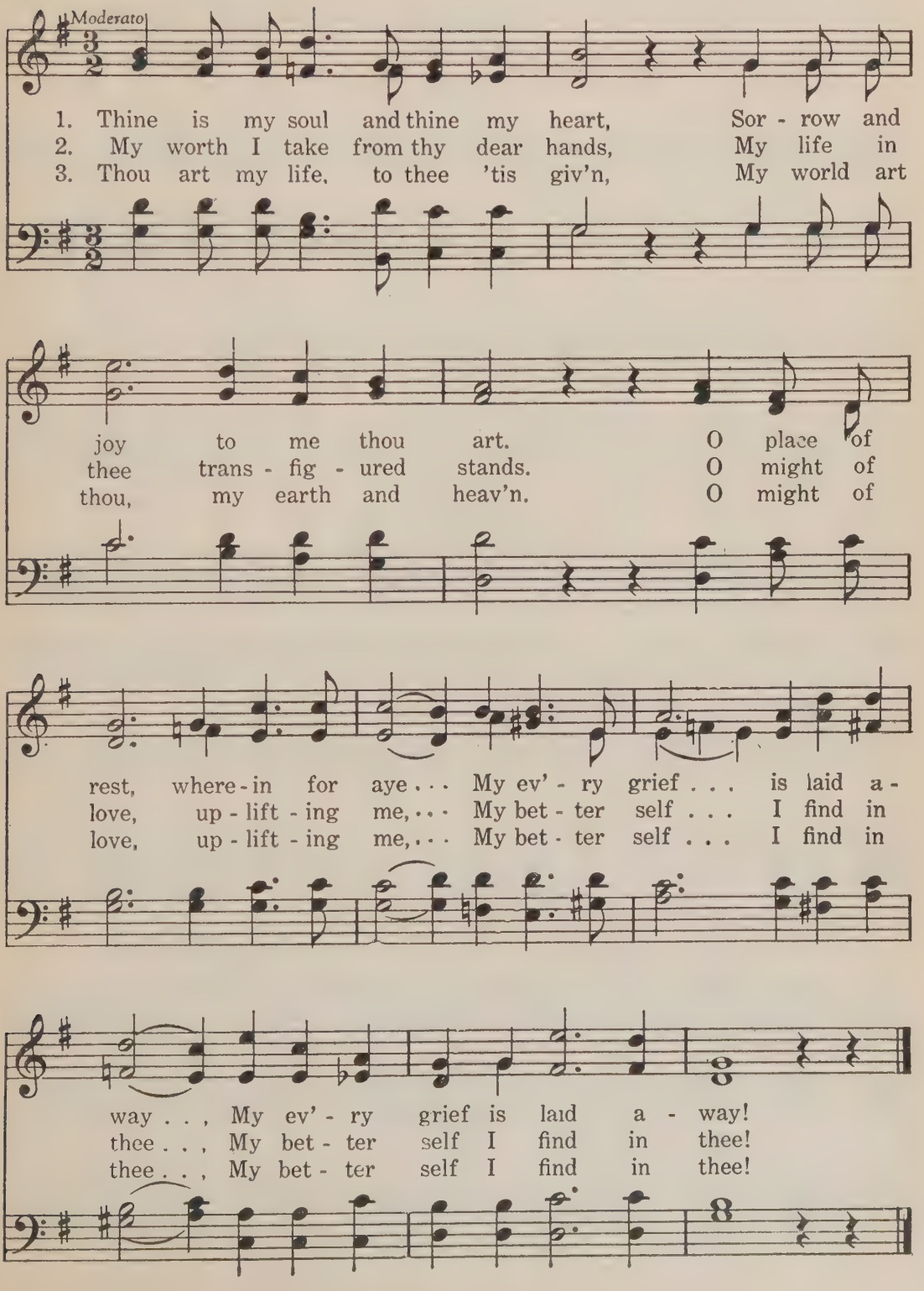
DEDICATION

From the German
of Friedrich Rückert

Robert Schumann

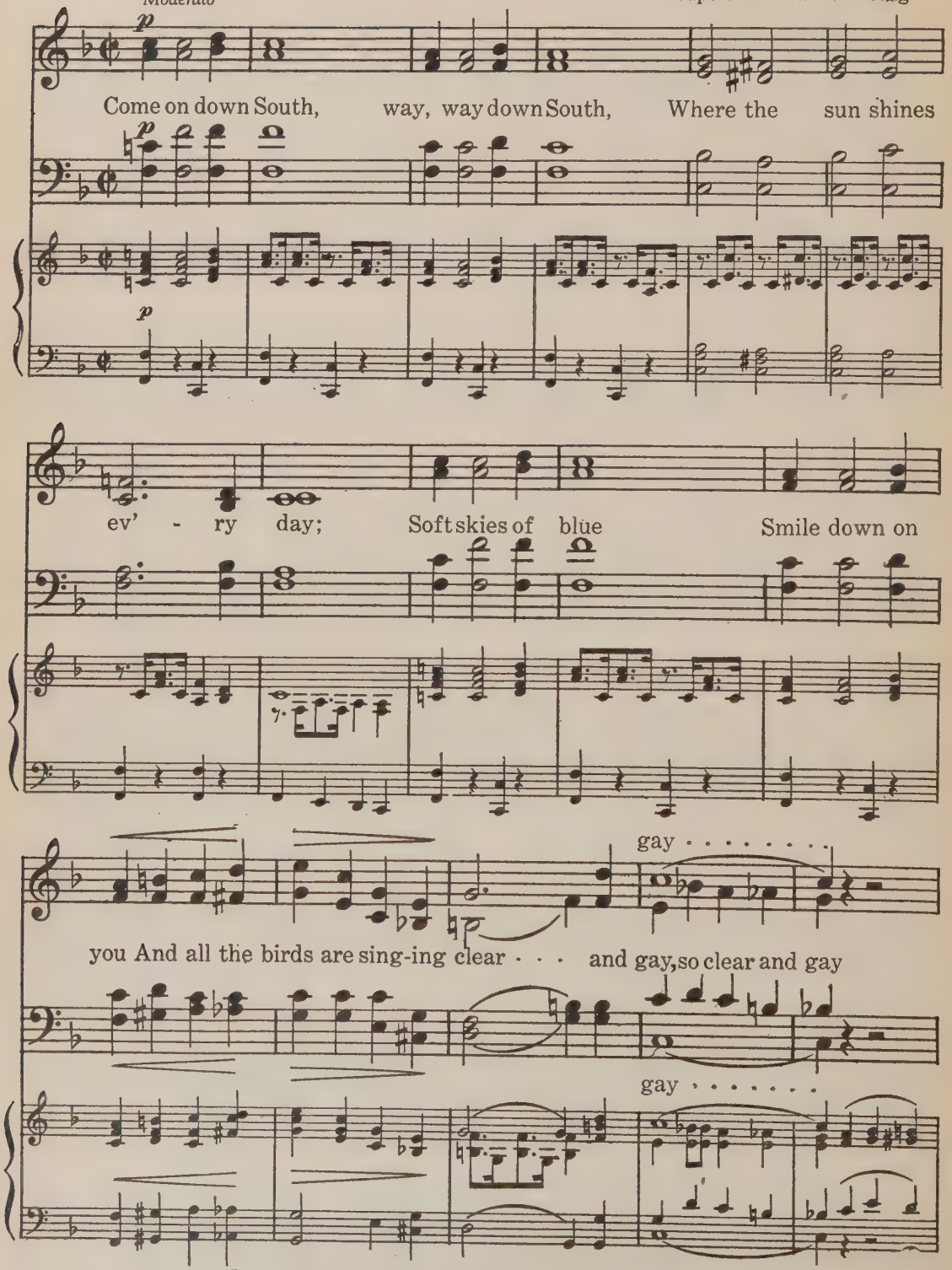


DOWN SOUTH

Sigmund Spaeth

William H. Myddleton
Adapted from a Folk Song

Moderato



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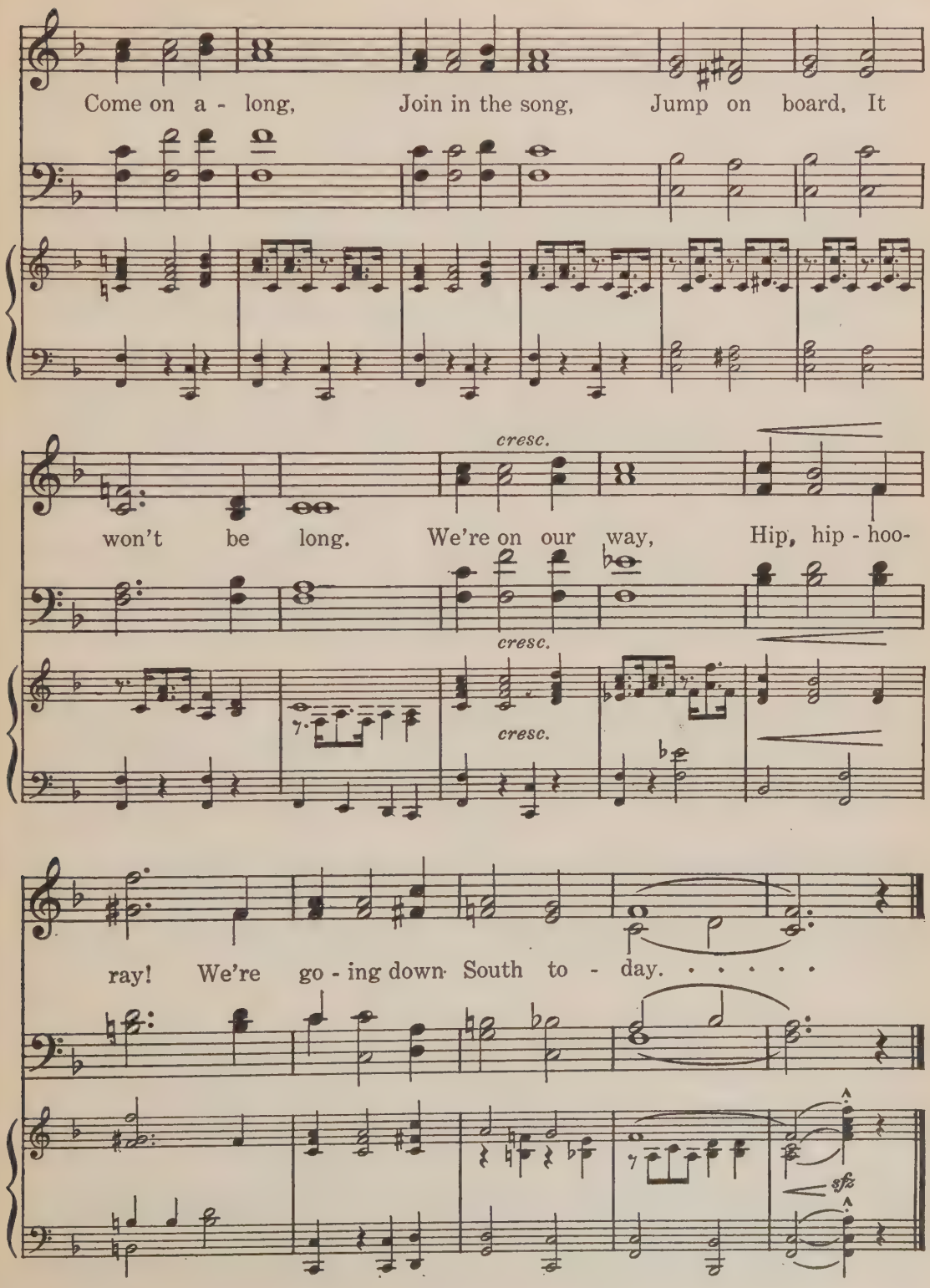
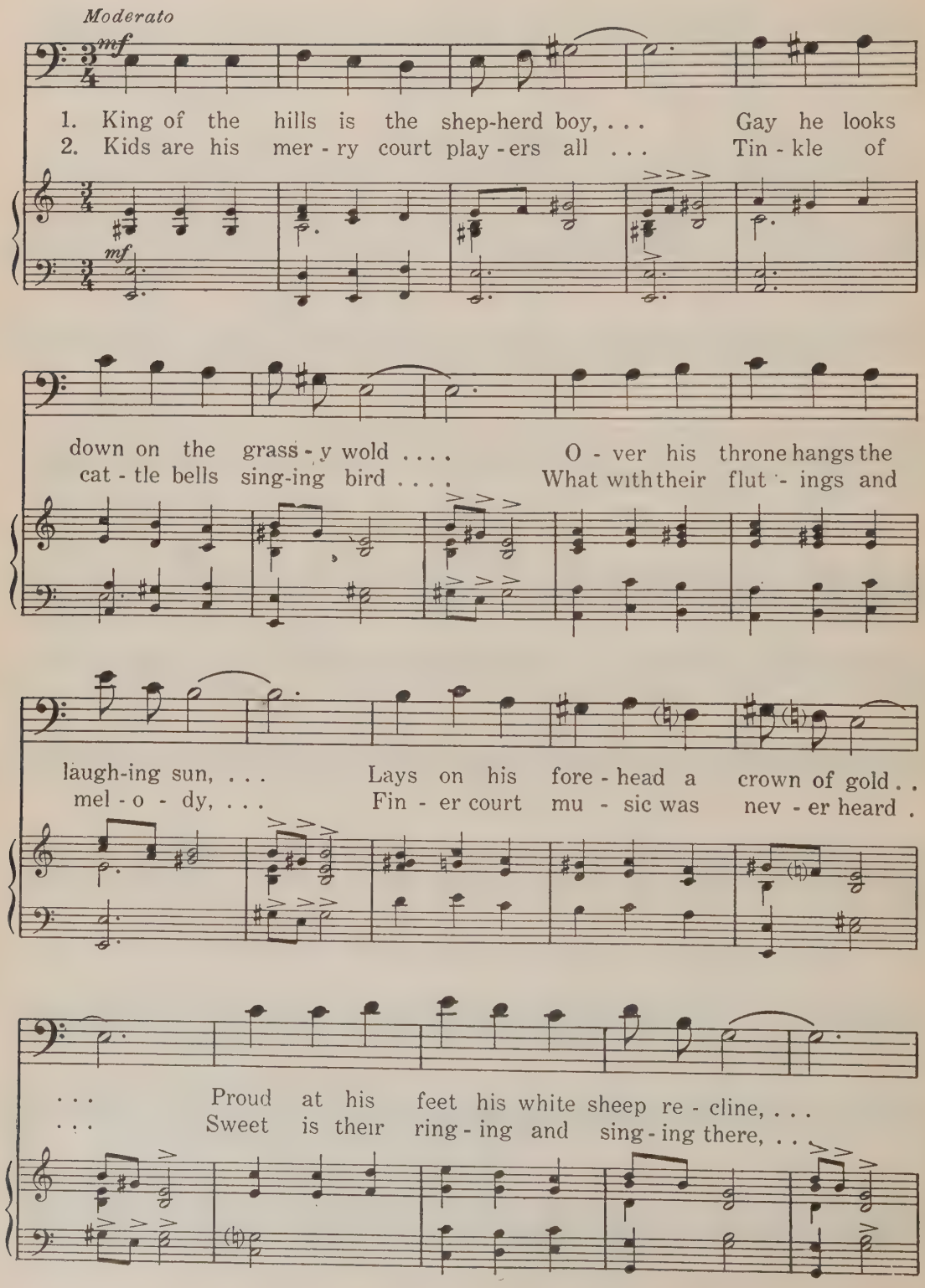
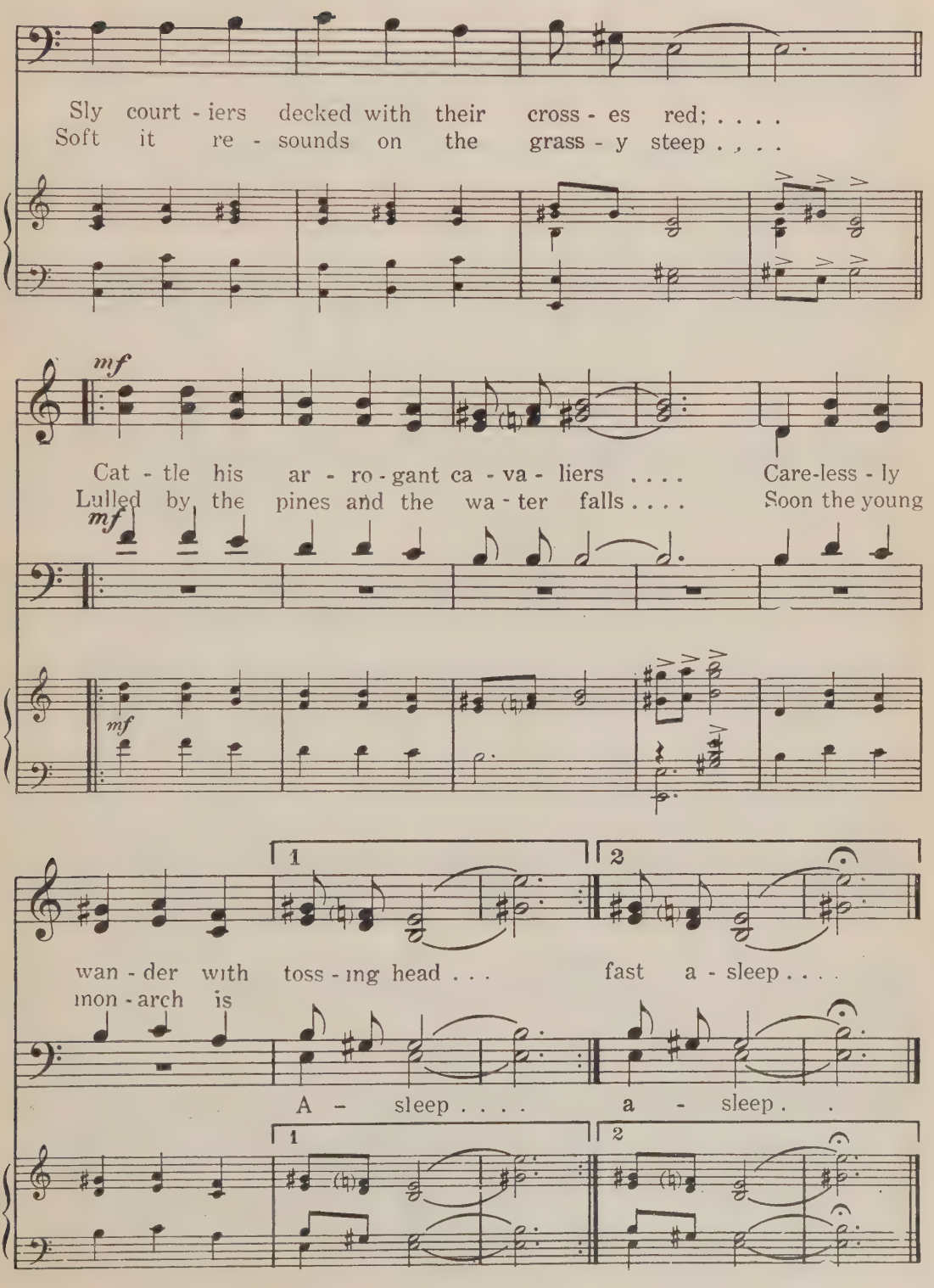

Come on a - long, Join in the song, Jump on board, It
cresc.
won't be long. We're on our way, Hip, hip - hoo-
cresc.
cresc.
ray! We're go - ing down South to - day. . . . . .
sfz

THE SHEPHERD BOY

From the German

Traditional Hebrew Melody



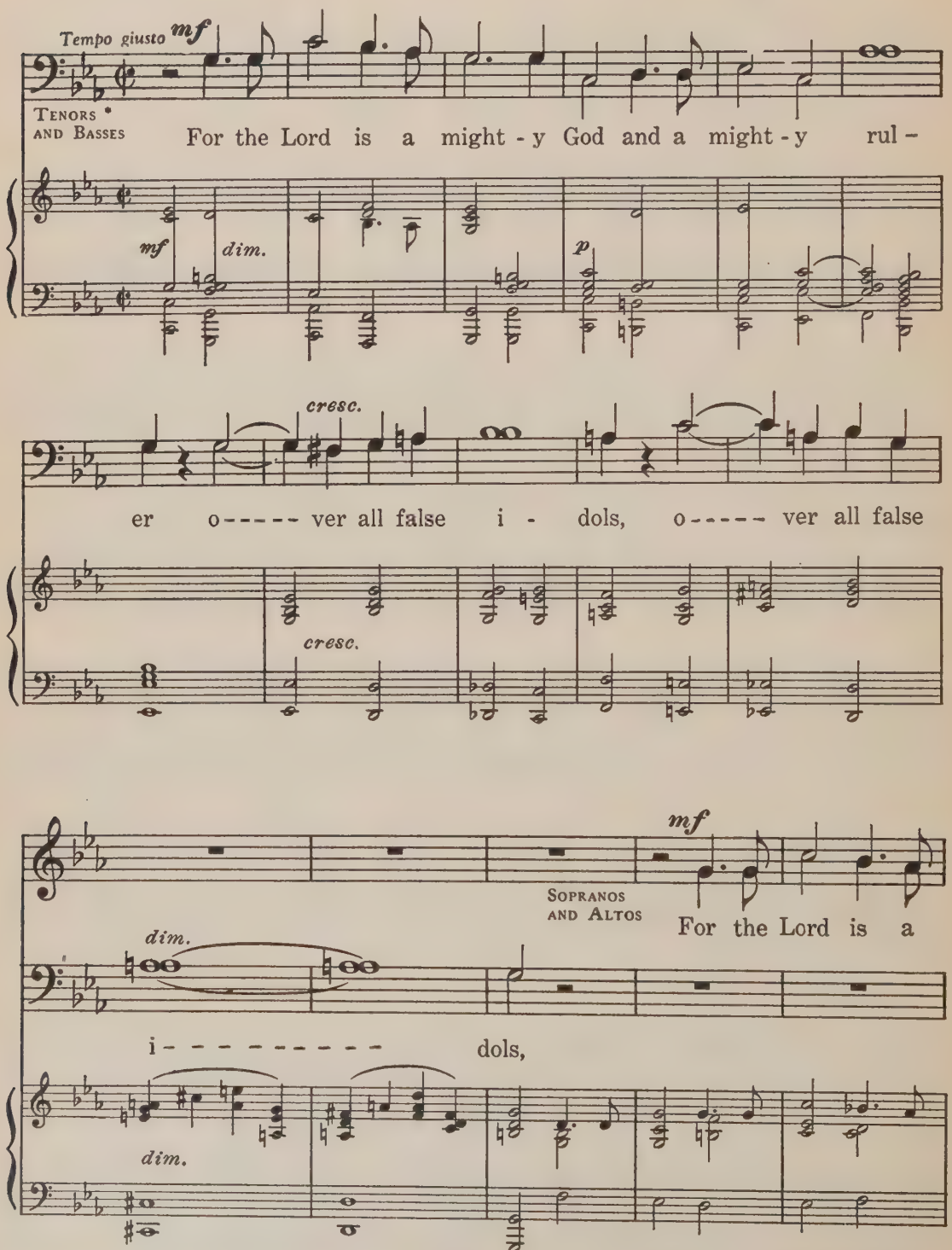

Sly court - iers decked with their cross - es red; . . . .
Soft it re - sounds on the grass - y steep . . . .
mf
Cat - tle his ar - ro - gant ca - va - liers . . . . Care-less - ly
Lulled by the pines and the wa - ter falls . . . . Soon the young
mf
mf
1
2
wan - der with toss - ing head . . . fast a - sleep . . . .
mon - arch is
A - sleep . . . . a - sleep . .
1
2

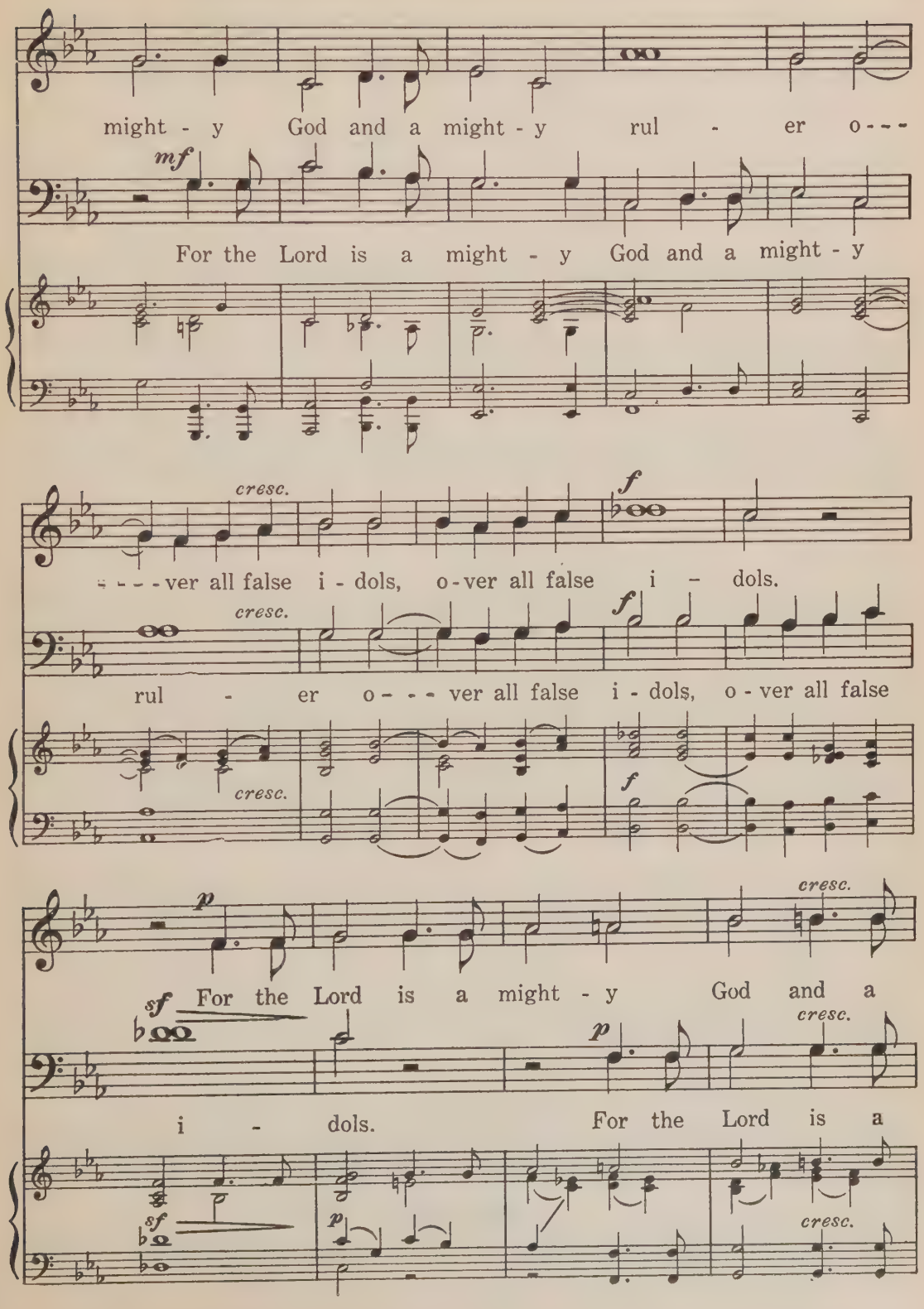
FOR THE LORD IS A MIGHTY GOD

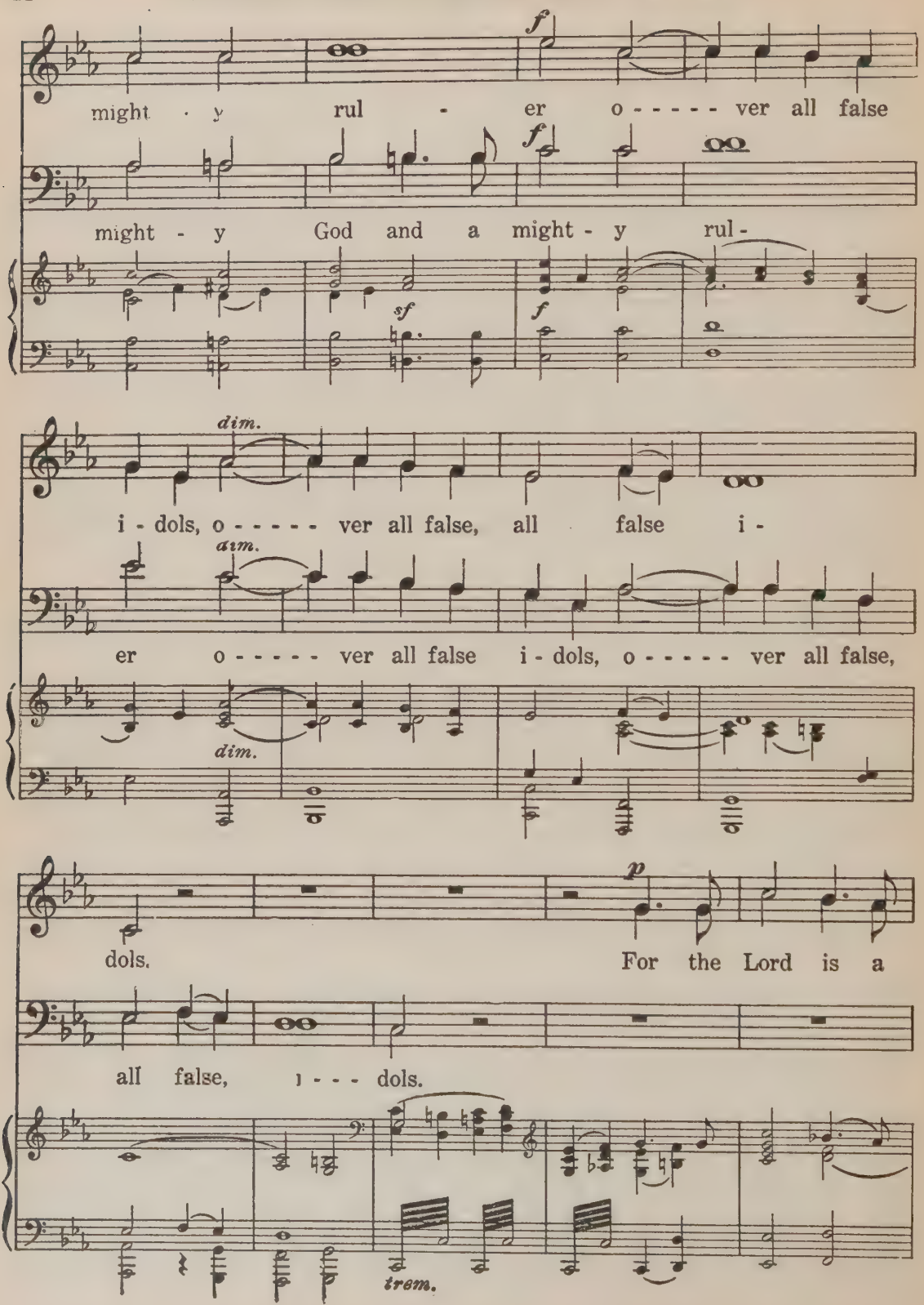
(CANON)

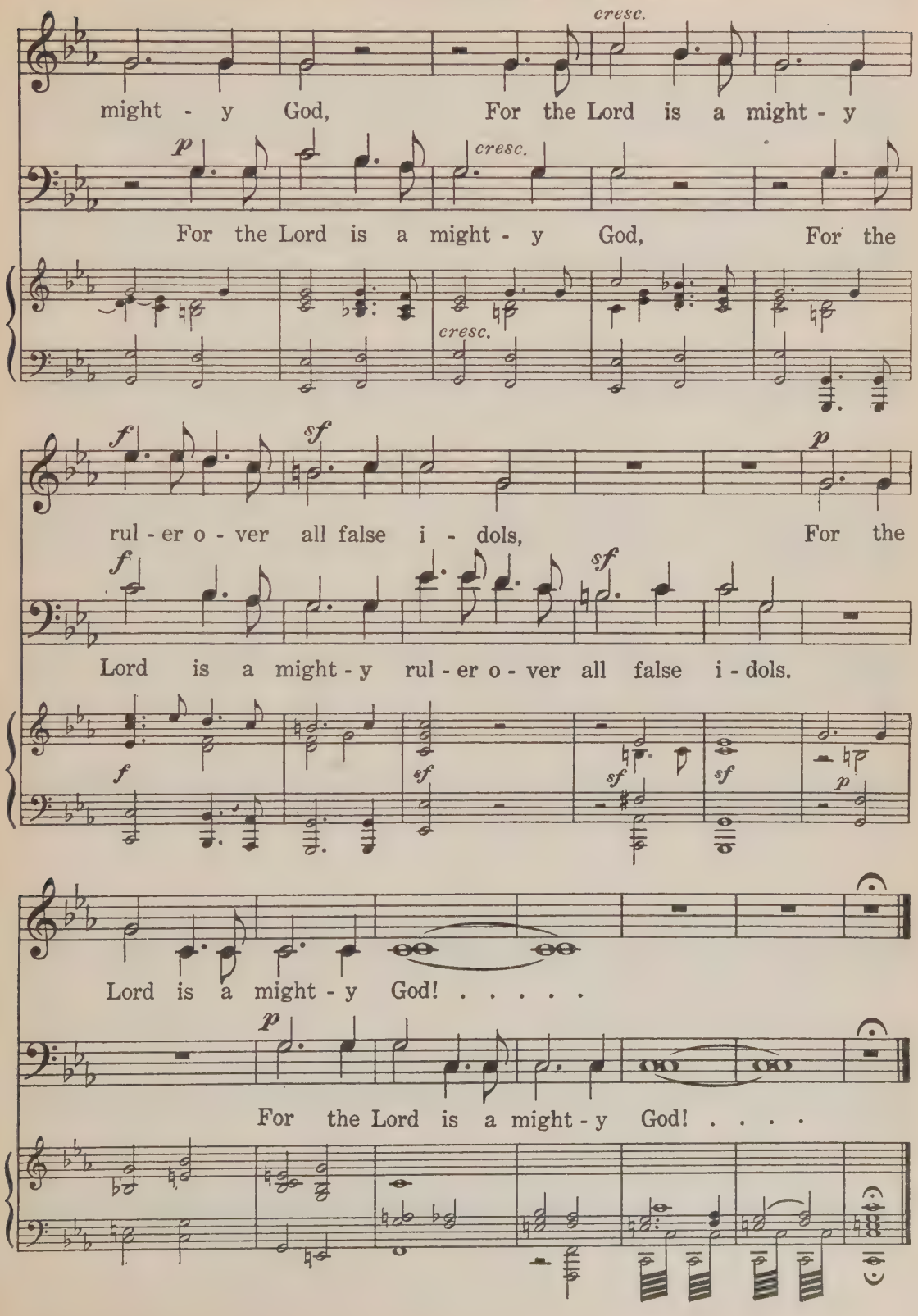
From the Ninety-fifth Psalm

Felix Mendelssohn




might - y God and a might - y rul - er o - - -
mf
For the Lord is a might - y God and a might - y
cresc.
f
- - - - ver all false i - dols, o - ver all false i - dols.
cresc.
f
rul - er o - - - ver all false i - dols, o - ver all false
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
sf For the Lord is a might - y God and a
p
cresc.
i - dols. For the Lord is a
sf
p
cresc.

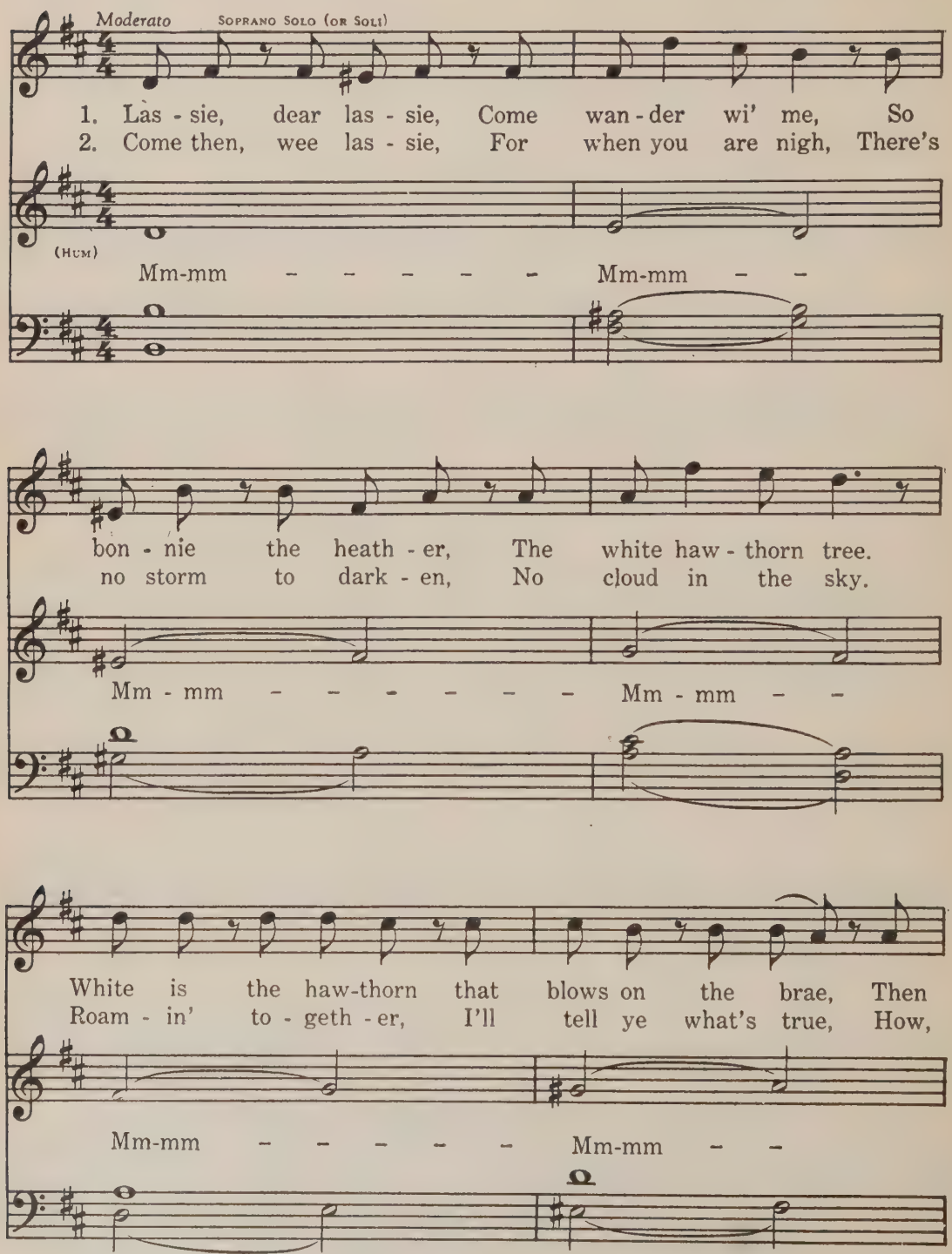

might - y rul - er o - - - - - ver all false
might - y God and a might - y rul -
i - dols, o - - - - - ver all false, all false i -
er o - - - - - ver all false i - dols, o - - - - - ver all false,
dols. For the Lord is a
all false, i - - - dols.

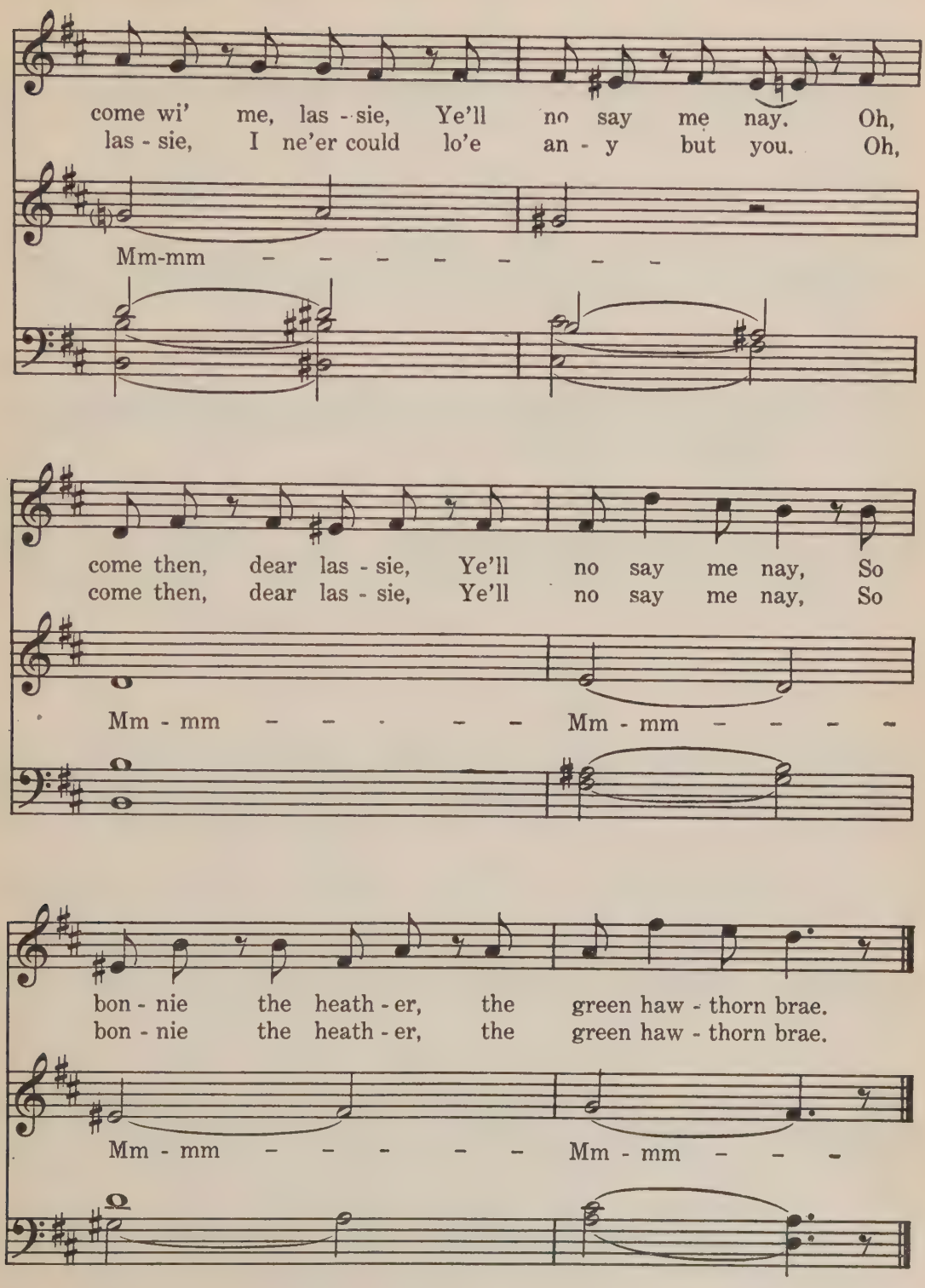

cresc.
might - y God, For the Lord is a might - y
p
cresc.
For the Lord is a might - y God, For the
cresc.
f
sf
p
rul - er o - ver all false i - dols, For the
f
sf
Lord is a might - y rul - er o - ver all false i - dols.
f
sf
sf
sf
p
Lord is a might - y God! . . . . .
p
For the Lord is a might - y God! . . . .

CONFESSION

Adapted from an old Scotch Song

Robert Schumann

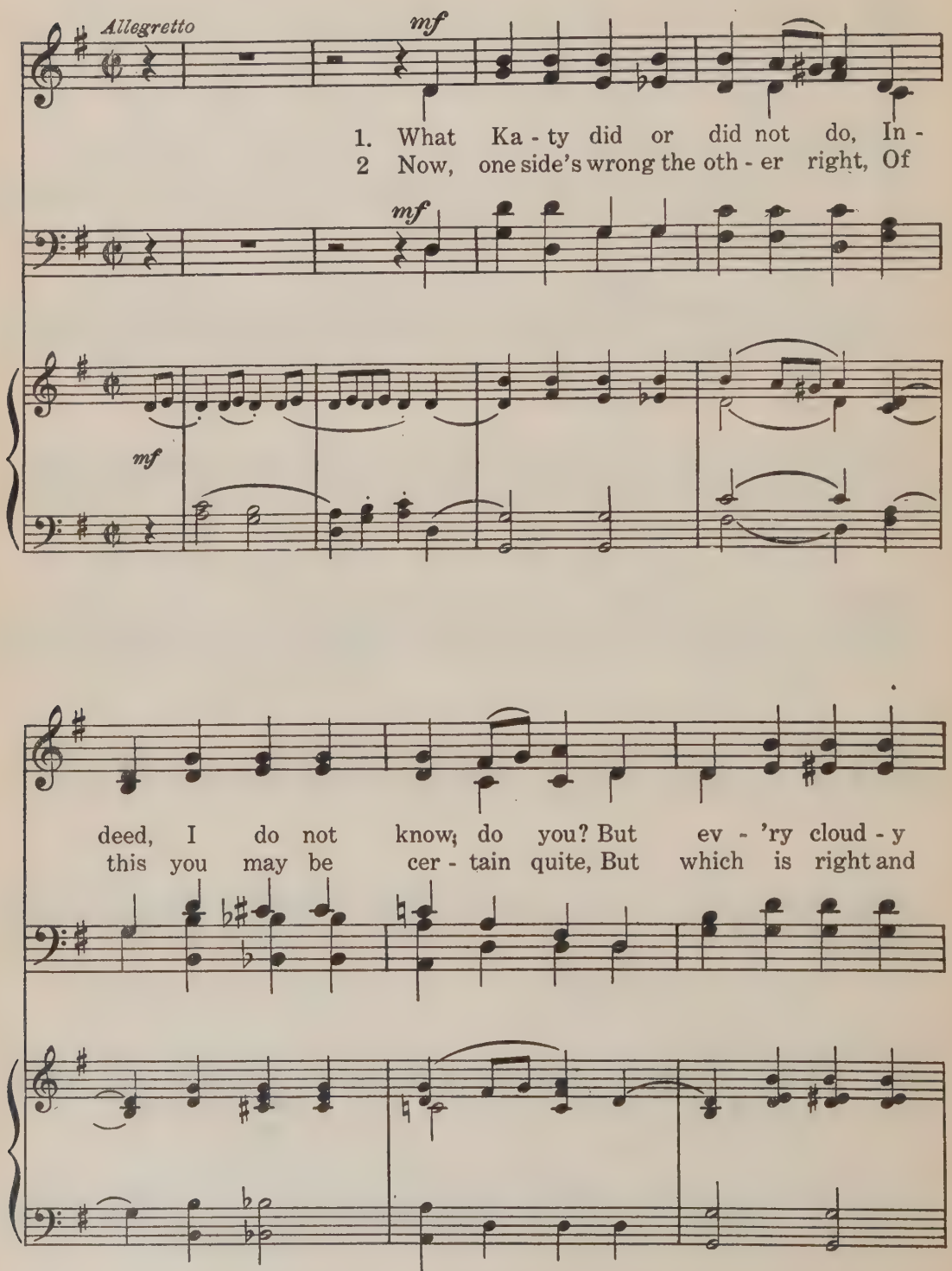


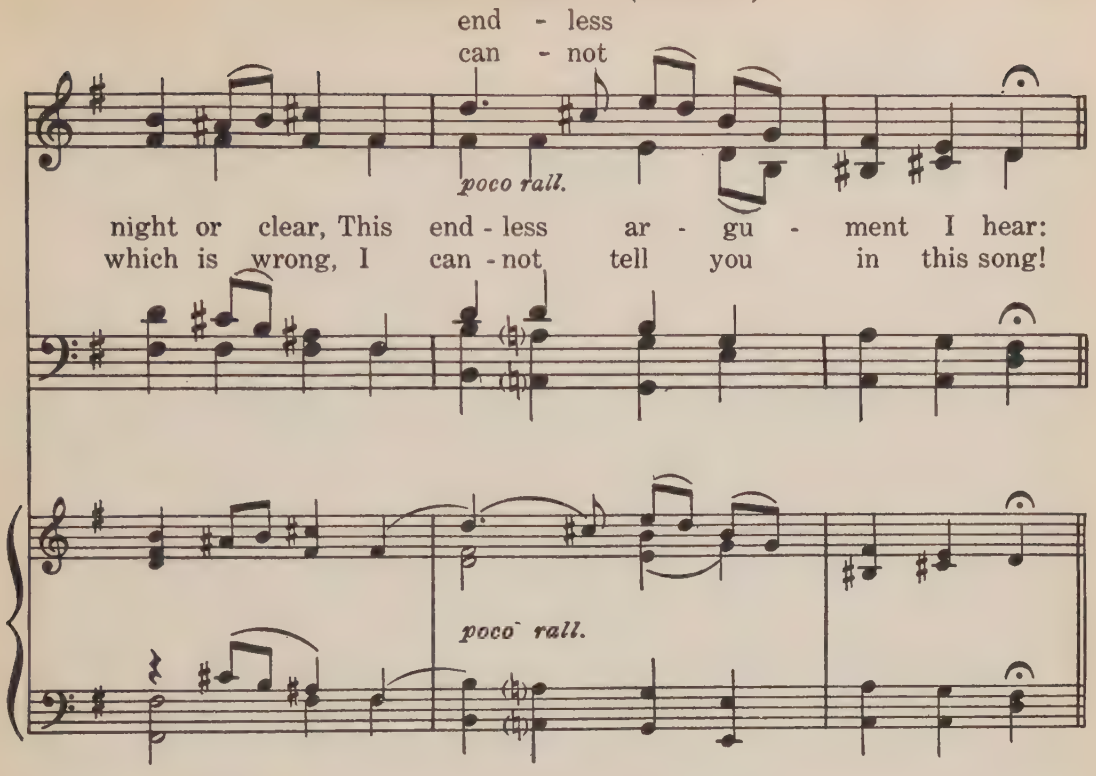

come wi' me, las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay. Oh,
las - sie, I ne'er could lo'e an - y but you. Oh,
Mm-mm
come then, dear las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay, So
come then, dear las - sie, Ye'll no say me nay, So
Mm - mm
Mm - mm
bon - nie the heath - er, the green haw - thorn brae.
bon - nie the heath - er, the green haw - thorn brae.
Mm - mm
Mm - mm

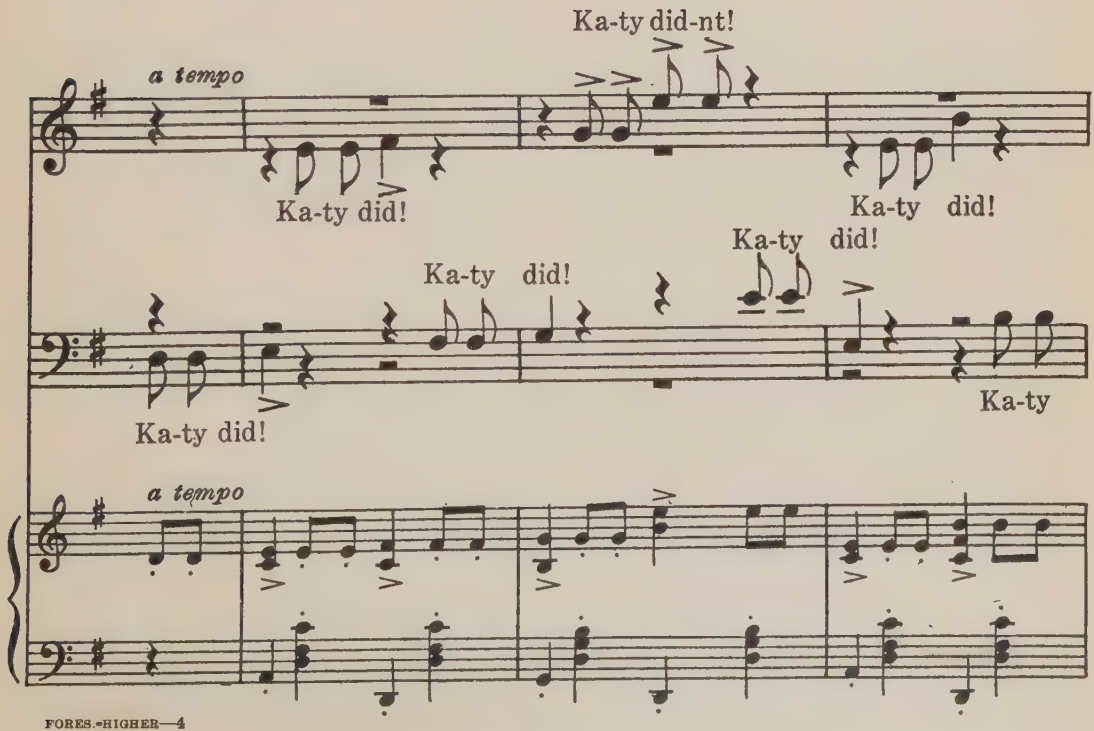
THE ARGUMENT

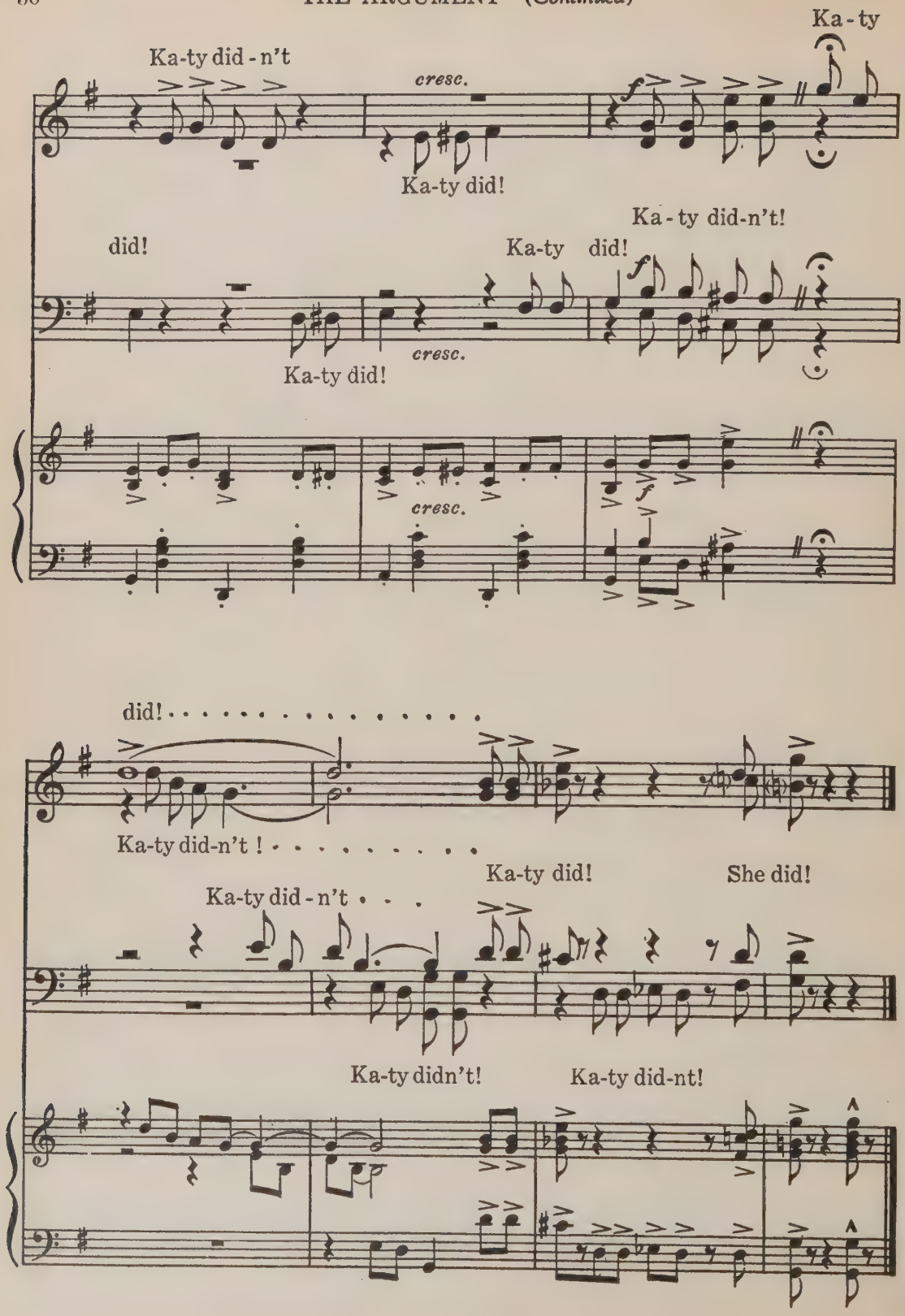
Rebecca B. Foresman

Harvey Worthington Loomis




end - less
can - not
poco rall.
night or clear, This end - less ar - gu - ment I hear:
which is wrong, I can - not tell you in this song!
poco rall.


Ka-ty did-nt!
a tempo
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty
a tempo

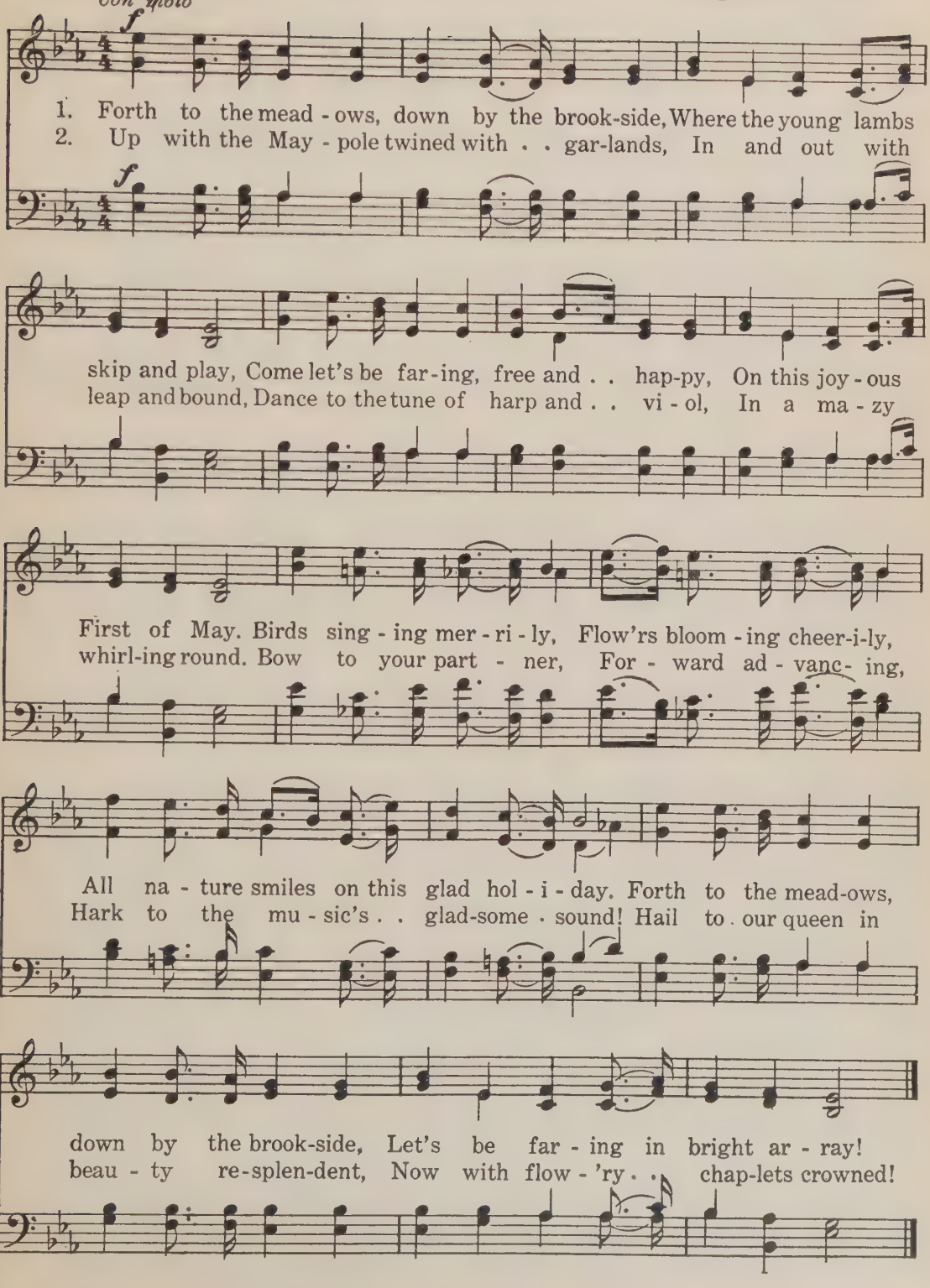

Ka-ty
Ka-ty did-n't
cresc.
Ka-ty did!
Ka-ty did-n't!
did!
Ka-ty did!
cresc.
Ka-ty did!
cresc.
did!
Ka-ty did-n't !
Ka-ty did!
She did!
Ka-ty did-n't
Ka-ty didn't!
Ka-ty did-nt!

MAY DANCE

Adapted from an
18th Century Song

English Folk Dance

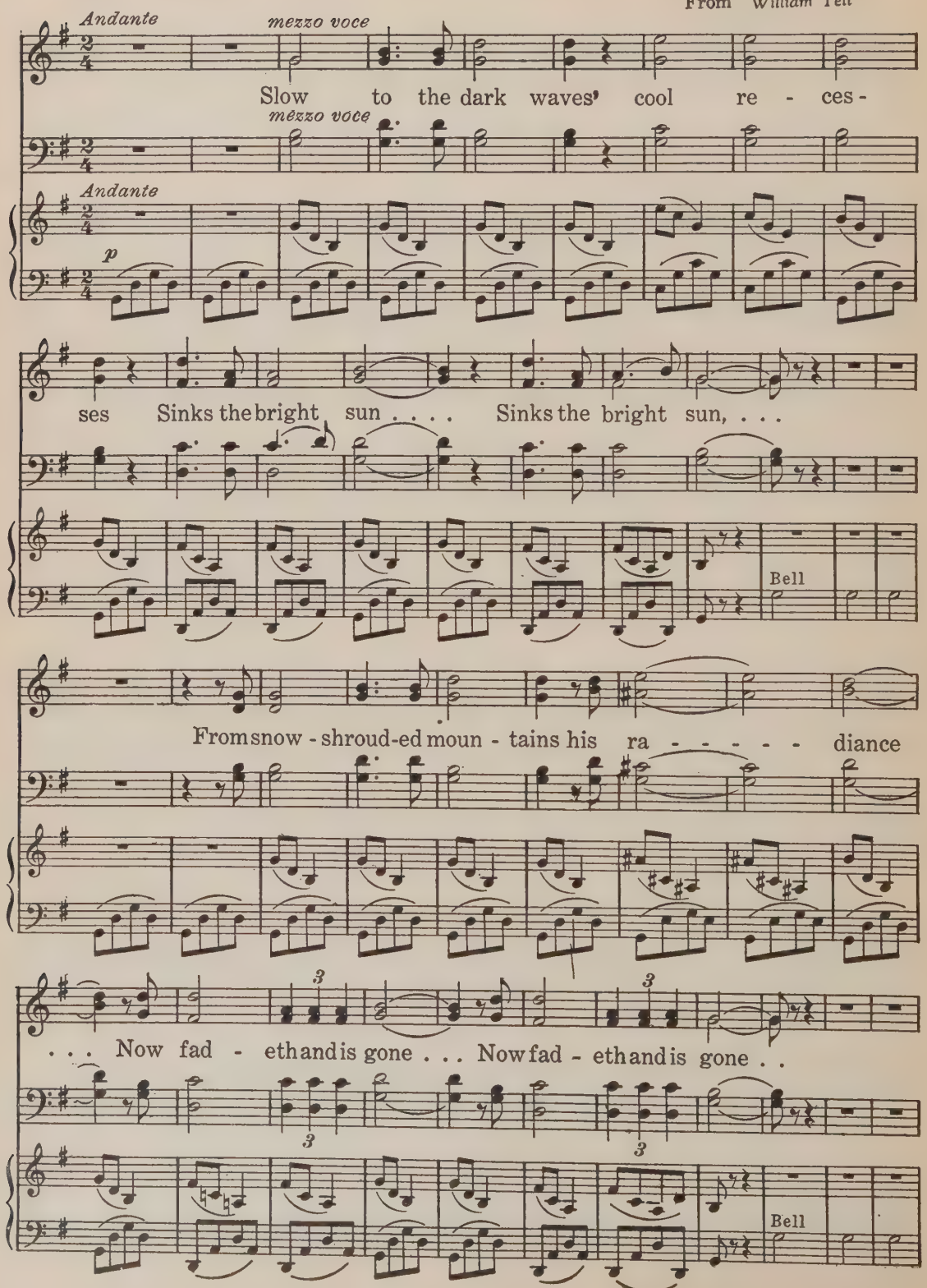
Con moto

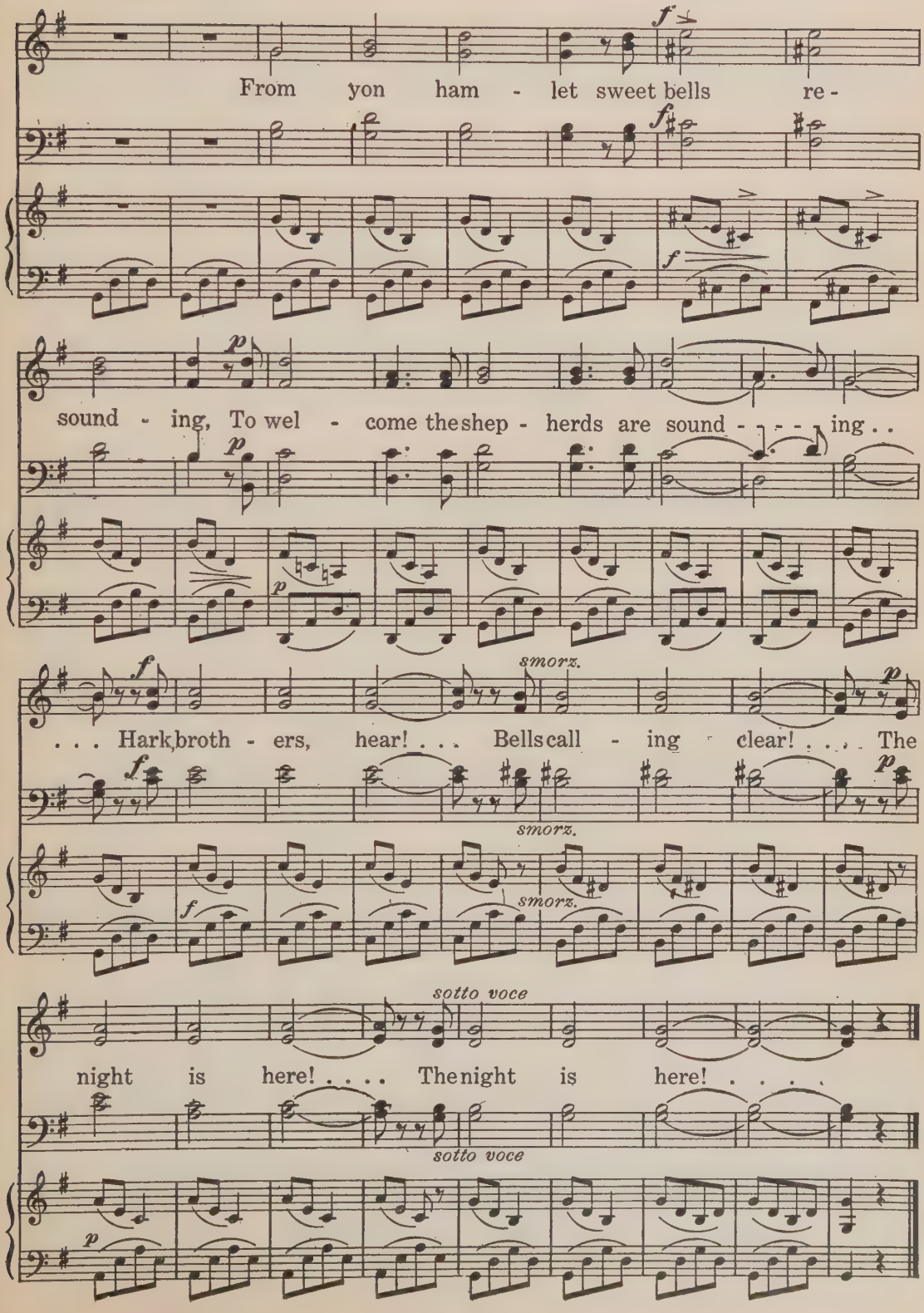


MOUNTAIN VESPERS

From the Italian

Gioachimo A. Rossini
From *William Tell*

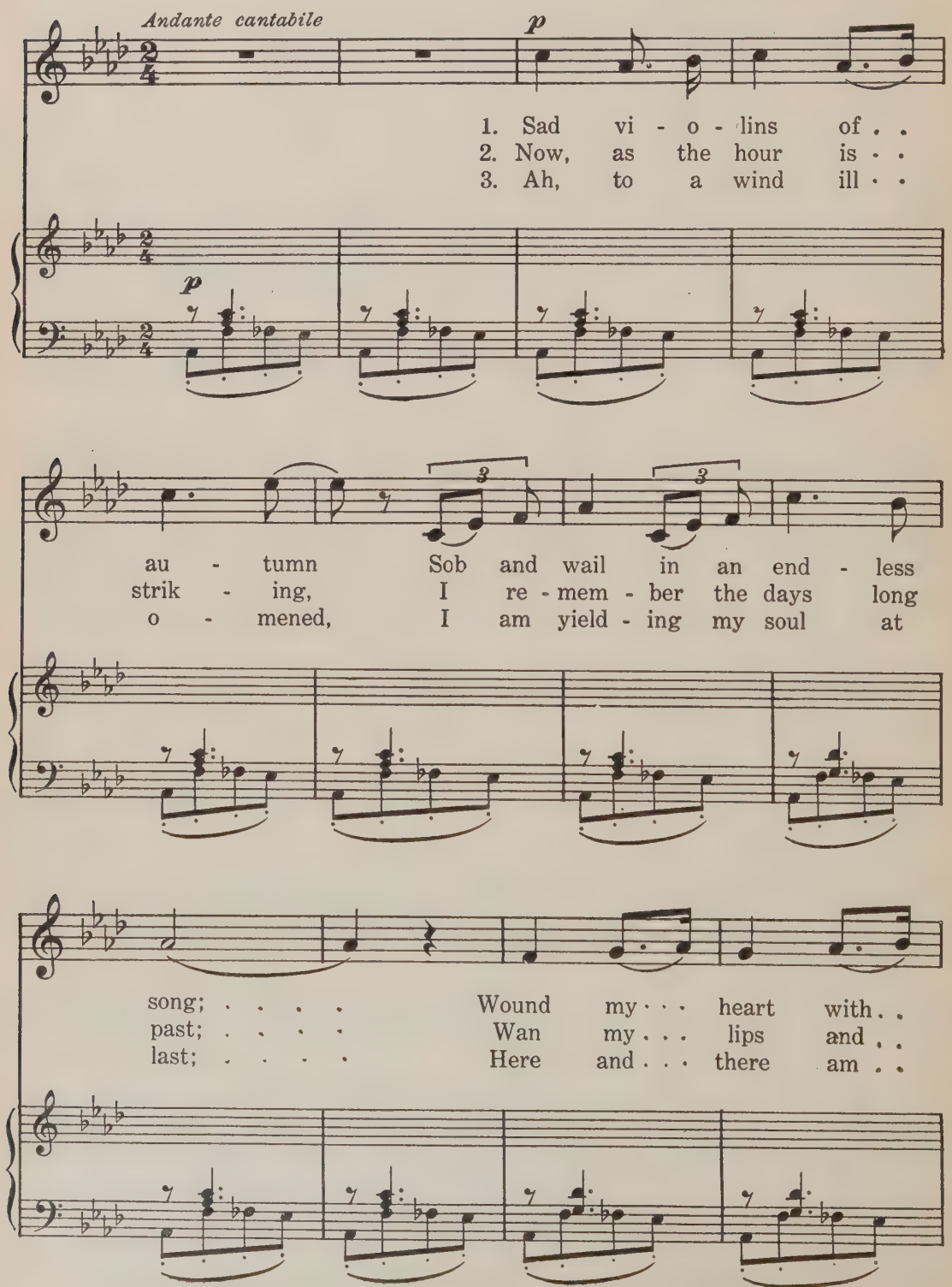


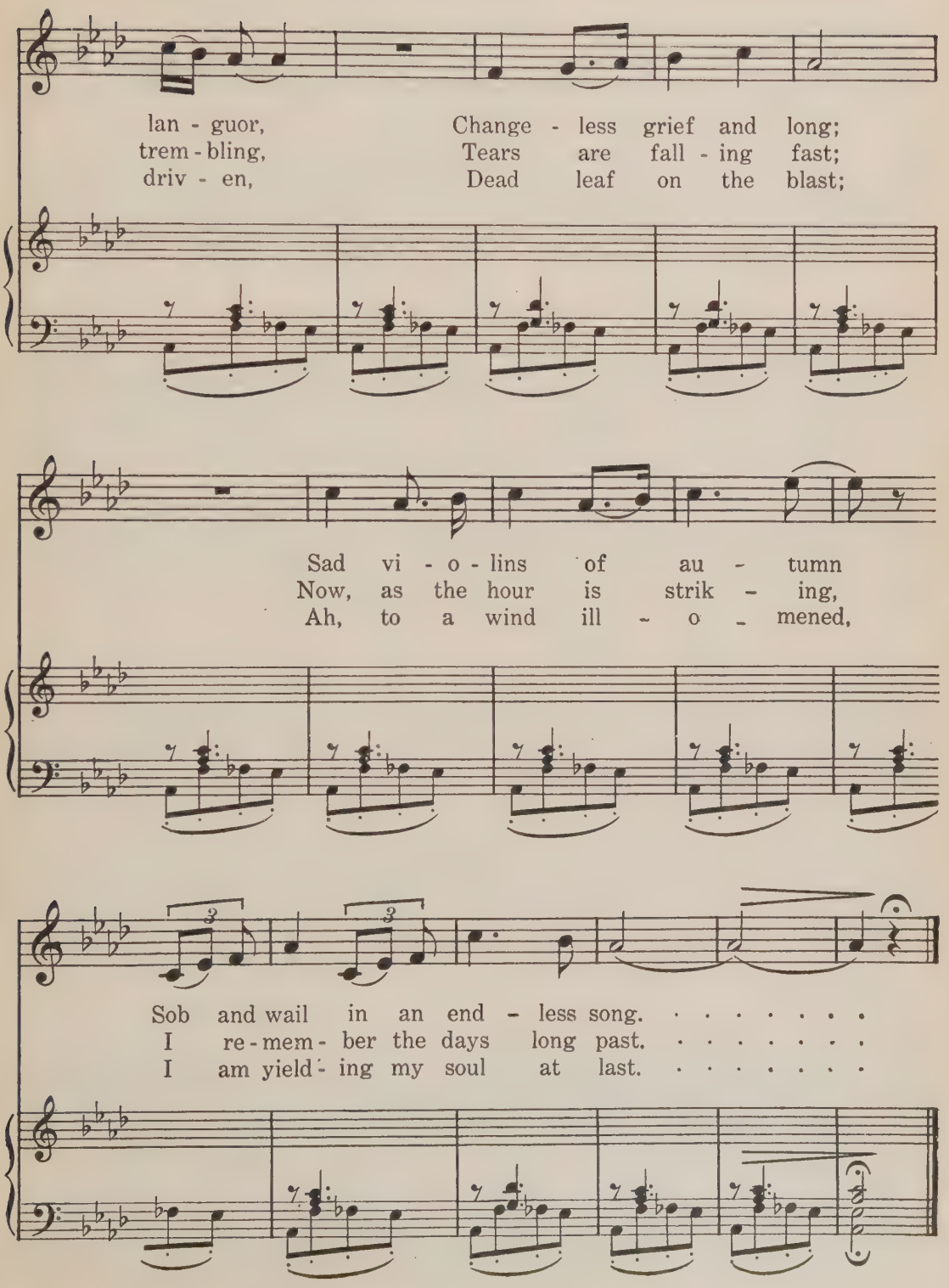

From yon ham - let sweet bells re -
sound - ing, To wel - come the shep - herds are sound - - - - ing . .
. . . Hark, broth - ers, hear! . . . Bells call - ing clear! . . . . The
night is here! . . . . The night is here! . . . .
smorz.
sotto voce

SONG OF AUTUMN

Adapted from the French
of Paul Verlaine

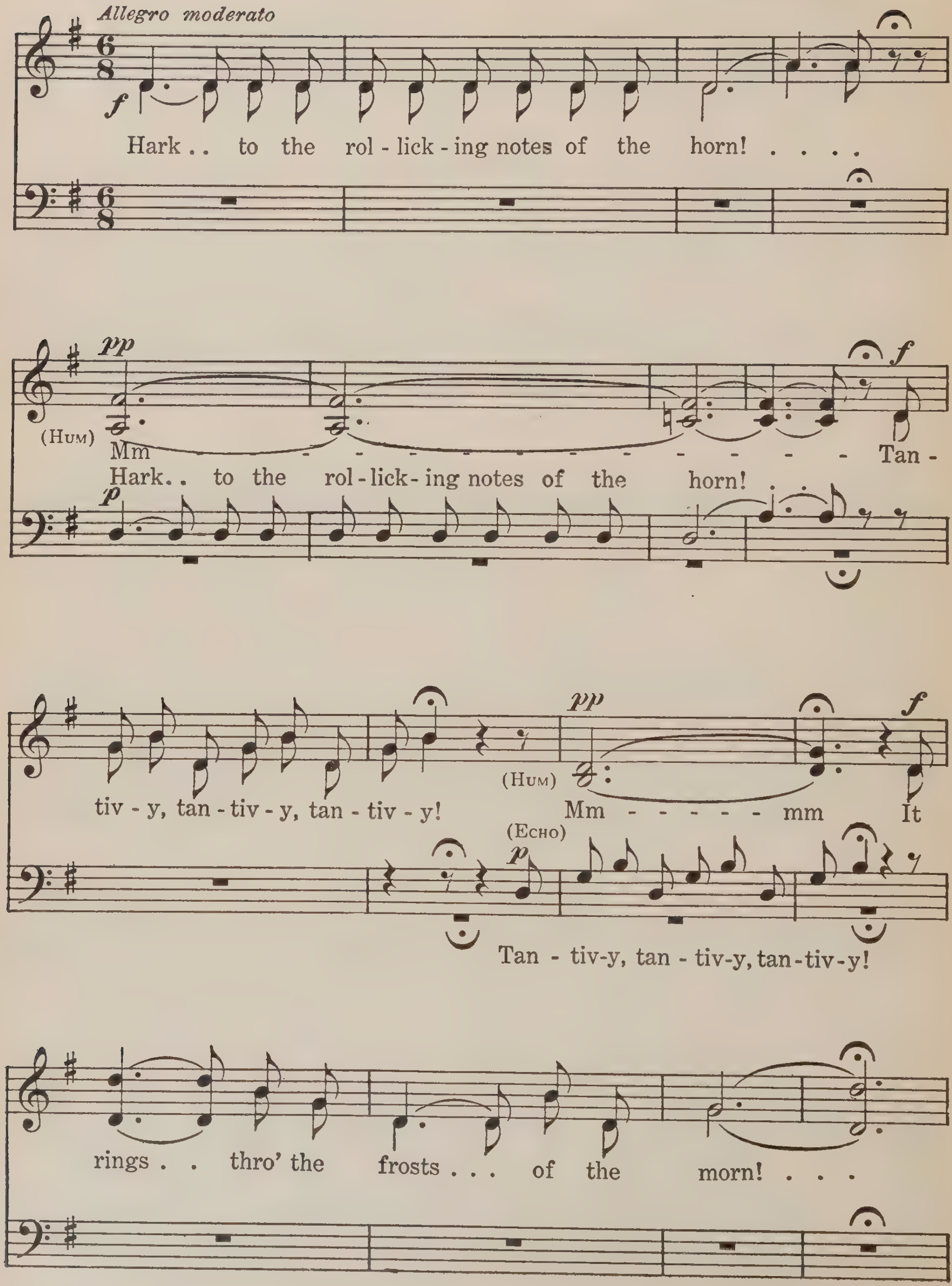
Adapted and abridged
from Tschaikowsky
Andante cantabile from Opus II

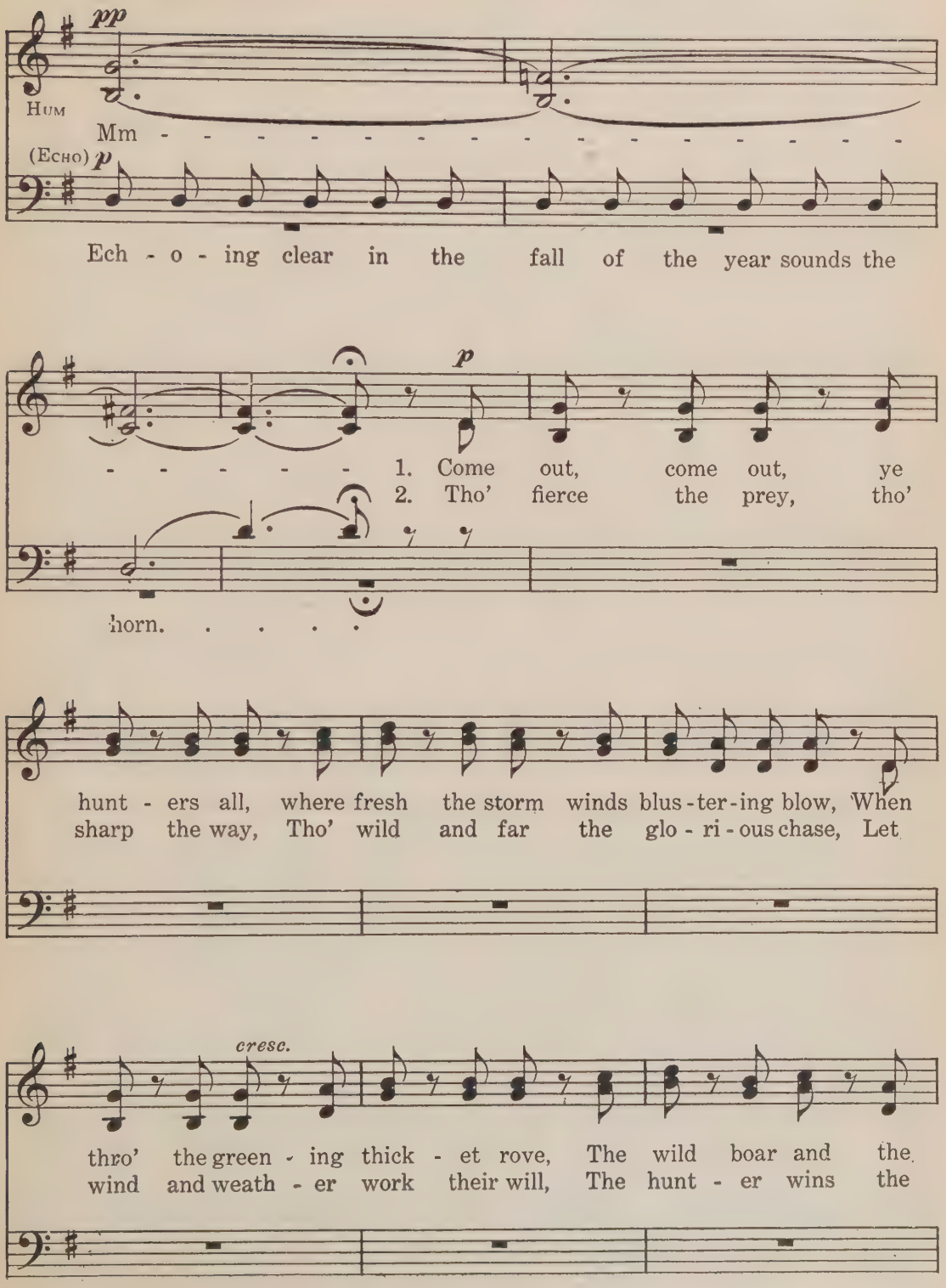


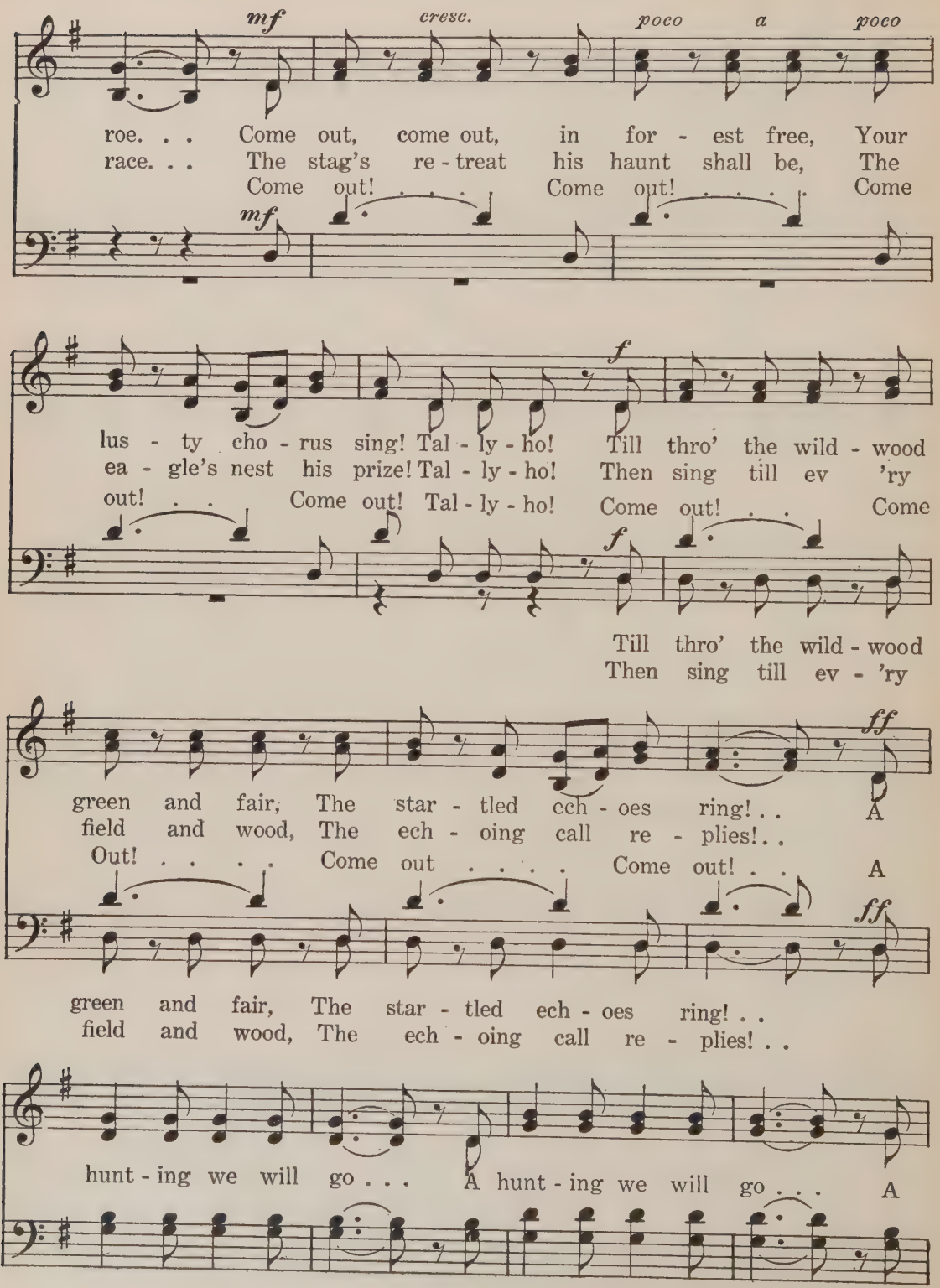

lan - guor, Change - less grief and long;
trem - bling, Tears are fall - ing fast;
driv - en, Dead leaf on the blast;
Sad vi - o - lins of au - tumn
Now, as the hour is strik - ing,
Ah, to a wind ill - o - mened,
Sob and wail in an end - less song. . . . . .
I re - mem - ber the days long past. . . . . .
I am yield - ing my soul at last. . . . . .

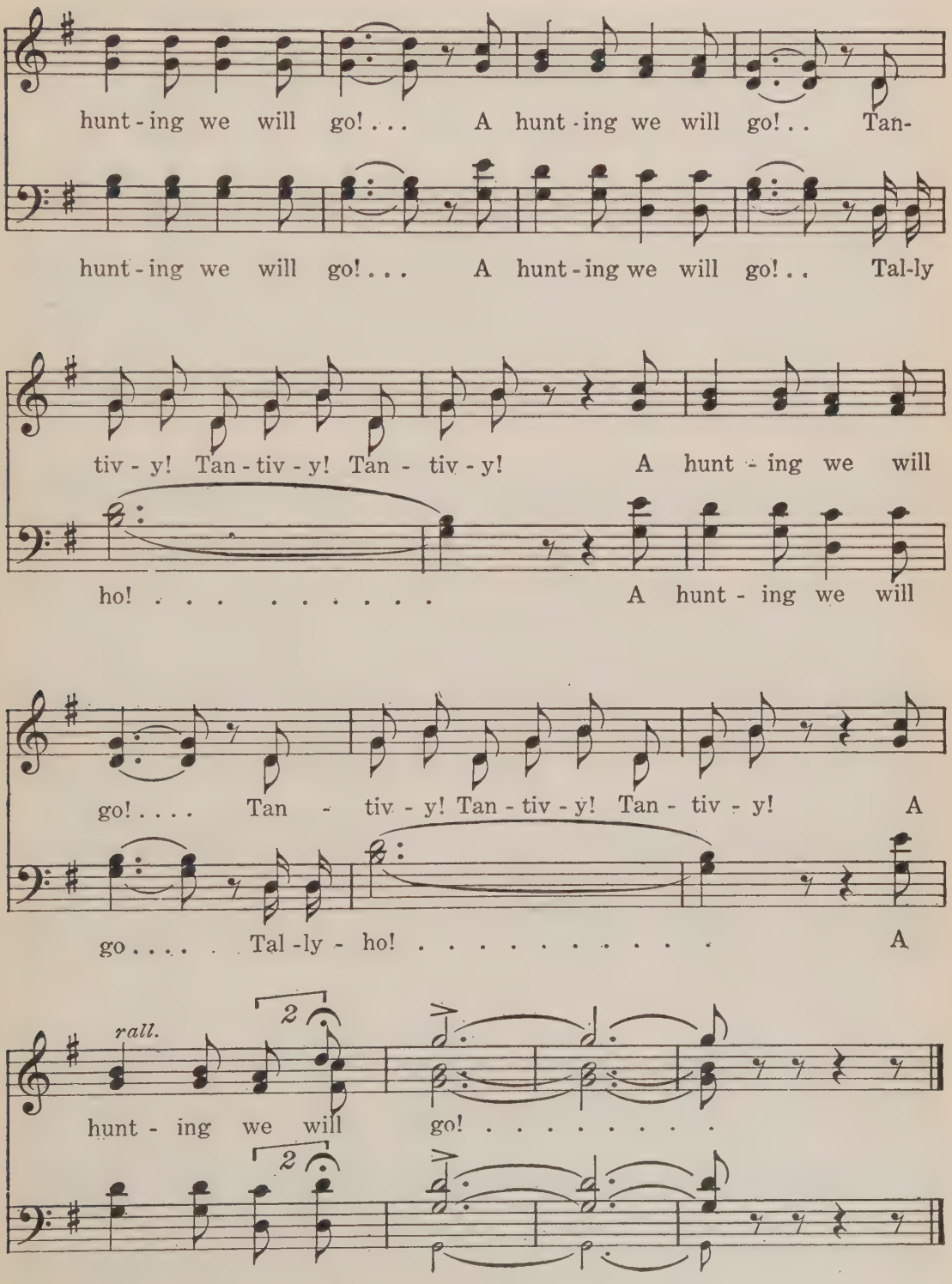
A HUNTING WE WILL GO

Adapted from
"A Hunting Scene" by
P. Buccalossi




pp
Hum
Mm - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
(Echo) p
Ech - o - ing clear in the fall of the year sounds the
p
- - - - - - 1. Come out, come out, ye
2. Tho' fierce the prey, tho'
horn. . . . .
hunt - ers all, where fresh the storm winds blus - ter - ing blow, When
sharp the way, Tho' wild and far the glo - ri - ous chase, Let
cresc.
thro' the green - ing thick - et rove, The wild boar and the
wind and weath - er work their will, The hunt - er wins the


mf
cresc.
poco a poco
roe. . . Come out, come out, in for - est free, Your
race. . . The stag's re - treat his haunt shall be, The
Come out! . . . . Come out! . . . . Come
mf
f
lus - ty cho - rus sing! Tal - ly - ho! Till thro' the wild - wood
ea - gle's nest his prize! Tal - ly - ho! Then sing till ev 'ry
out! . . . Come out! Tal - ly - ho! Come out! . . . Come
f
Till thro' the wild - wood
Then sing till ev - 'ry
ff
green and fair, The star - tled ech - oes ring! . . A
field and wood, The ech - oing call re - plies! . .
Out! . . . . Come out . . . . Come out! . . A
ff
green and fair, The star - tled ech - oes ring! . .
field and wood, The ech - oing call re - plies! . .
hunt - ing we will go . . . A hunt - ing we will go . . . A

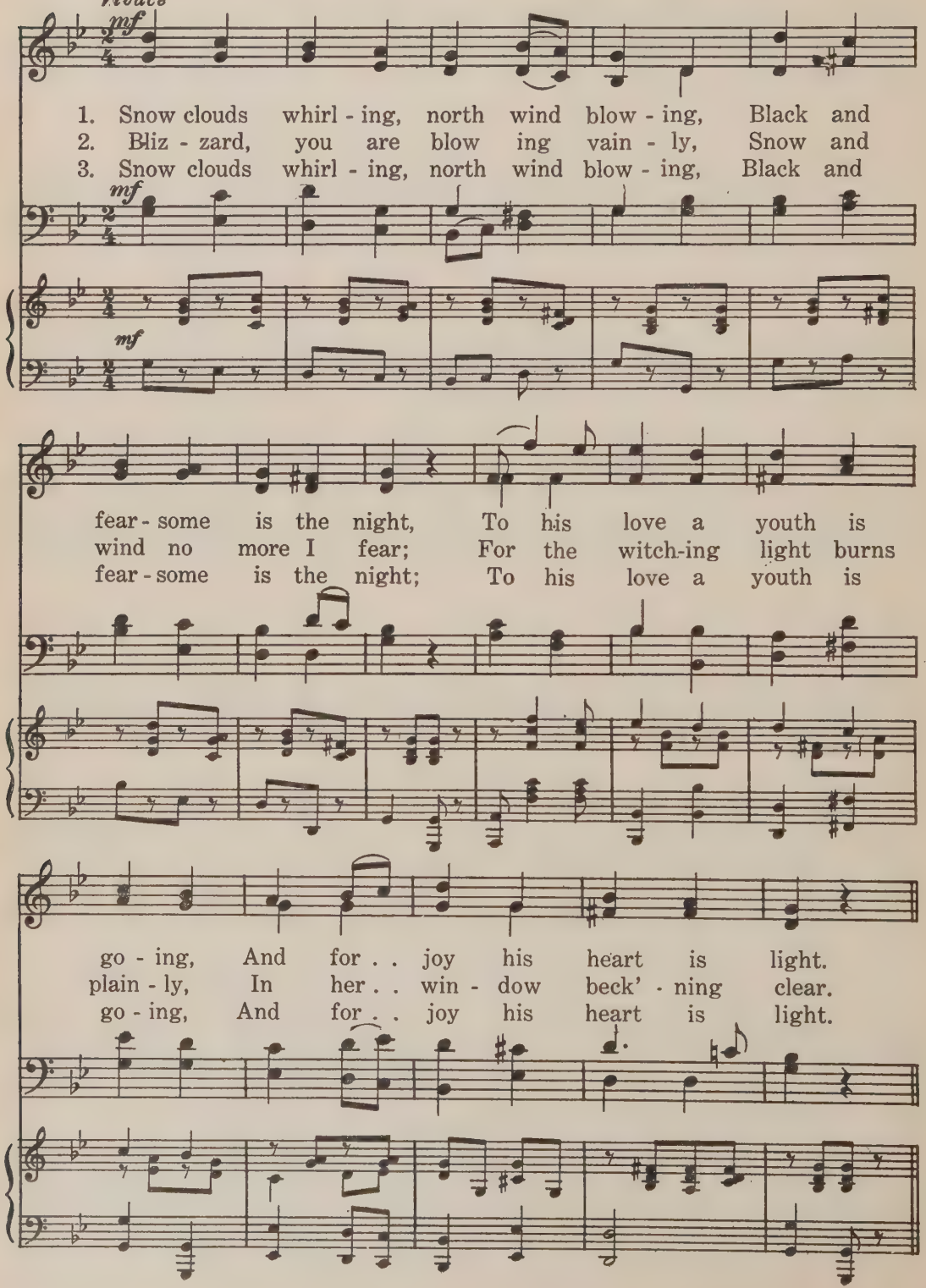

hunt - ing we will go! . . . A hunt - ing we will go! . . Tan-
hunt - ing we will go! . . . A hunt - ing we will go! . . Tal-ly
tiv - y! Tan - tiv - y! Tan - tiv - y! A hunt - ing we will
ho! . . . . . A hunt - ing we will
go! . . . . Tan - tiv - y! Tan - tiv - y! Tan - tiv - y! A
go . . . . Tal - ly - ho! . . . . . A
rall.
2
2
hunt - ing we will go! . . . . . .

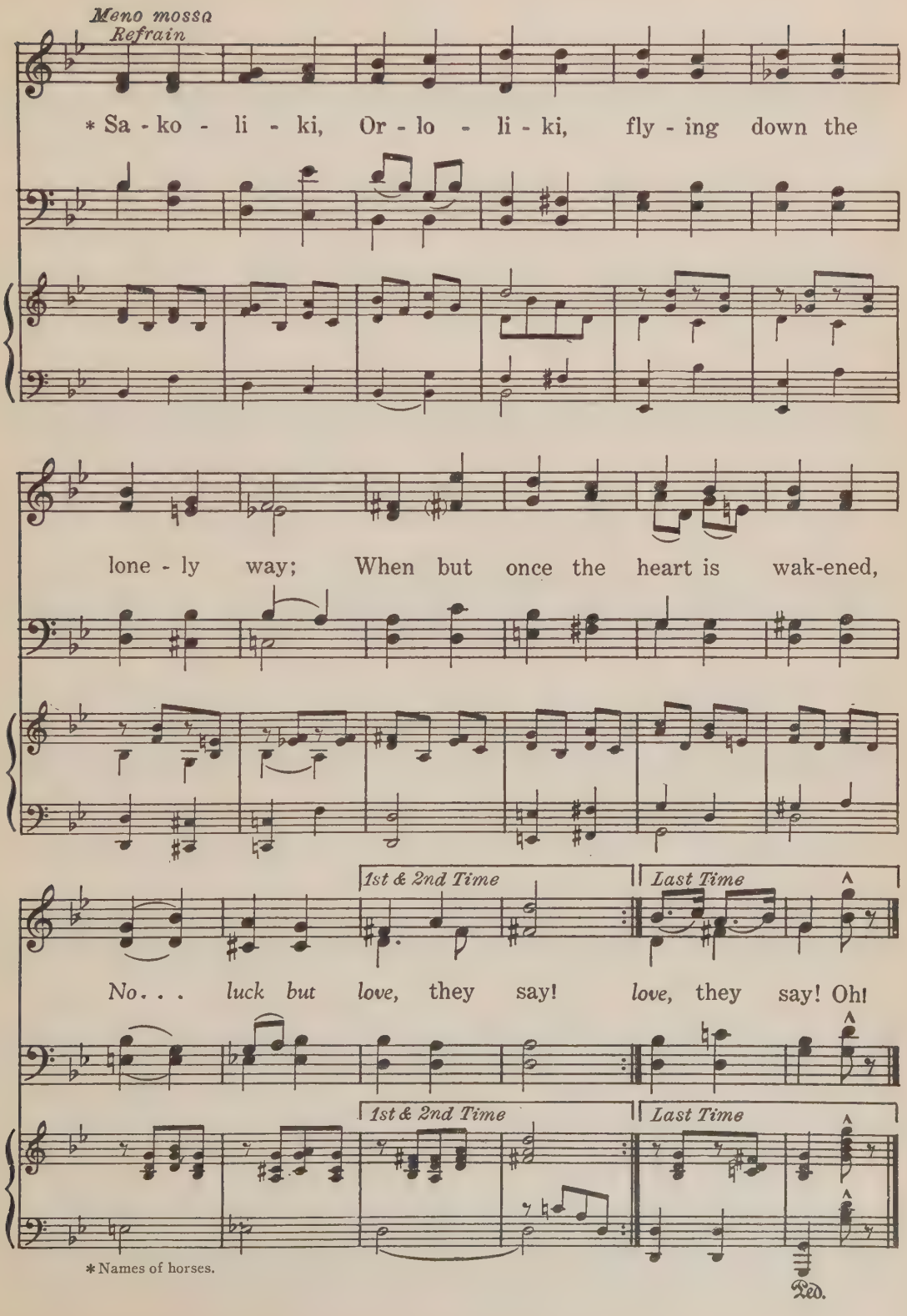
SNOW CLOUDS WHIRLING

Translated from the Russian
by Cecil Cowdrey

Russian Folk Song
Arranged by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Vivace



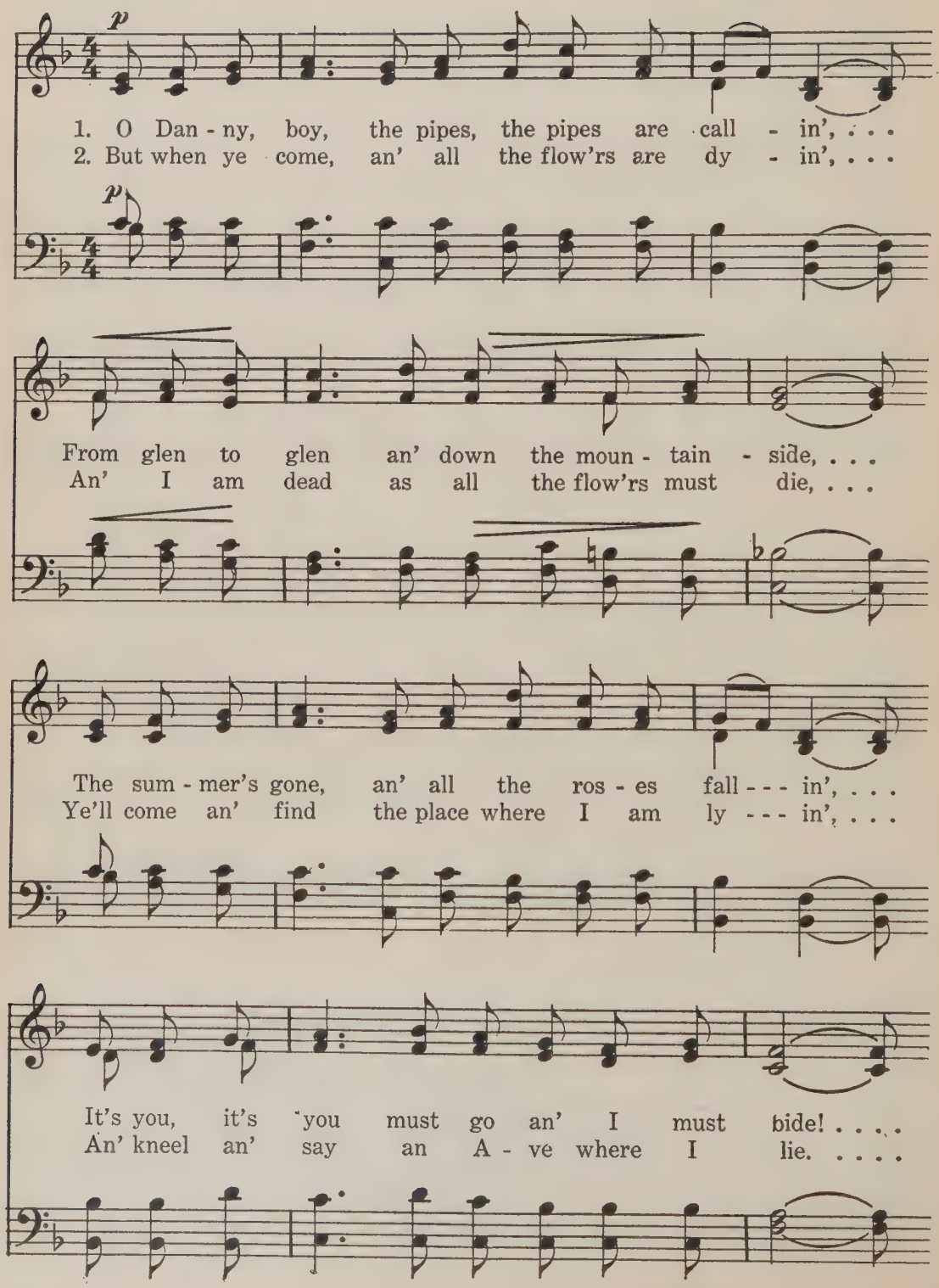


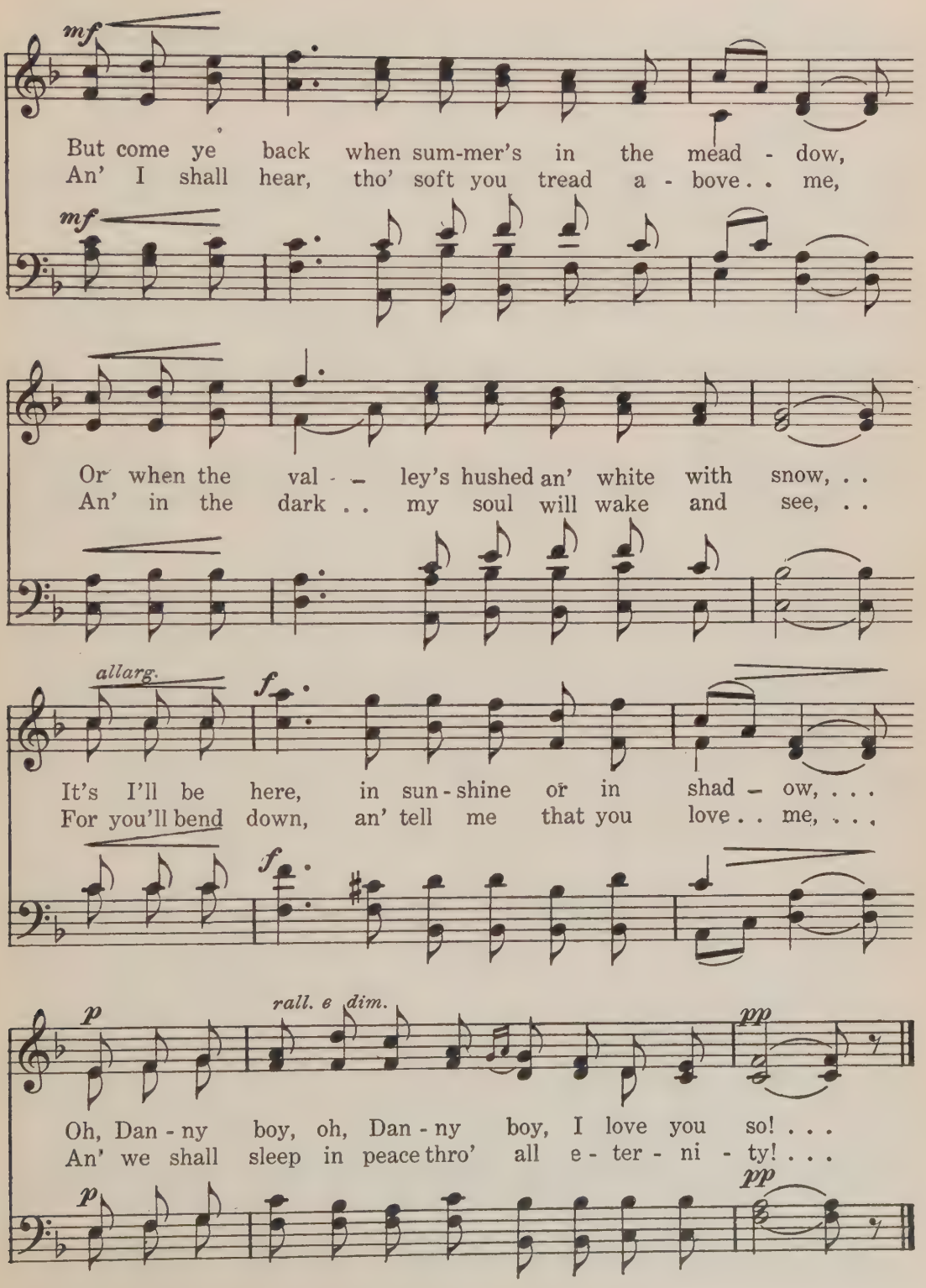
*Names of horses.

O DANNY BOY

F. E. Weatherley

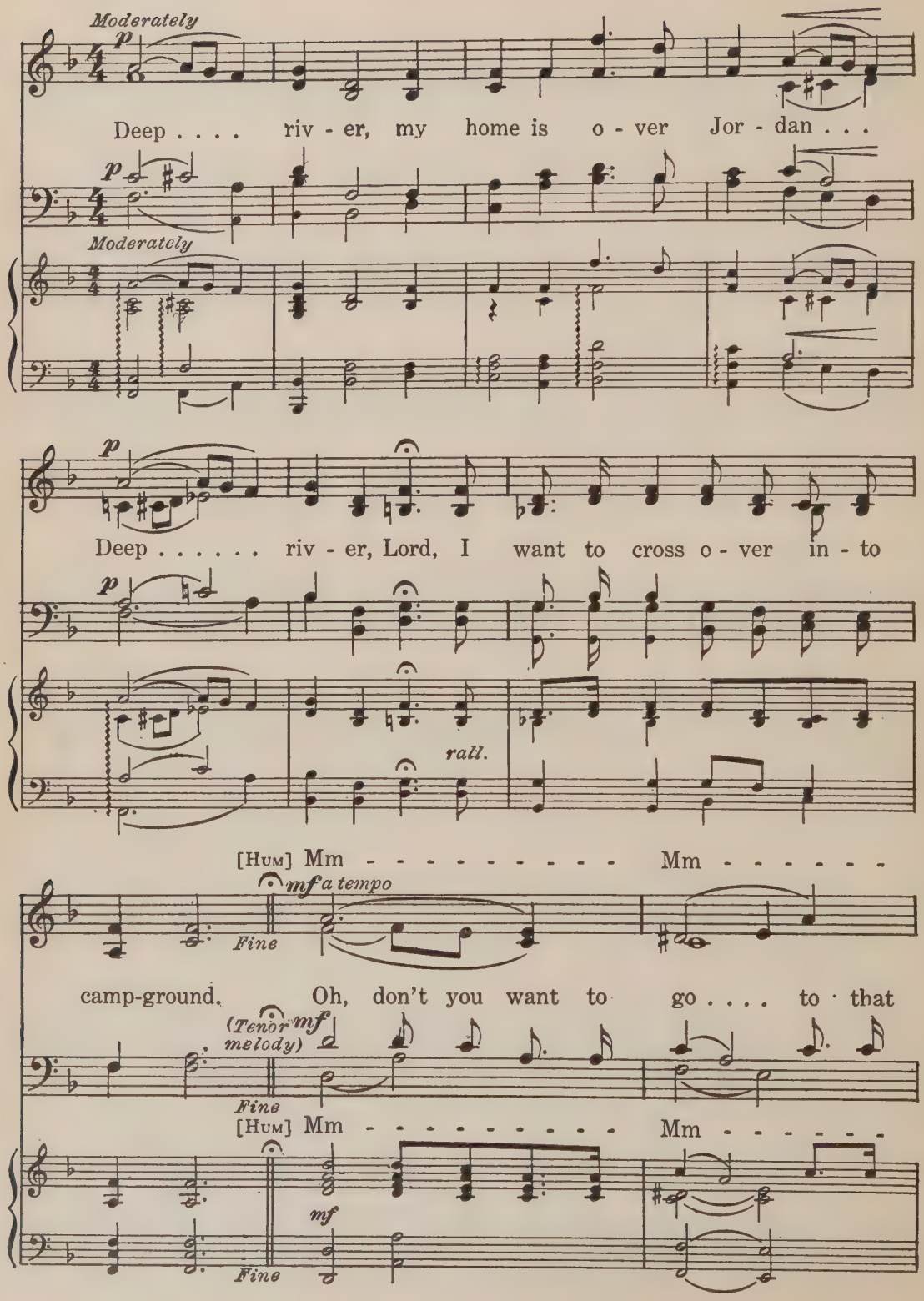
Irish Folk Song
The Londonderry Air

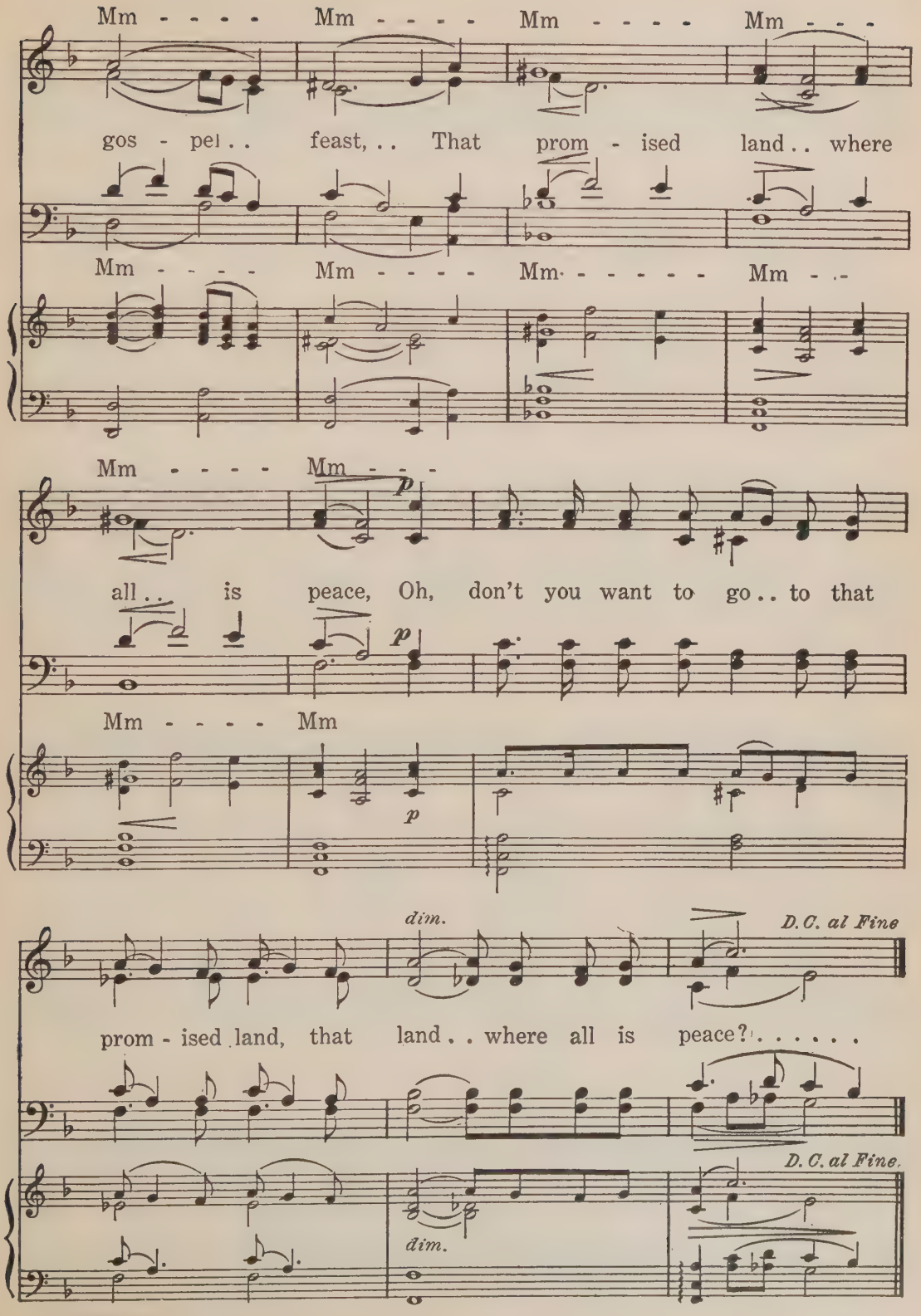



mf
But come ye back when sum-mer's in the mead - dow,
An' I shall hear, tho' soft you tread a - bove . . me,
mf
Or when the val - - ley's hushed an' white with snow, . .
An' in the dark . . my soul will wake and see, . .
allarg.
f
It's I'll be here, in sun - shine or in shad - ow, . . .
For you'll bend down, an' tell me that you love . . me, . . .
f
p
rall. e dim.
pp
Oh, Dan - ny boy, oh, Dan - ny boy, I love you so! . . .
An' we shall sleep in peace thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! . . .
p
pp

DEEP RIVER

Negro Spiritual

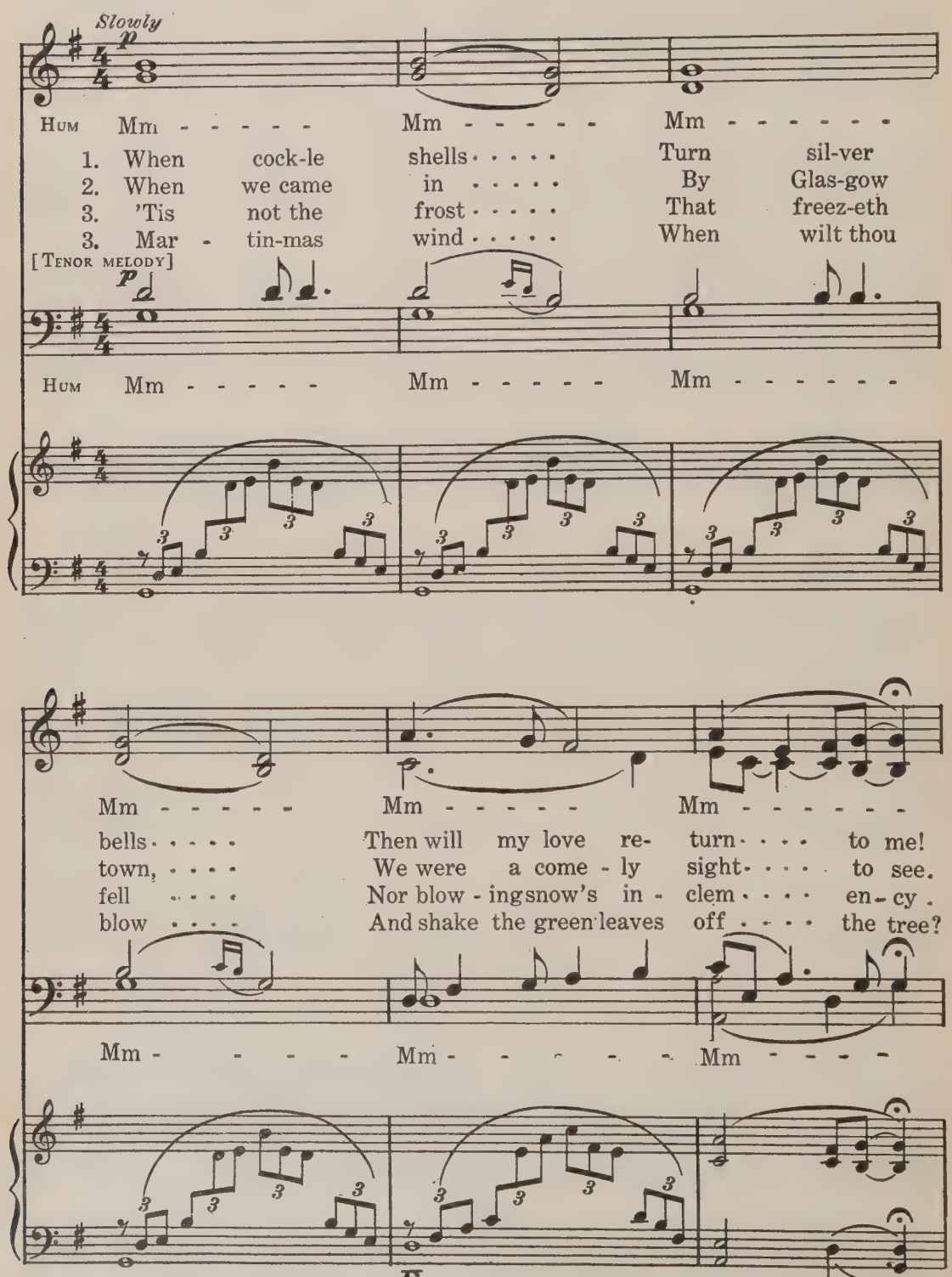



Mm - - - - Mm - - - - Mm - - - - Mm - - -
gos - pel . . feast, . . That prom - ised land . . where
Mm - - - - Mm - - - - Mm - - - - - Mm - - -
Mm - - - - Mm - - -
p
all . . is peace, Oh, don't you want to go . . to that
p
Mm - - - - Mm
p
dim.
D.C. al Fine
prom - ised land, that land . . where all is peace? . . . . . .
D.C. al Fine.
dim.

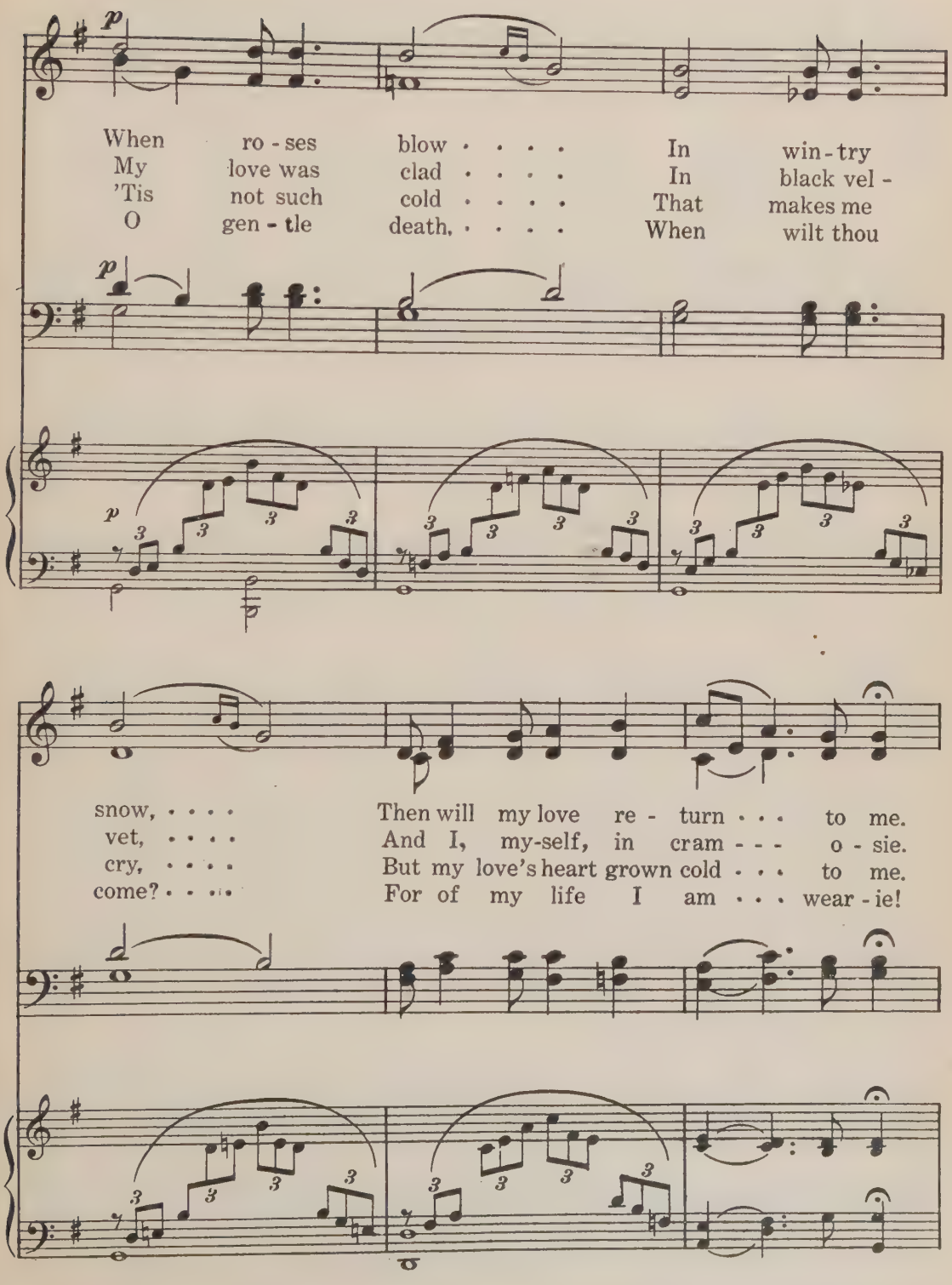
O WALY, WALY

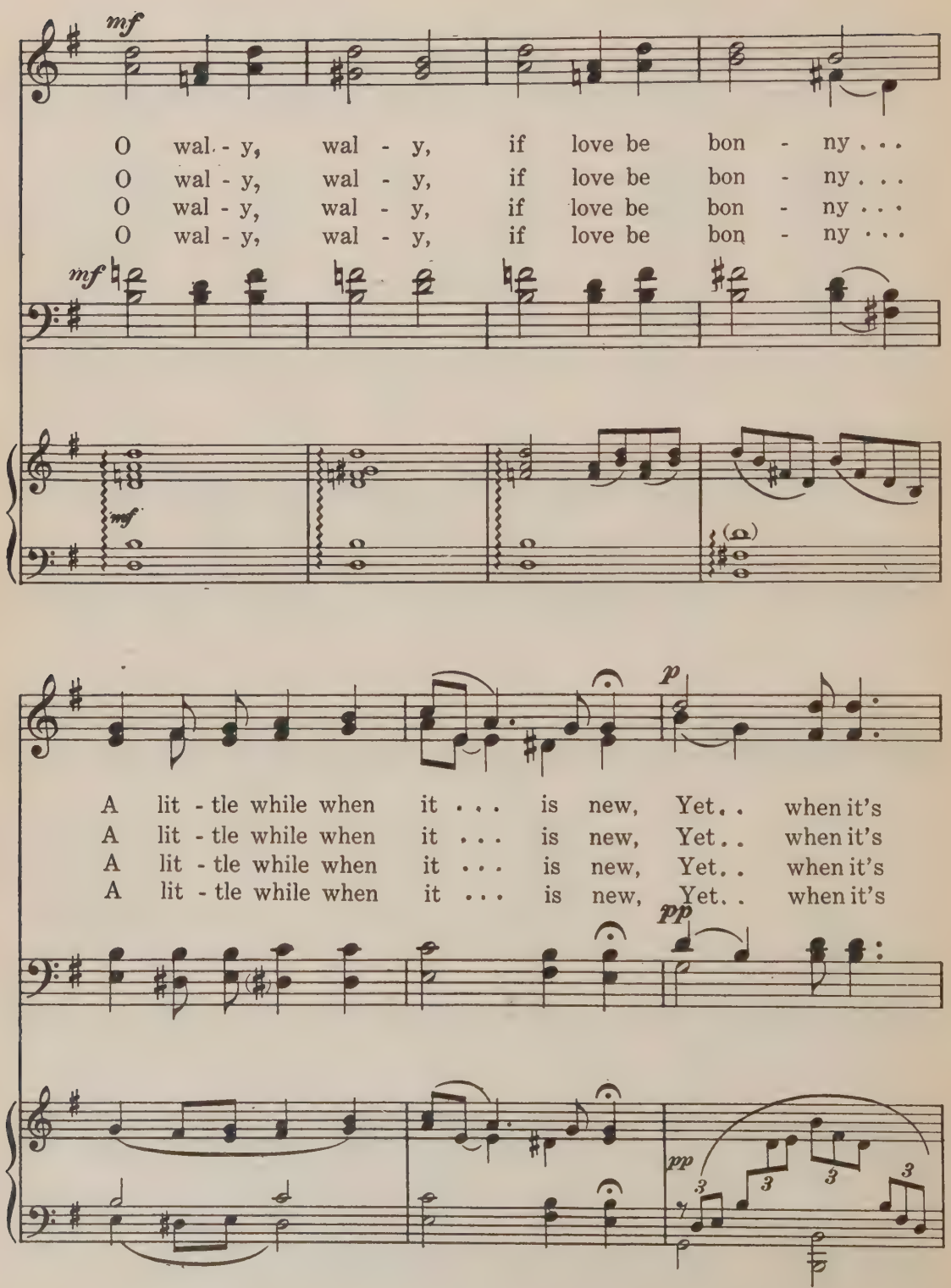
From Percy's
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry

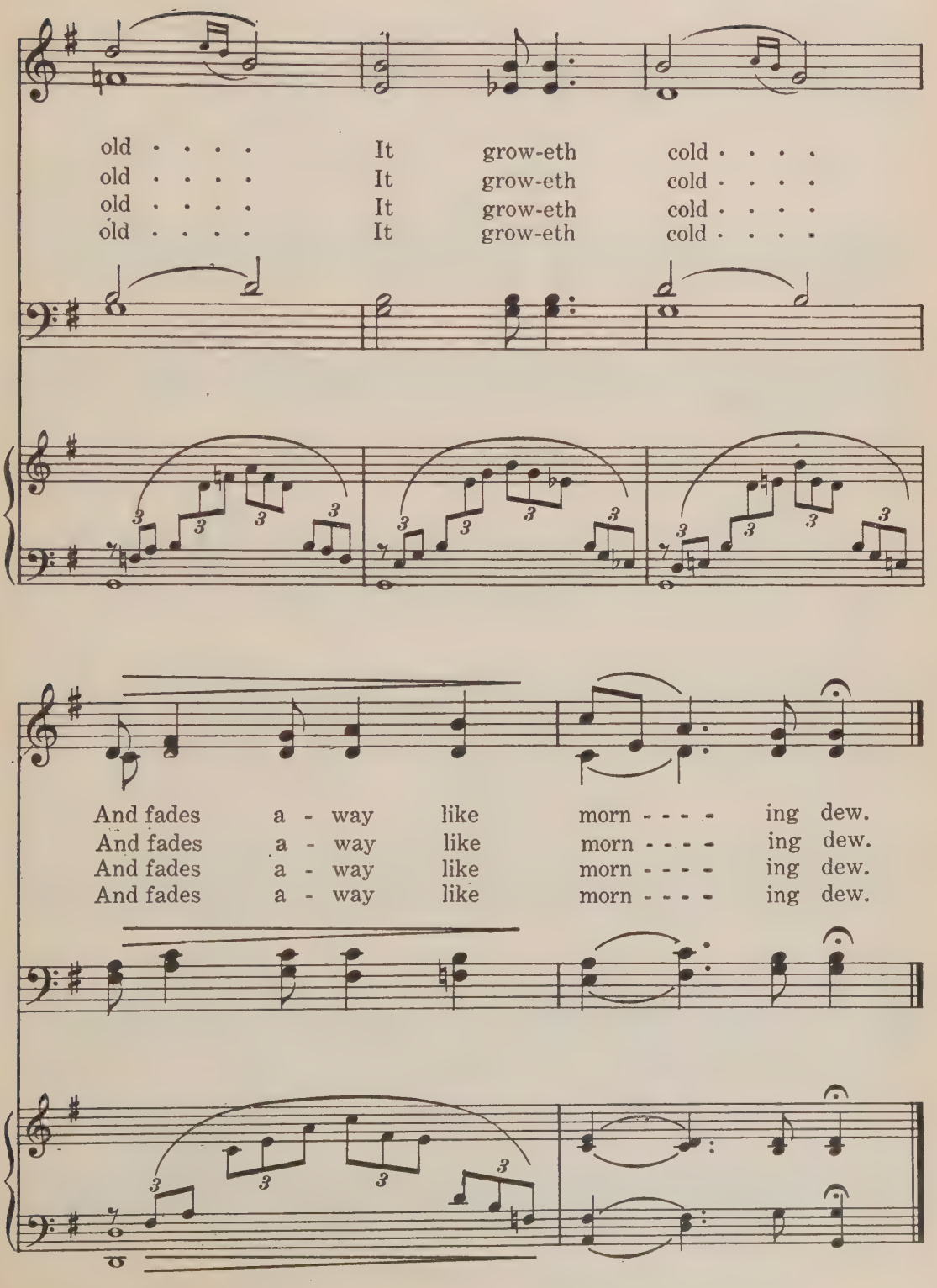
An English Ballad Air
Surviving in the Southern States



Melody reprinted from *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1927, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

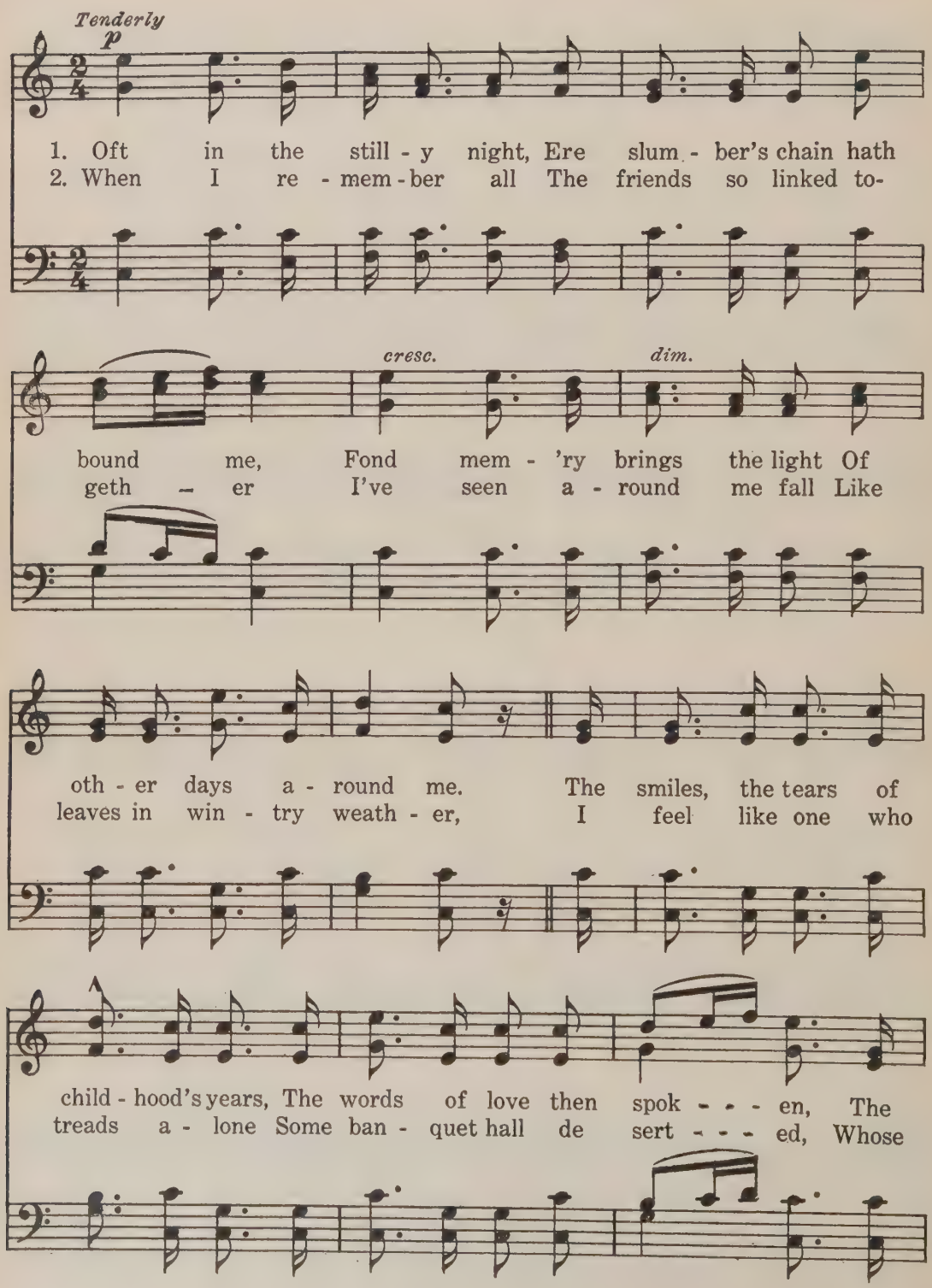

When ro - ses blow . . . . In win - try
My love was clad . . . . In black vel -
'Tis not such cold . . . . That makes me
O gen - tle death. . . . . When wilt thou
snow, ... Then will my love re - turn . . . to me.
vet, ... And I, my-self, in cram - - - o - sie.
cry, ... But my love's heart grown cold . . . to me.
come? . . . . For of my life I am . . . wear - ie!

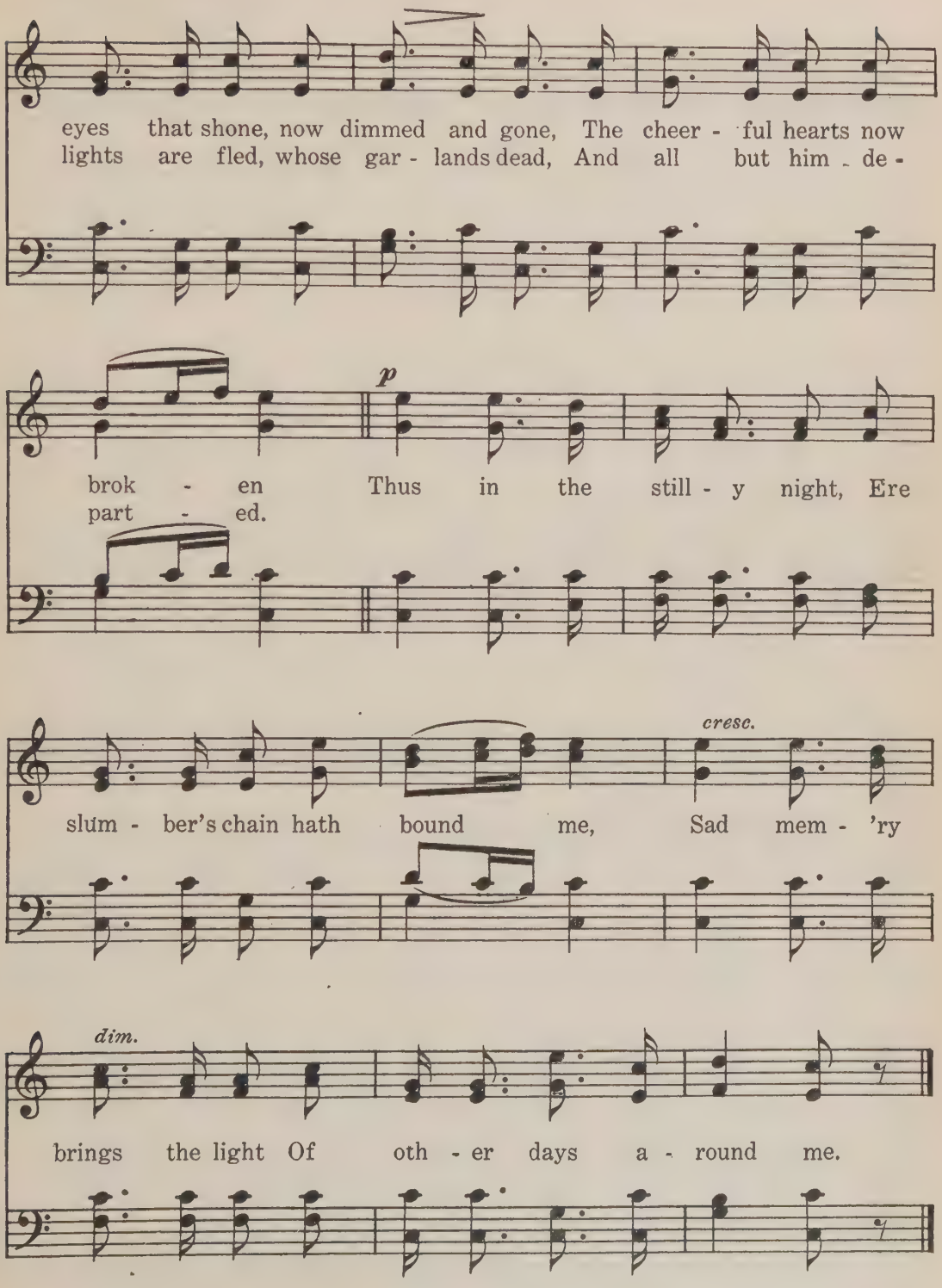

mf
O wal - y, wal - y, if love be bon - ny . . .
O wal - y, wal - y, if love be bon - ny . . .
O wal - y, wal - y, if love be bon - ny . . .
O wal - y, wal - y, if love be bon - ny . . .
mf
mf
p
A lit - tle while when it . . . is new, Yet . . when it's
A lit - tle while when it . . . is new, Yet . . when it's
A lit - tle while when it . . . is new, Yet . . when it's
A lit - tle while when it . . . is new, Yet . . when it's
pp
pp
3
3
3
3


old . . . . It grow-eth cold . . . .
old . . . . It grow-eth cold . . . .
old . . . . It grow-eth cold . . . .
old . . . . It grow-eth cold . . . .
And fades a - way like morn - - - - ing dew.
And fades a - way like morn - - - - ing dew.
And fades a - way like morn - - - - ing dew.
And fades a - way like morn - - - - ing dew.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

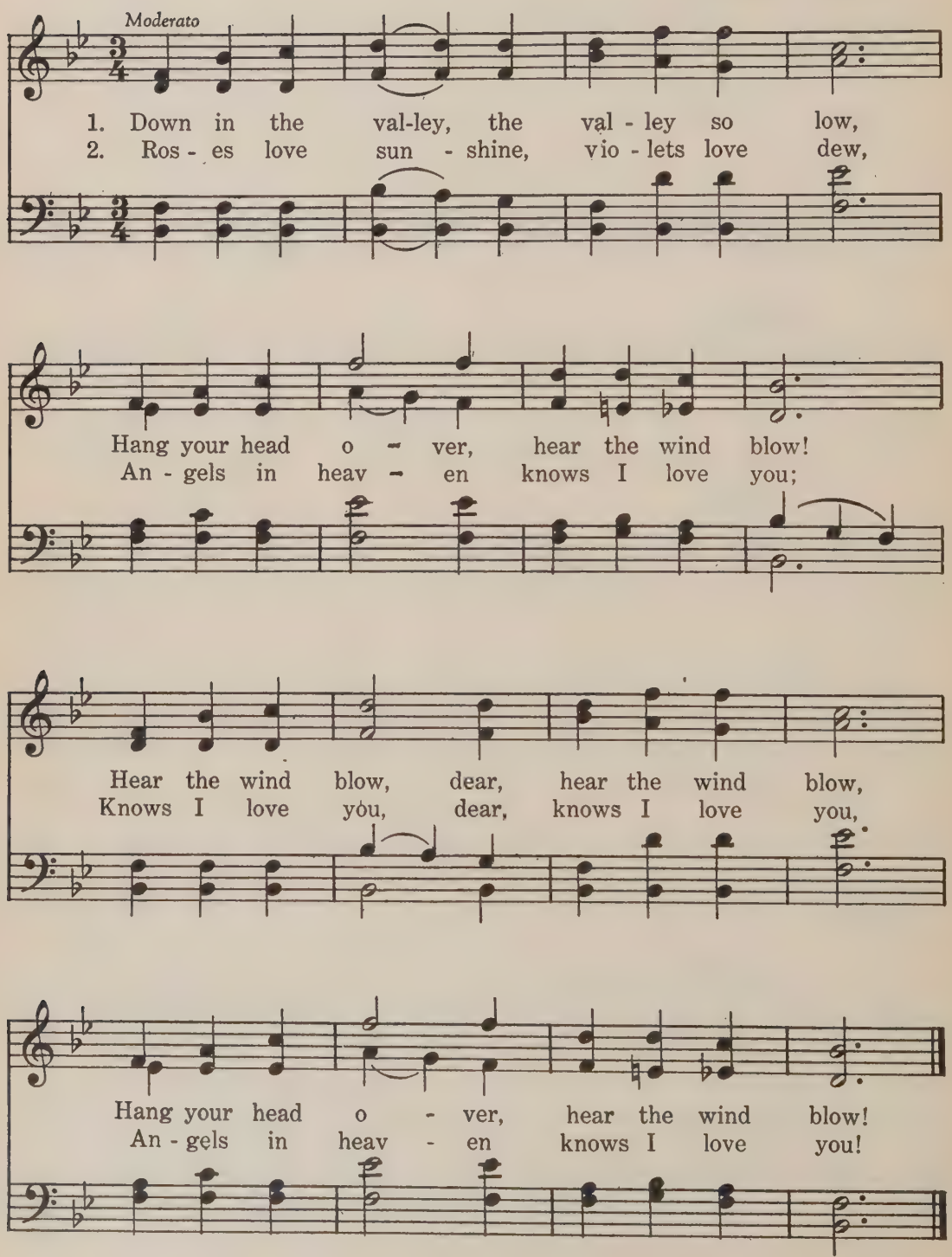
Thomas Moore — Irish Melody




eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And all but him - de -
p
brok - en
part - ed.
Thus in the still - y night, Ere
cresc.
slum - ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem - 'ry
dim.
brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

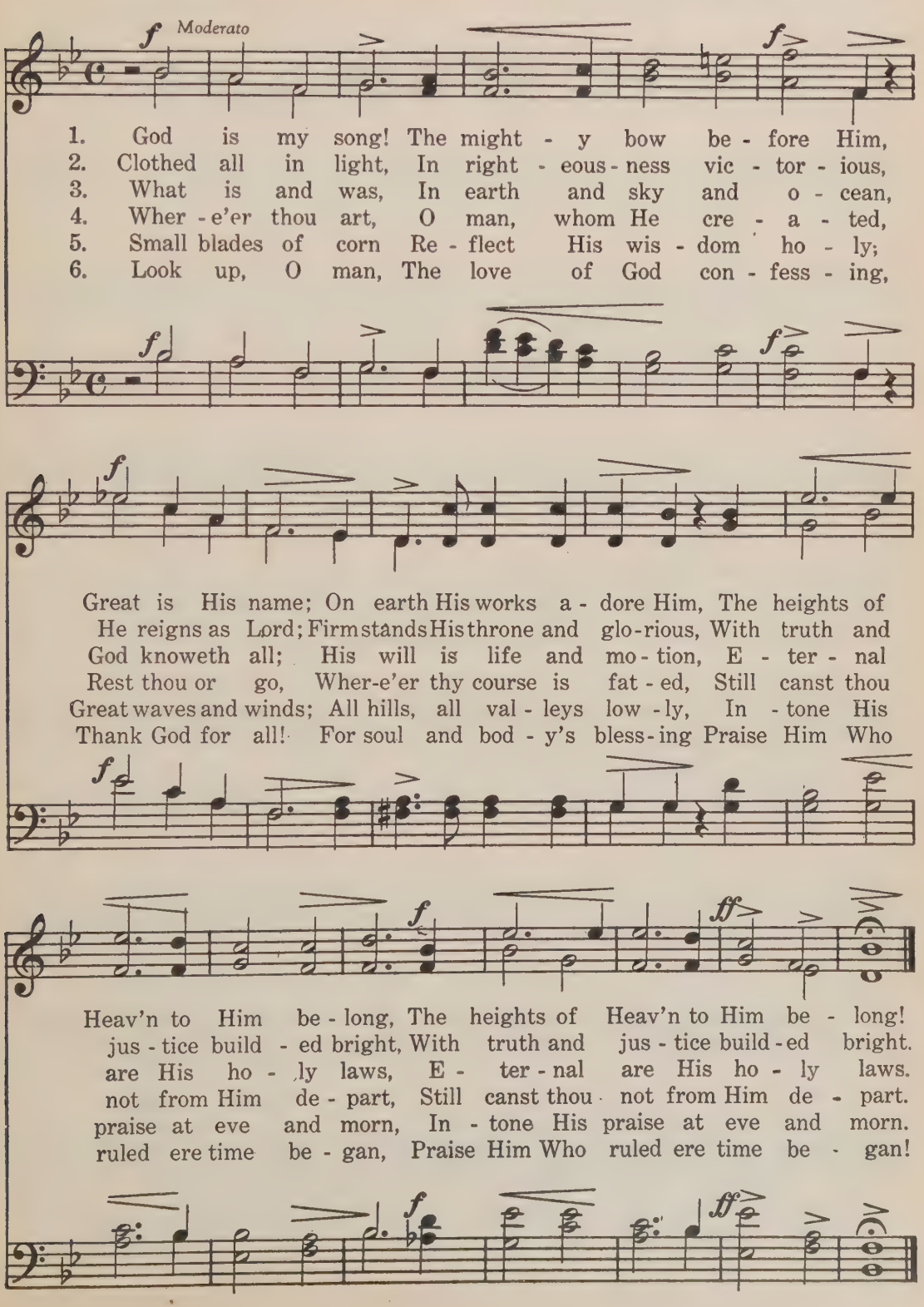
American Folk Song
Words and melody from
the Kentucky Mountains



GOD IS MY SONG

From the German
of Christian Gellert

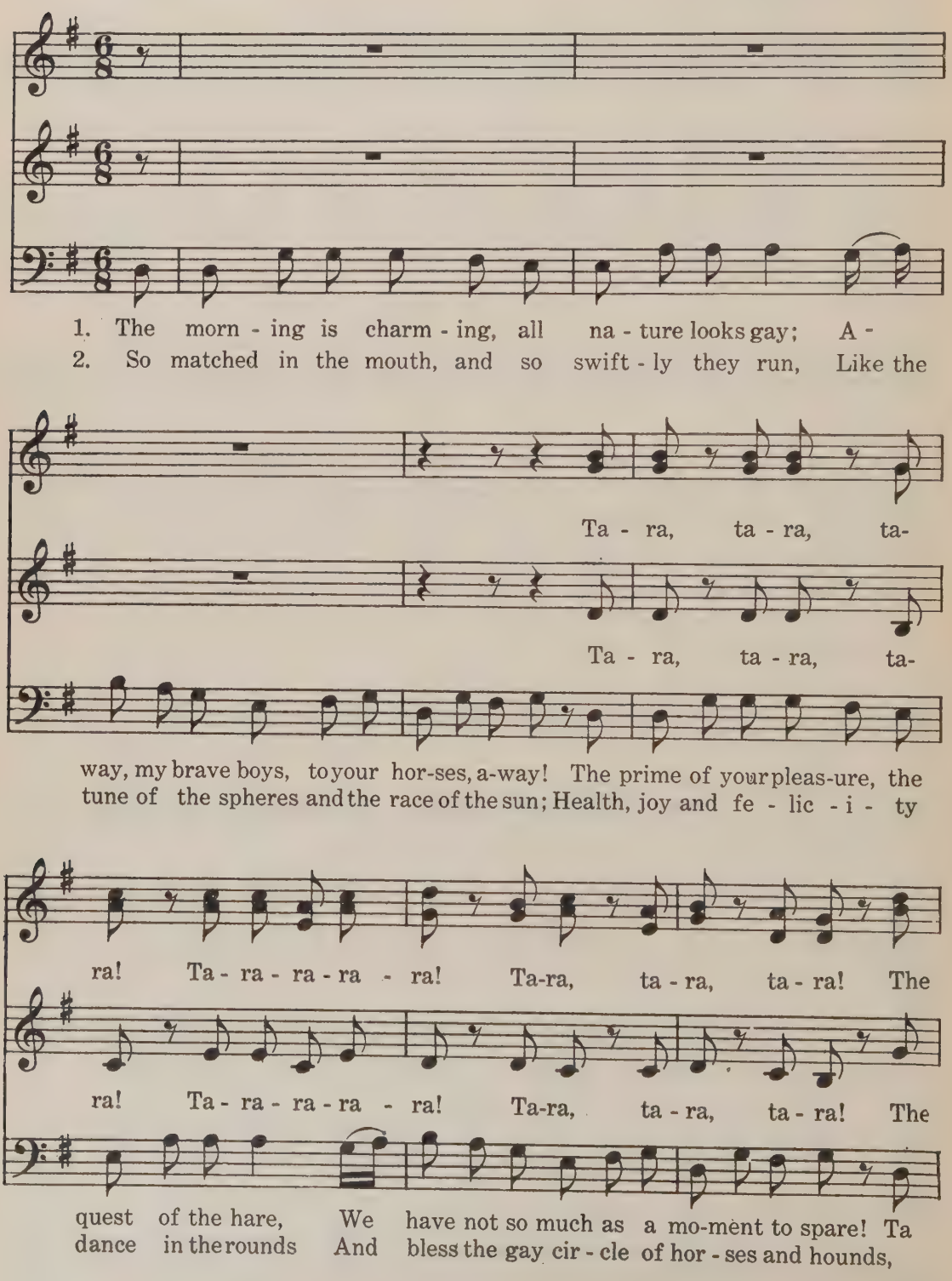
Ludwig van Beethoven

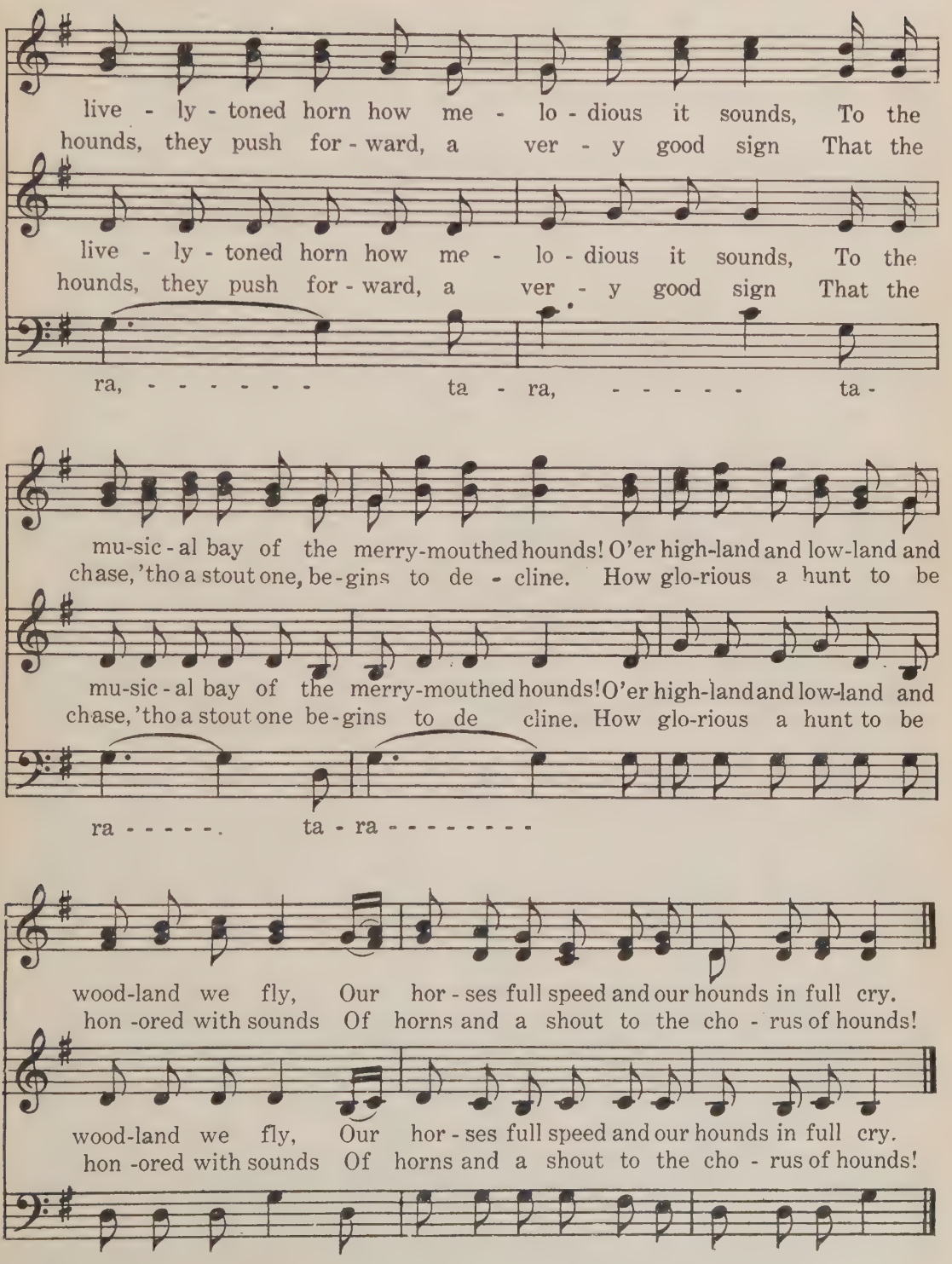


HUNTING THE HARE

Old English Hunting Song

English Folk Tune

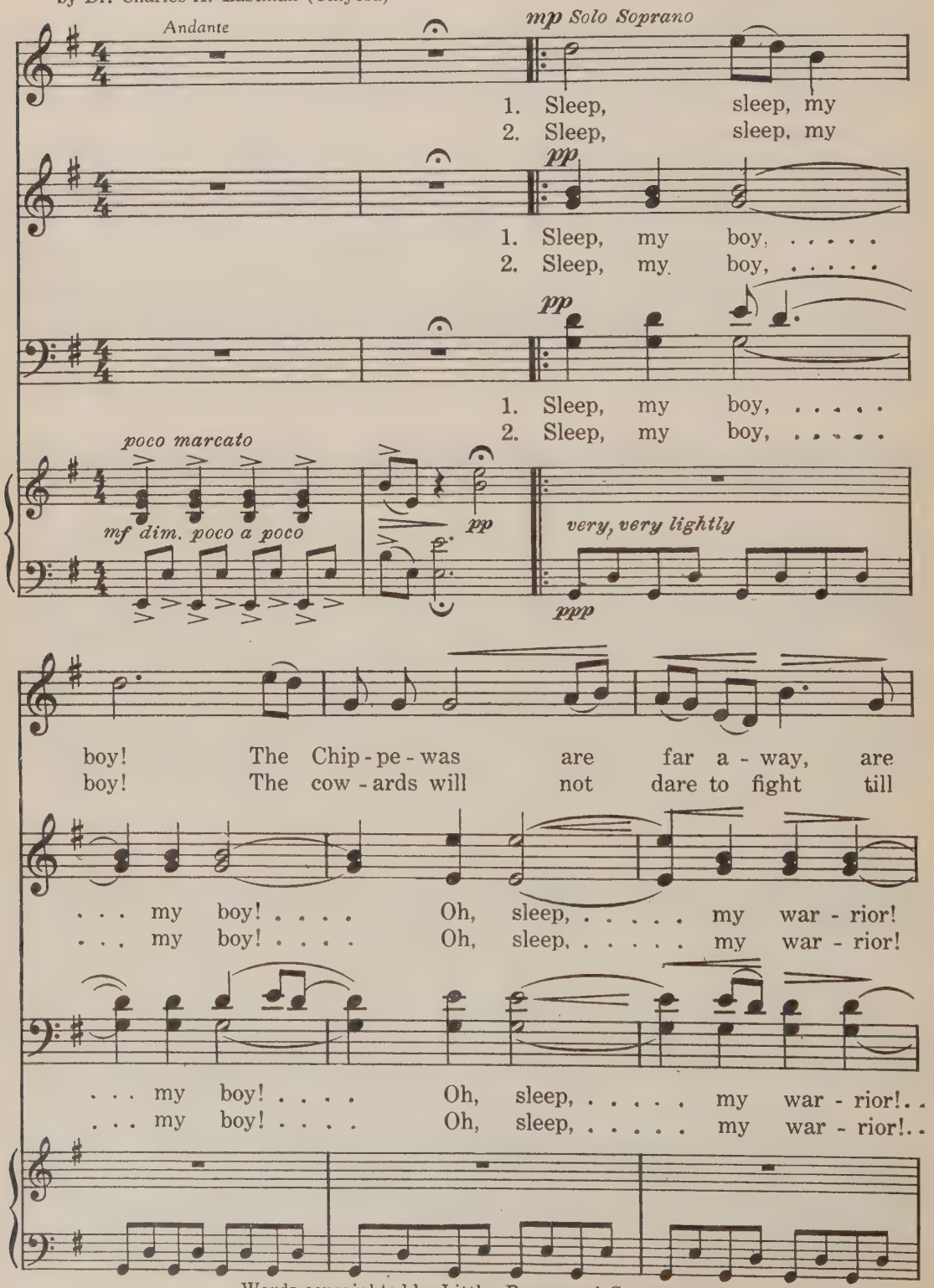



live - ly - toned horn how me - lo - dious it sounds, To the
hounds, they push for - ward, a ver - y good sign That the
live - ly - toned horn how me - lo - dious it sounds, To the
hounds, they push for - ward, a ver - y good sign That the
ra, - - - - - - ta - ra, - - - - - ta -
mu-sic - al bay of the merry-mouthed hounds! O'er high-land and low-land and
chase, 'tho a stout one, be-gins to de - cline. How glo-rious a hunt to be
mu-sic - al bay of the merry-mouthed hounds! O'er high-land and low-land and
chase, 'tho a stout one be-gins to de cline. How glo-rious a hunt to be
ra - - - - - ta - ra - - - - - - - -
wood-land we fly, Our hor - ses full speed and our hounds in full cry.
hon -ored with sounds Of horns and a shout to the cho - rus of hounds!
wood-land we fly, Our hor - ses full speed and our hounds in full cry.
hon -ored with sounds Of horns and a shout to the cho - rus of hounds!

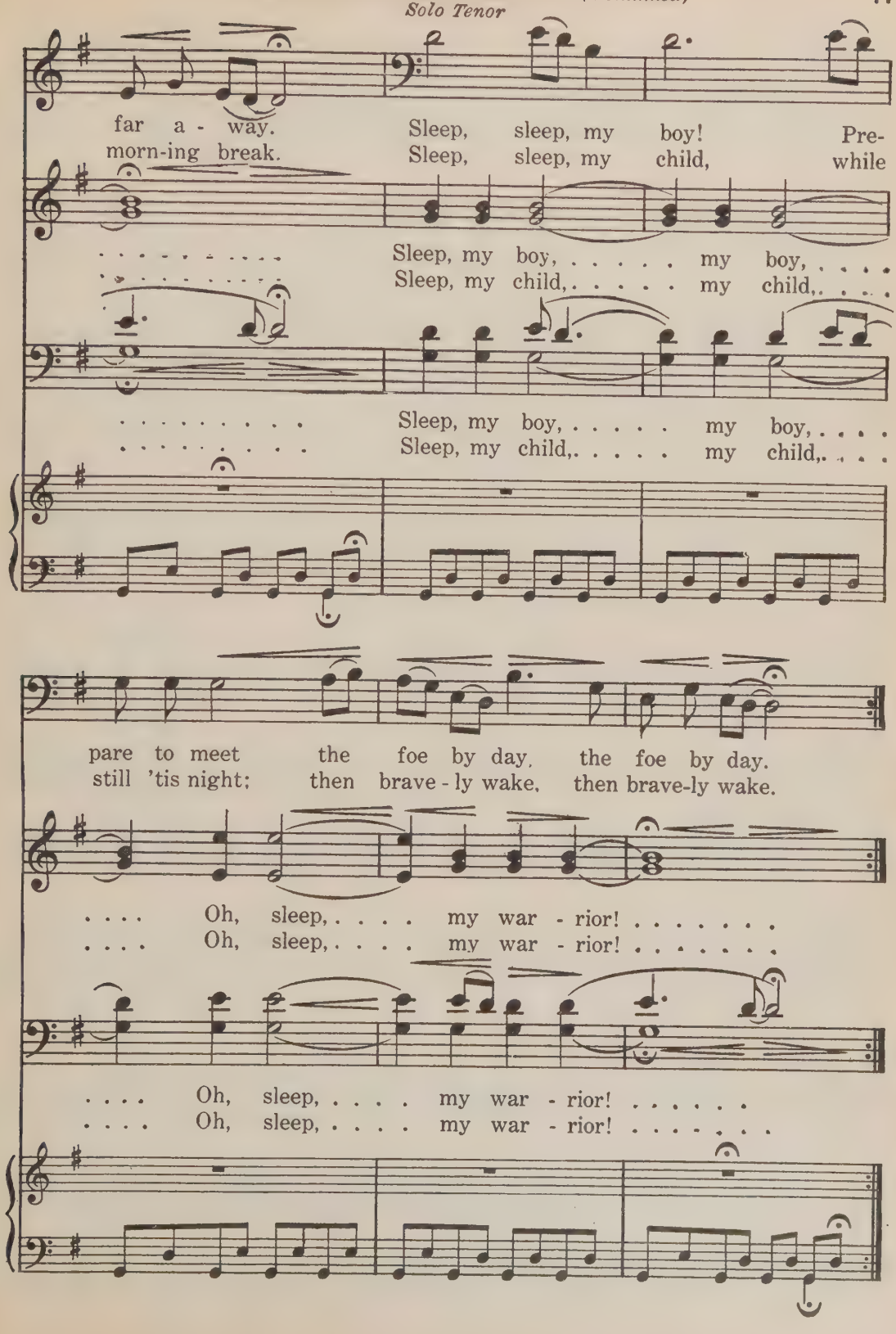
UNCHEEDA'S SLEEP SONG

From *Indian Boyhood*
by Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa)

American Indian Air



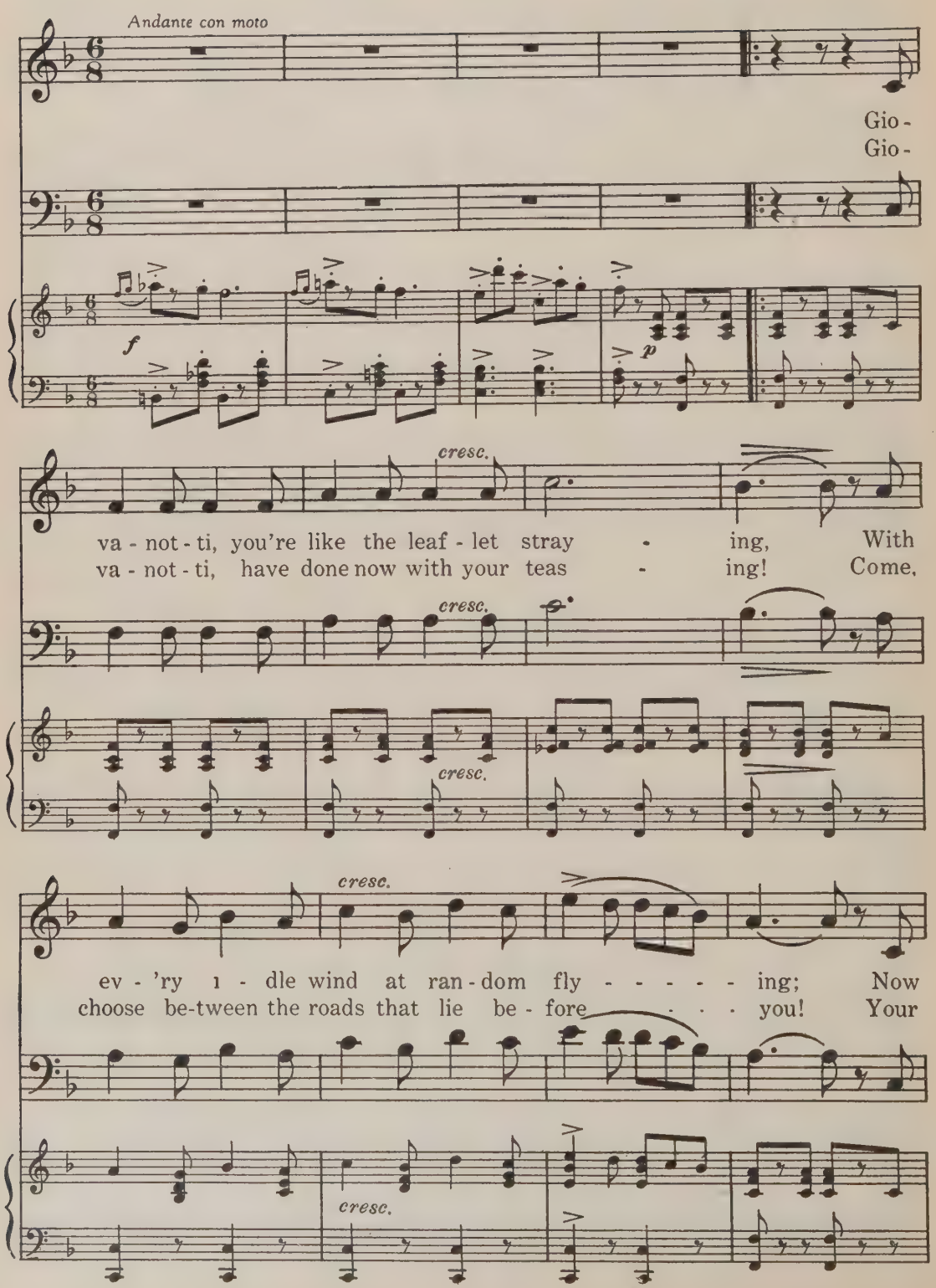
Words copyrighted by Little, Brown and Company.

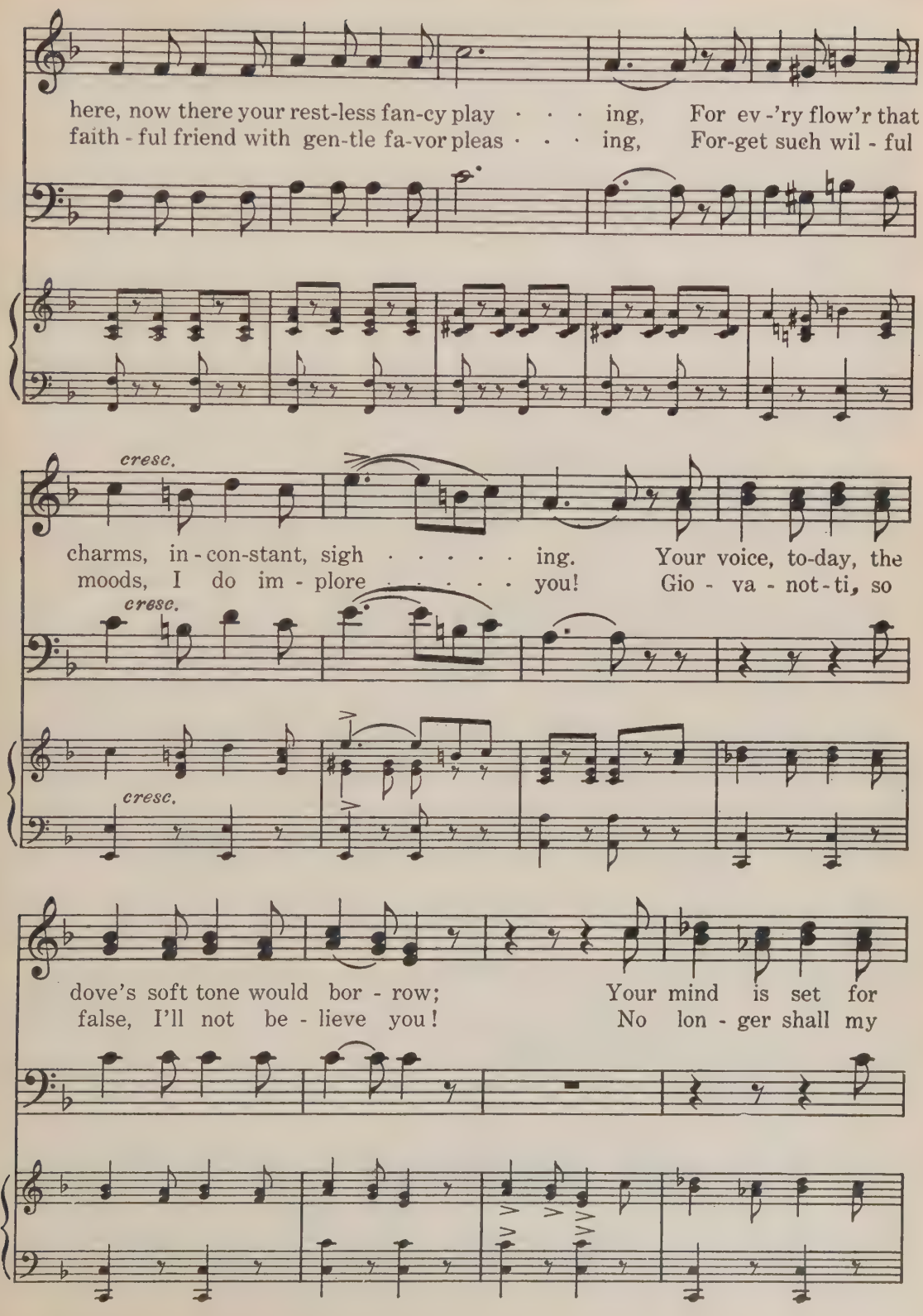

Solo Tenor
far a - way. Sleep, sleep, my boy! Pre-
morn-ing break. Sleep, sleep, my child, while
Sleep, my boy, ... my boy, ...
Sleep, my child, ... my child, ...
Sleep, my boy, ... my boy, ...
Sleep, my child, ... my child, ...
pare to meet the foe by day, the foe by day.
still 'tis night; then brave - ly wake, then brave-ly wake.
. . . . Oh, sleep, ... my war - rior! . . . . . .
. . . . Oh, sleep, ... my war - rior! . . . . . .
. . . . Oh, sleep, ... my war - rior! . . . . . .
. . . . Oh, sleep, ... my war - rior! . . . . . .

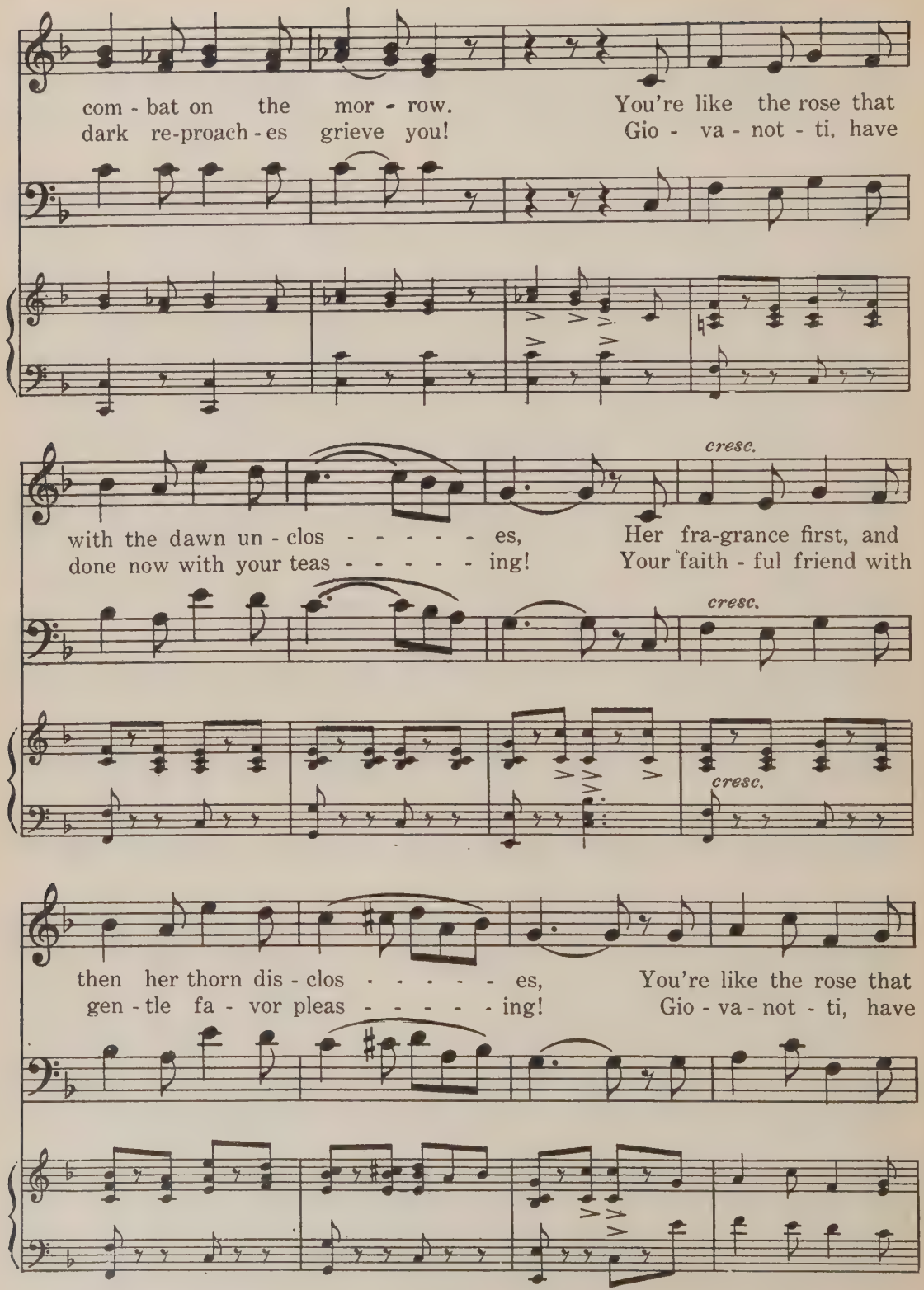
GIOVANOTTI

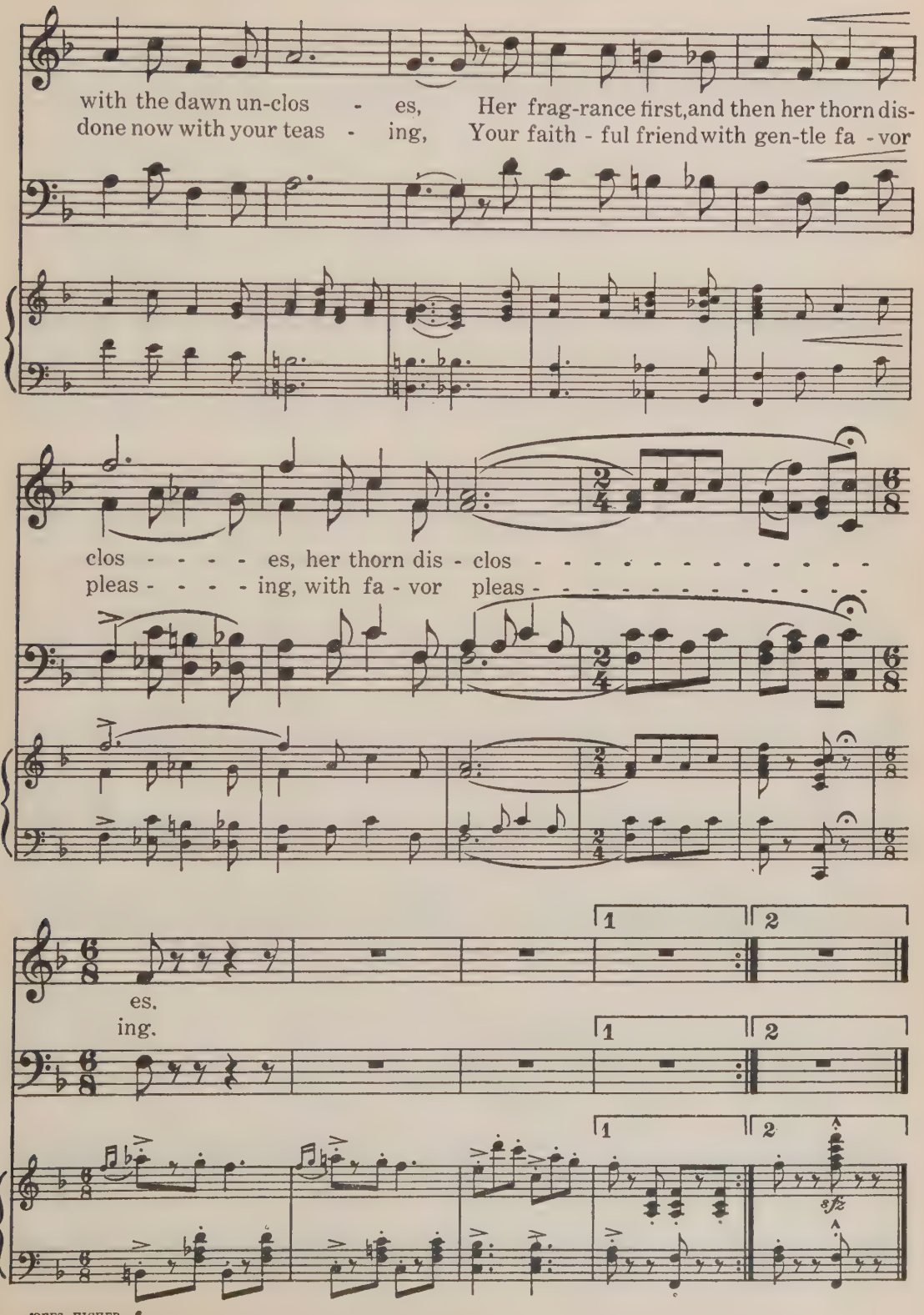
From the Italian

Italian Folk Song




here, now there your rest-less fan-cy play · · · ing, For ev-'ry flow'r that
faith-ful friend with gen-tle fa-vor pleas · · · ing, For-get such wil-ful
cresc.
charms, in-con-stant, sigh · · · · · ing. Your voice, to-day, the
moods, I do im-plore · · · · · you! Gio-va-not-ti, so
cresc.
cresc.
dove's soft tone would bor-row; Your mind is set for
false, I'll not be-lieve you! No lon-ger shall my


com - bat on the mor - row.
dark re-proach - es grieve you!
You're like the rose that
Gio - va - not - ti, have
cresc.
with the dawn un - clos - - - - - es,
done now with your teas - - - - - ing!
Her fra-grance first, and
Your faith - ful friend with
cresc.
cresc.
then her thorn dis - clos - - - - - es,
gen - tle fa - vor pleas - - - - - ing!
You're like the rose that
Gio - va - not - ti, have


with the dawn un-clos - es, Her frag-rance first, and then her thorn dis-
done now with your teas - ing, Your faith - ful friend with gen-tle fa - vor
clos - - - - es, her thorn dis - clos - - - - - - - - - - - -
pleas - - - - ing, with fa - vor pleas - - - - - - - - - - - -
es.
ing.
1
2
sfz

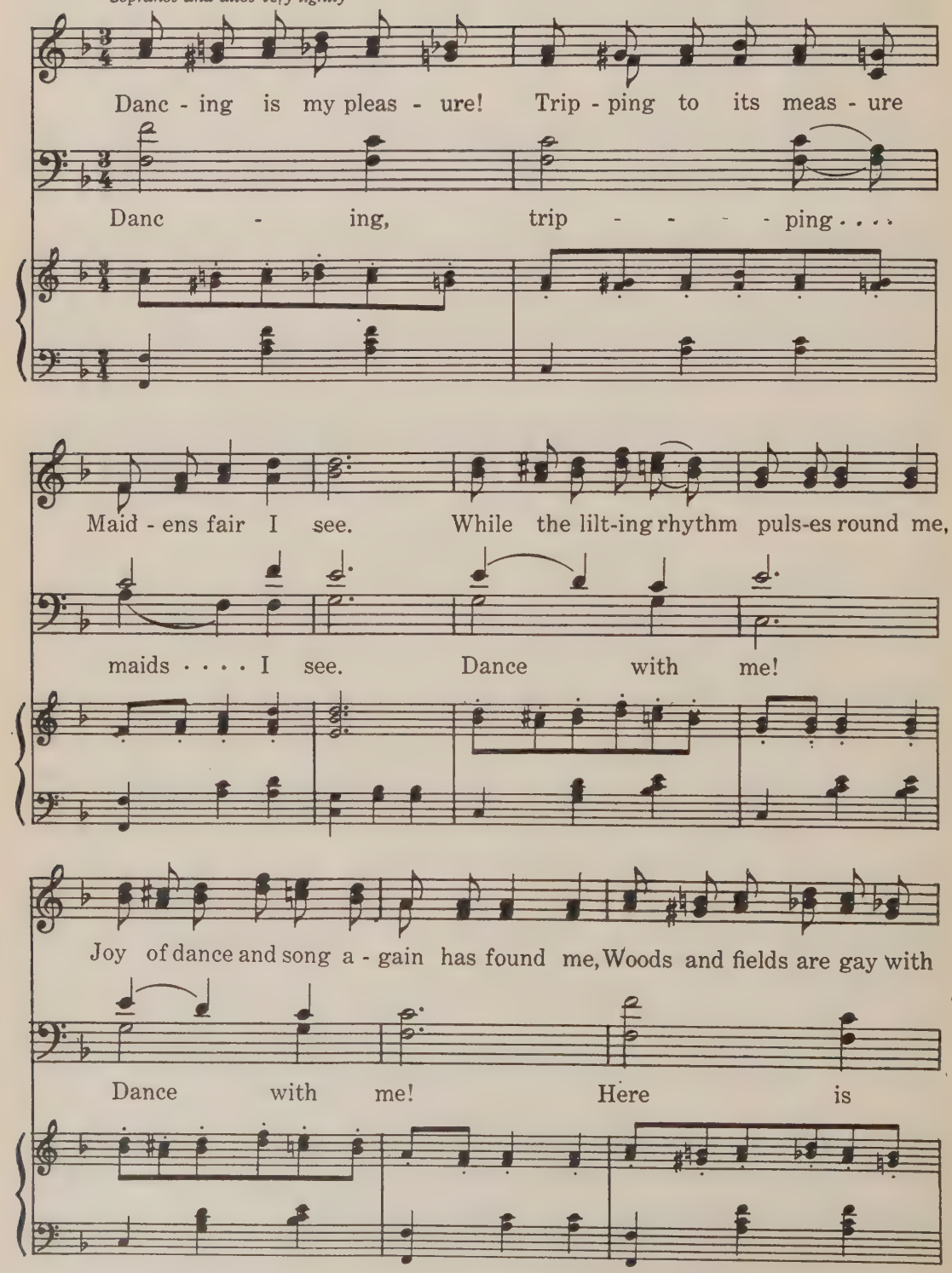
WALTZ SONG

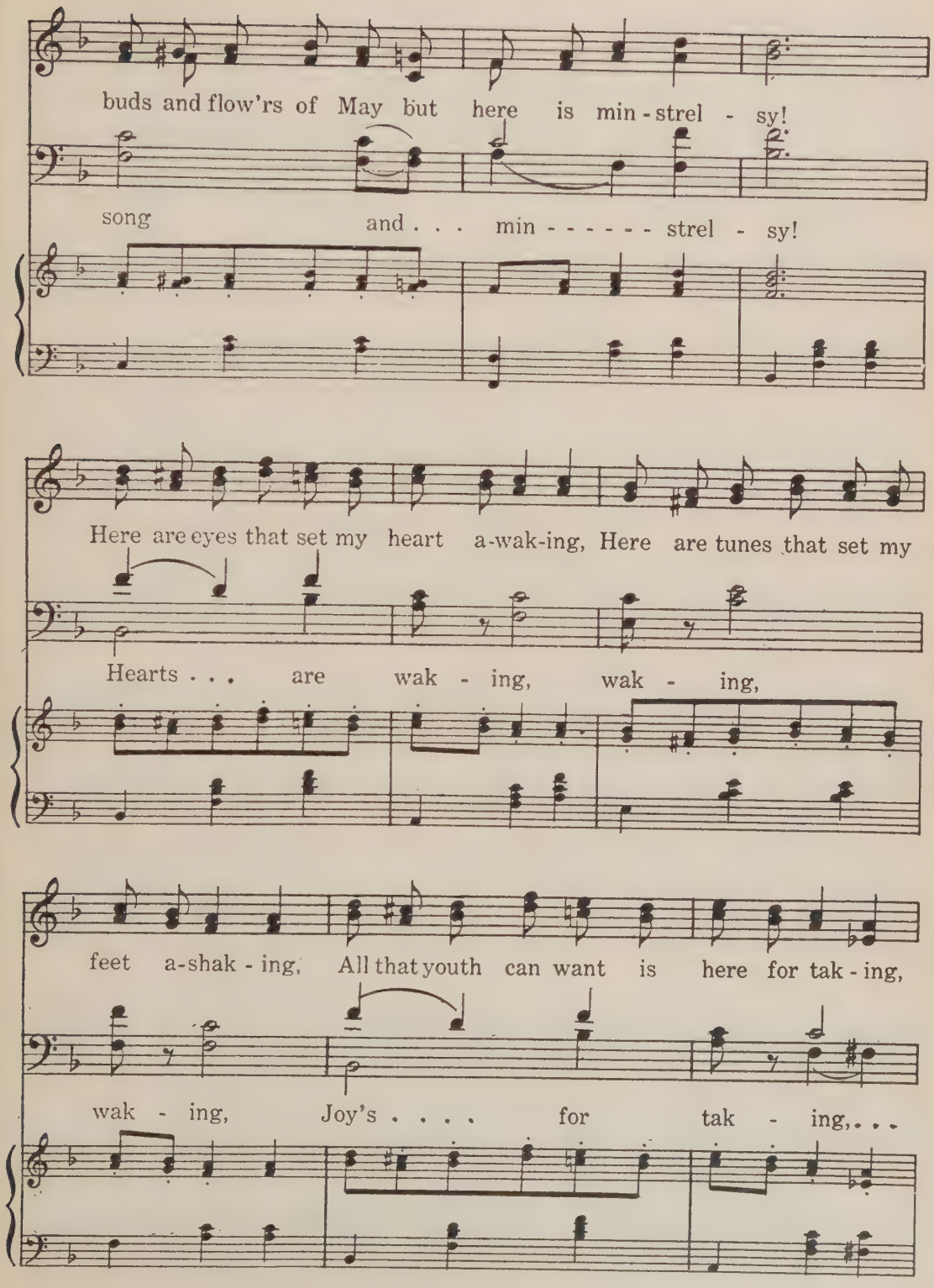
Harvey Officer

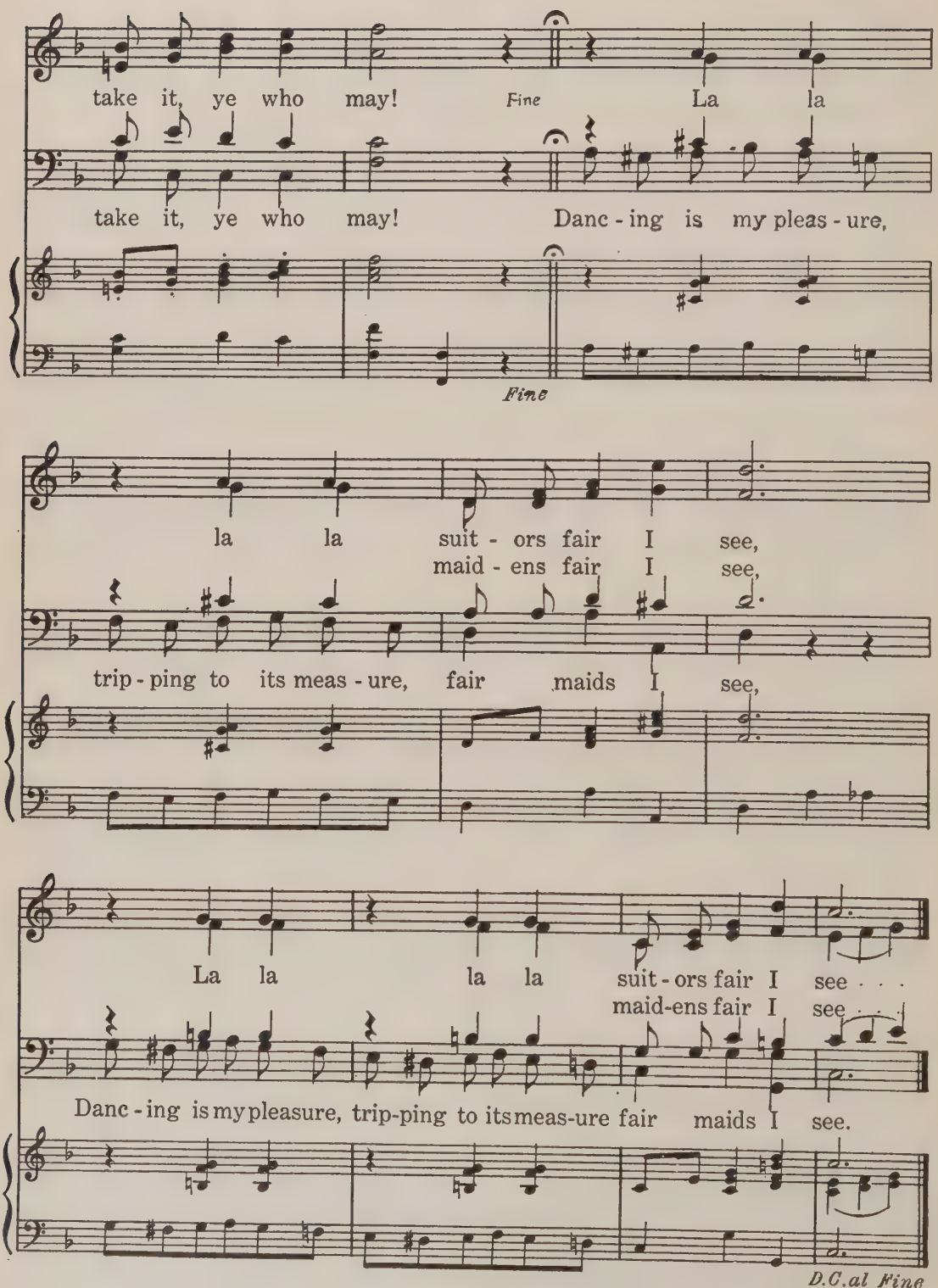
Adapted by Mayhew Lake
from *Die Fledermaus*
by Johann Strauss

Allegretto (Quasi mazurka)

Sopranos and altos very lightly



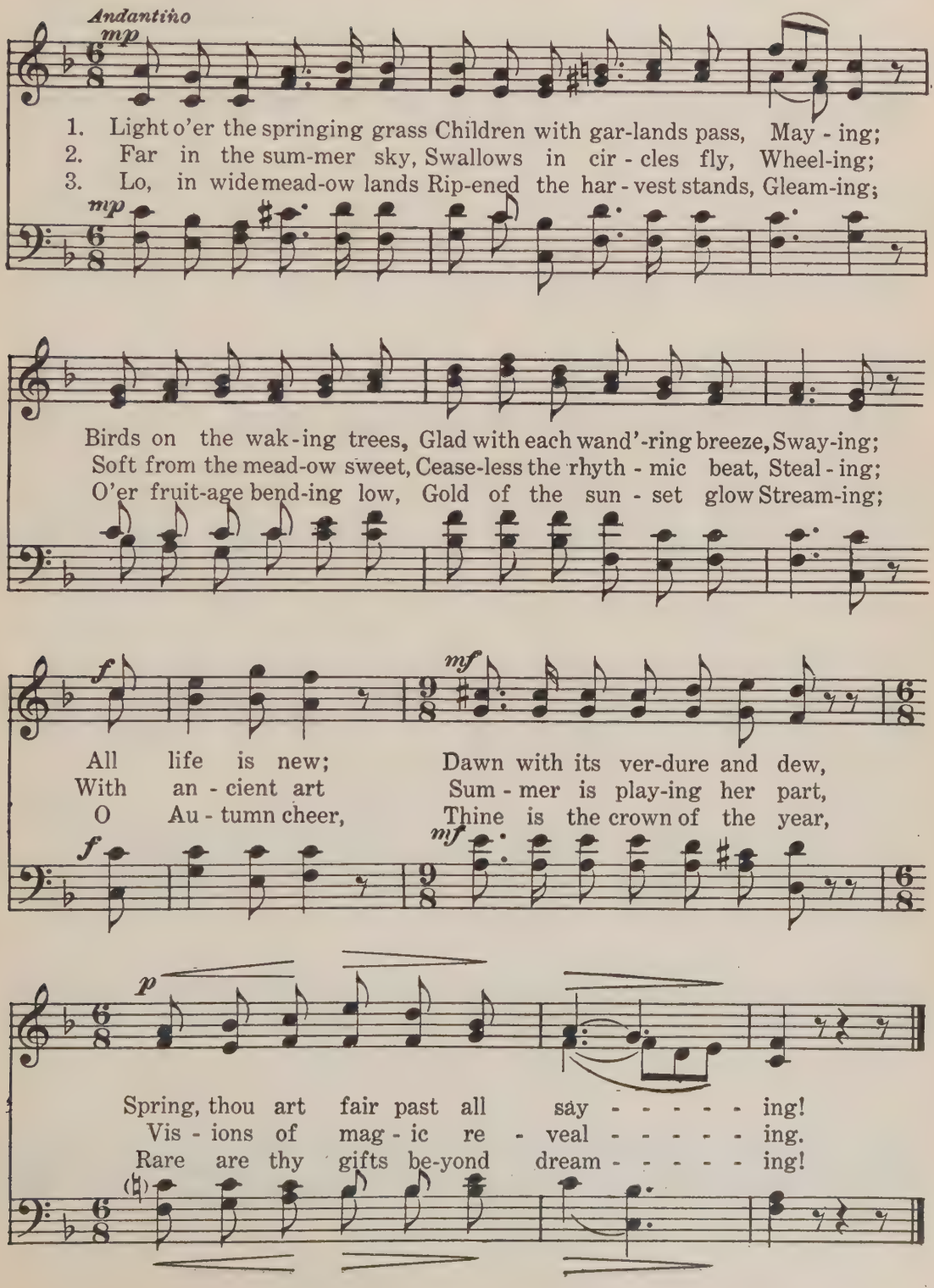

buds and flow'rs of May but here is min - strel - sy!
song and . . . min - - - - - - strel - sy!
Here are eyes that set my heart a-wak-ing, Here are tunes that set my
Hearts . . . are wak - ing, wak - ing,
feet a-shak - ing, All that youth can want is here for tak - ing,
wak - ing, Joy's . . . . for tak - ing, . . .


take it, ye who may!
Fine
La la
take it, ye who may!
Danc - ing is my pleas - ure,
Fine
la la suit - ors fair I see,
maid - ens fair I see,
trip - ping to its meas - ure, fair maids I see,
La la la la suit - ors fair I see . . .
maid-ens fair I see . . .
Danc - ing is my pleasure, trip-ping to its meas-ure fair maids I see.
D.C.al Fine

CROWN OF THE YEAR

Cecil Cowdrey

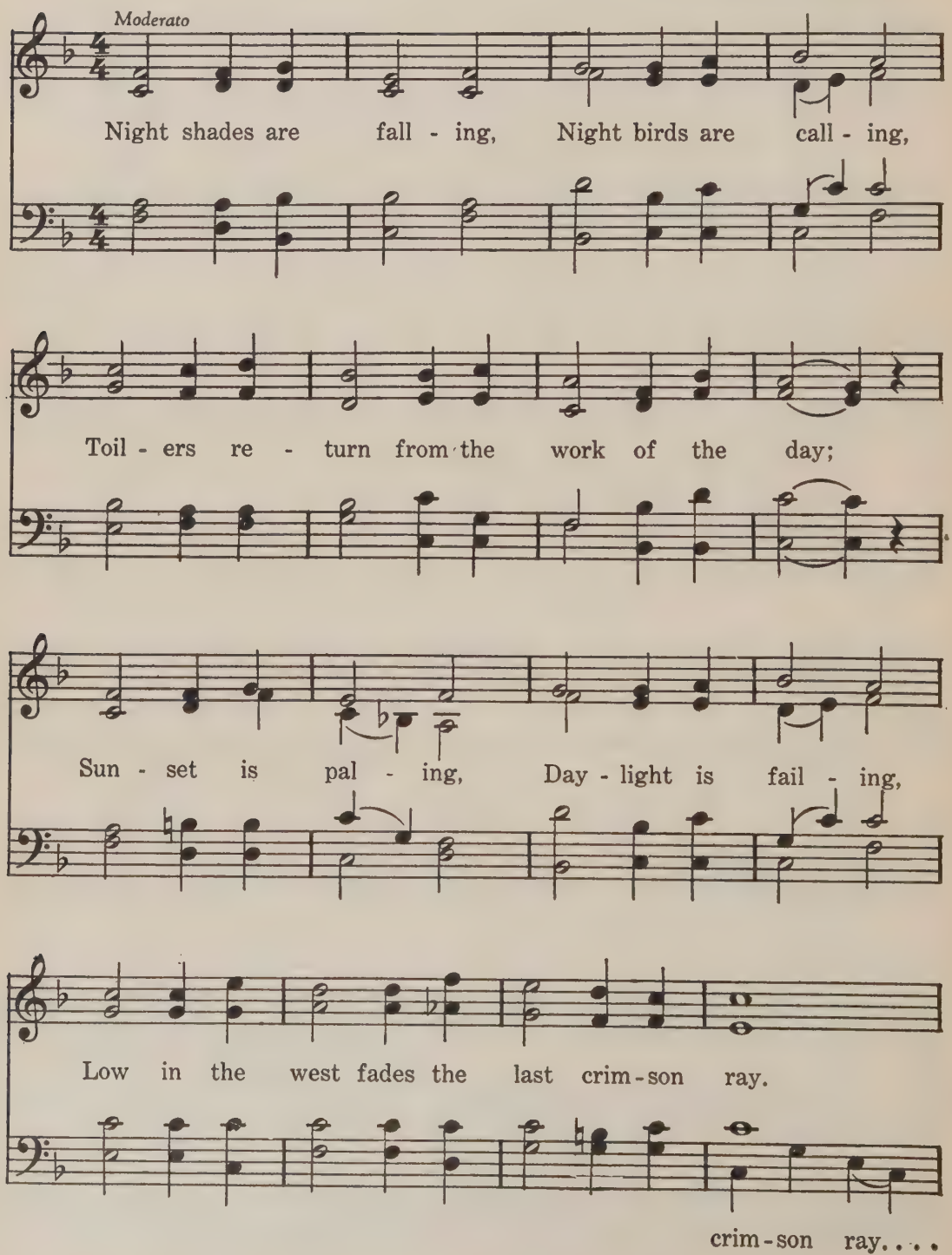
Gustav Graben-Hoffman

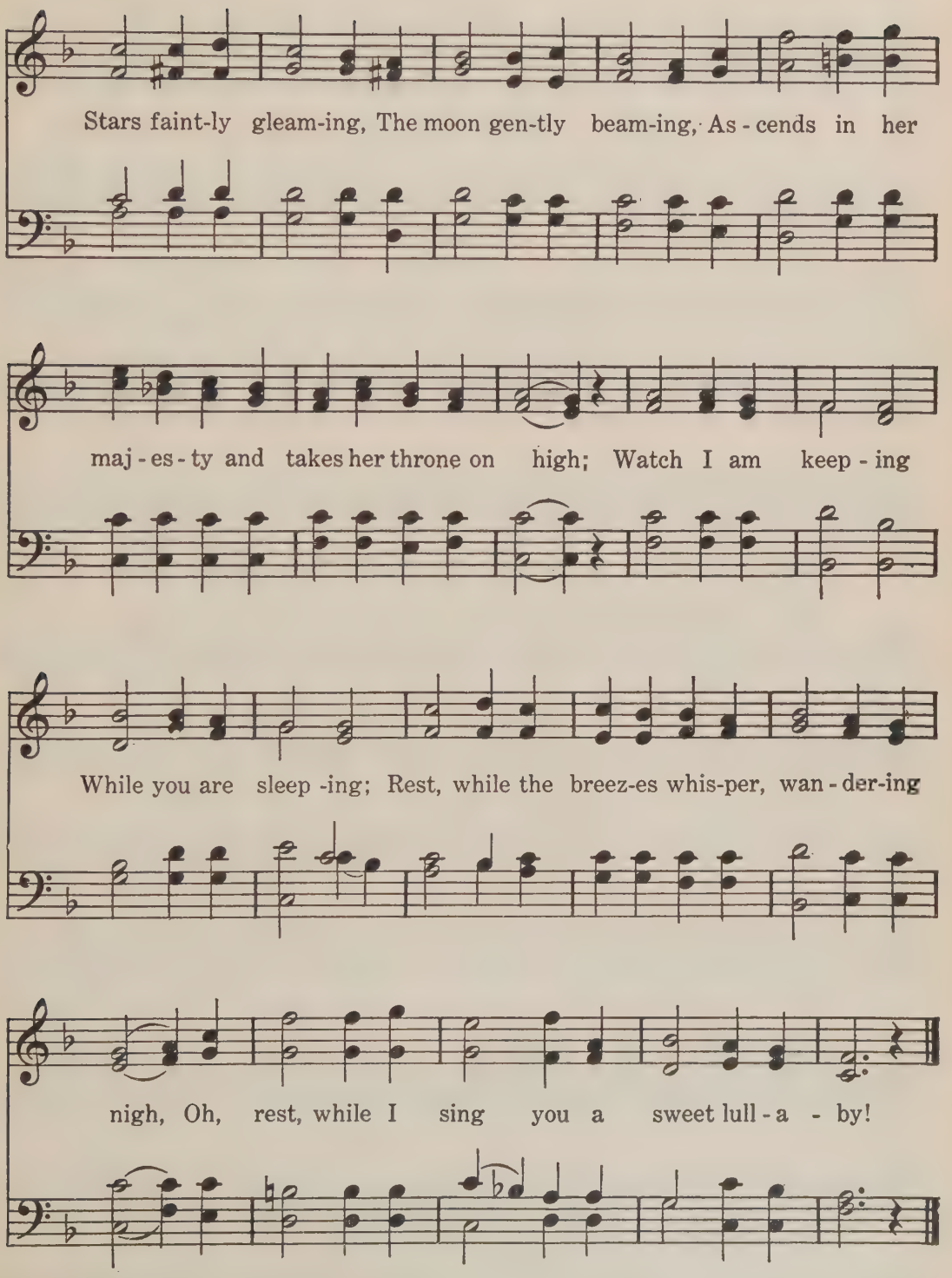


EVENING SONG

Robert A. Coan

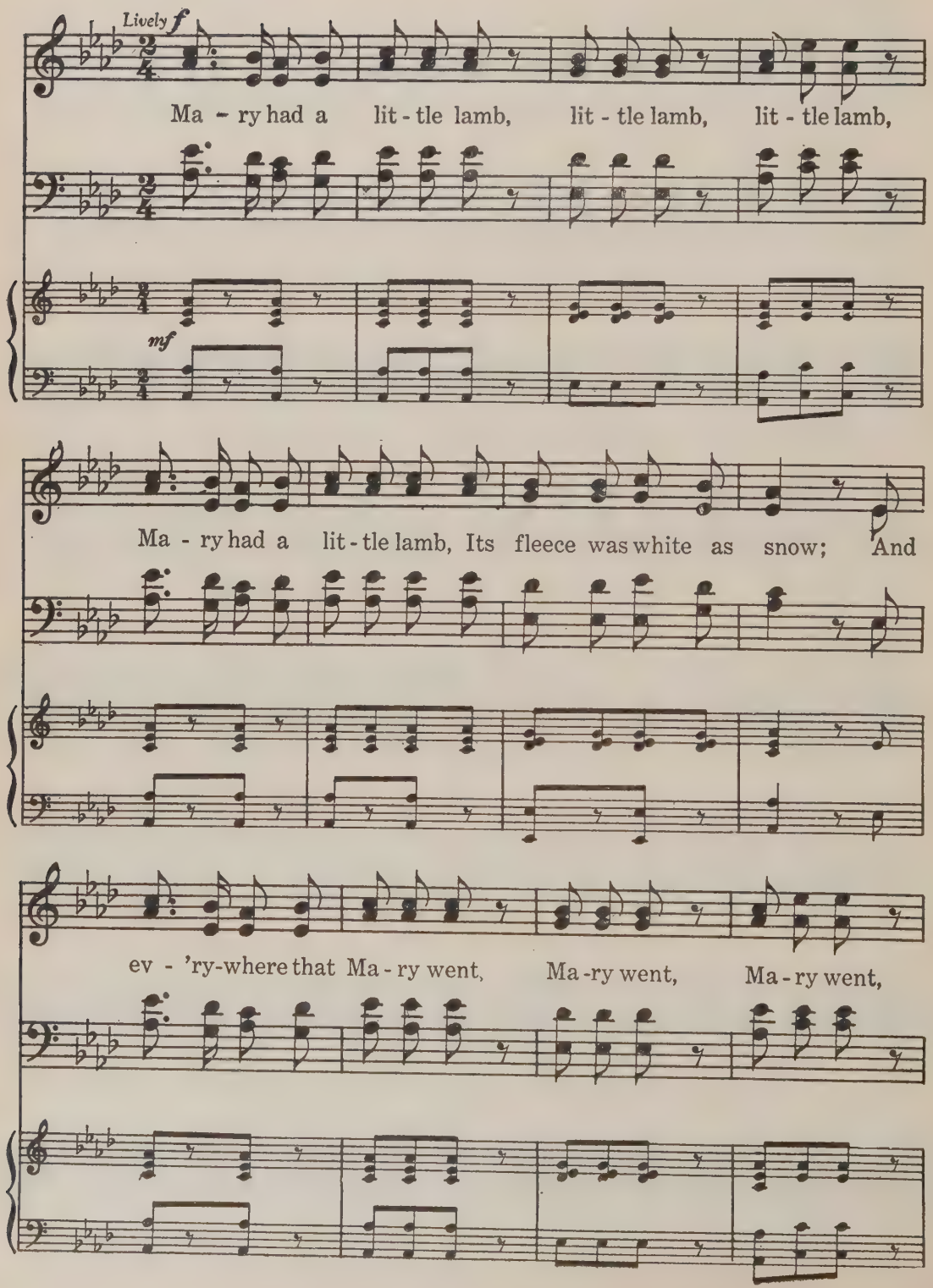
Christoph Wilibald von Gluck
"Air de Ballet," from *Alceste*

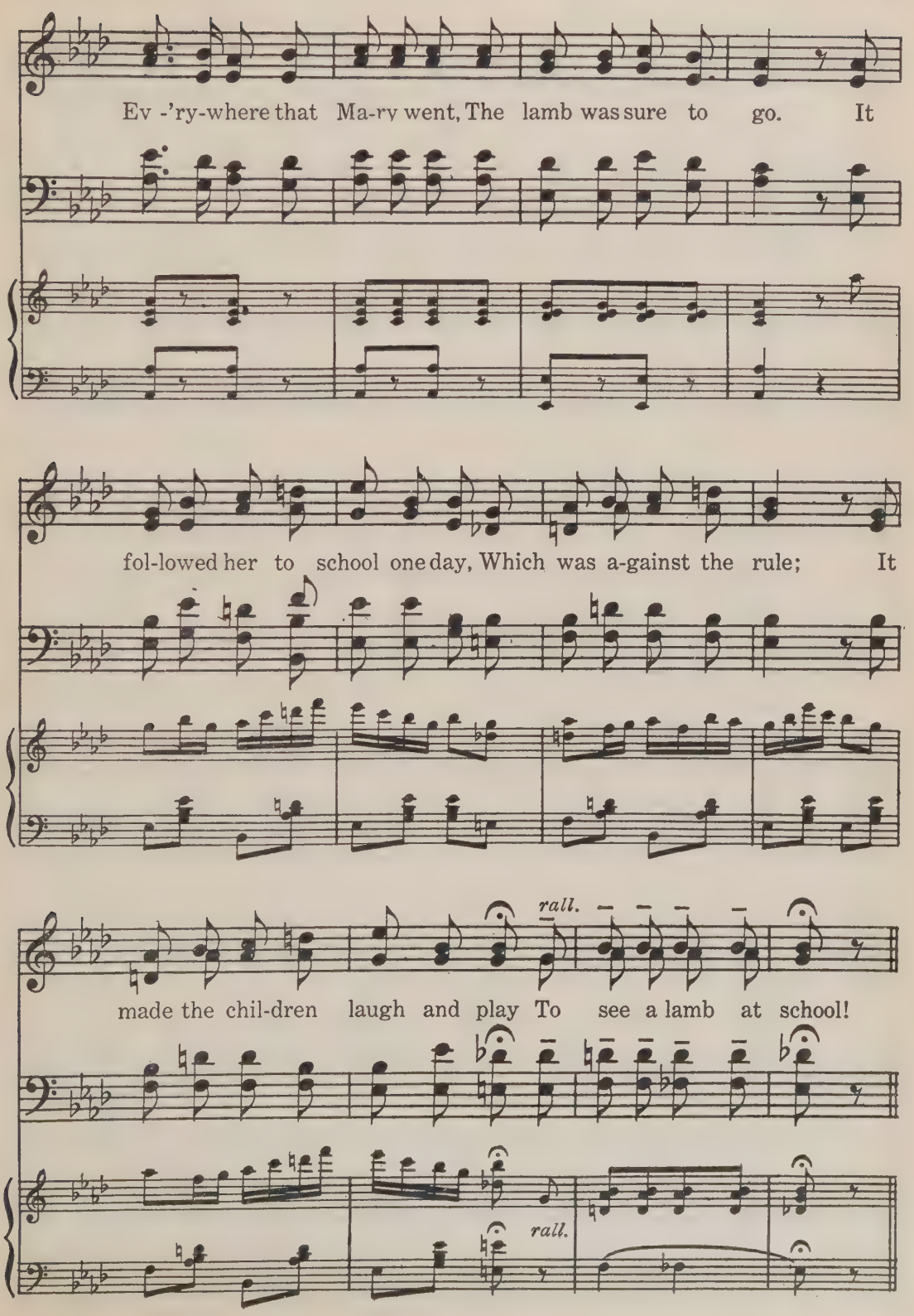


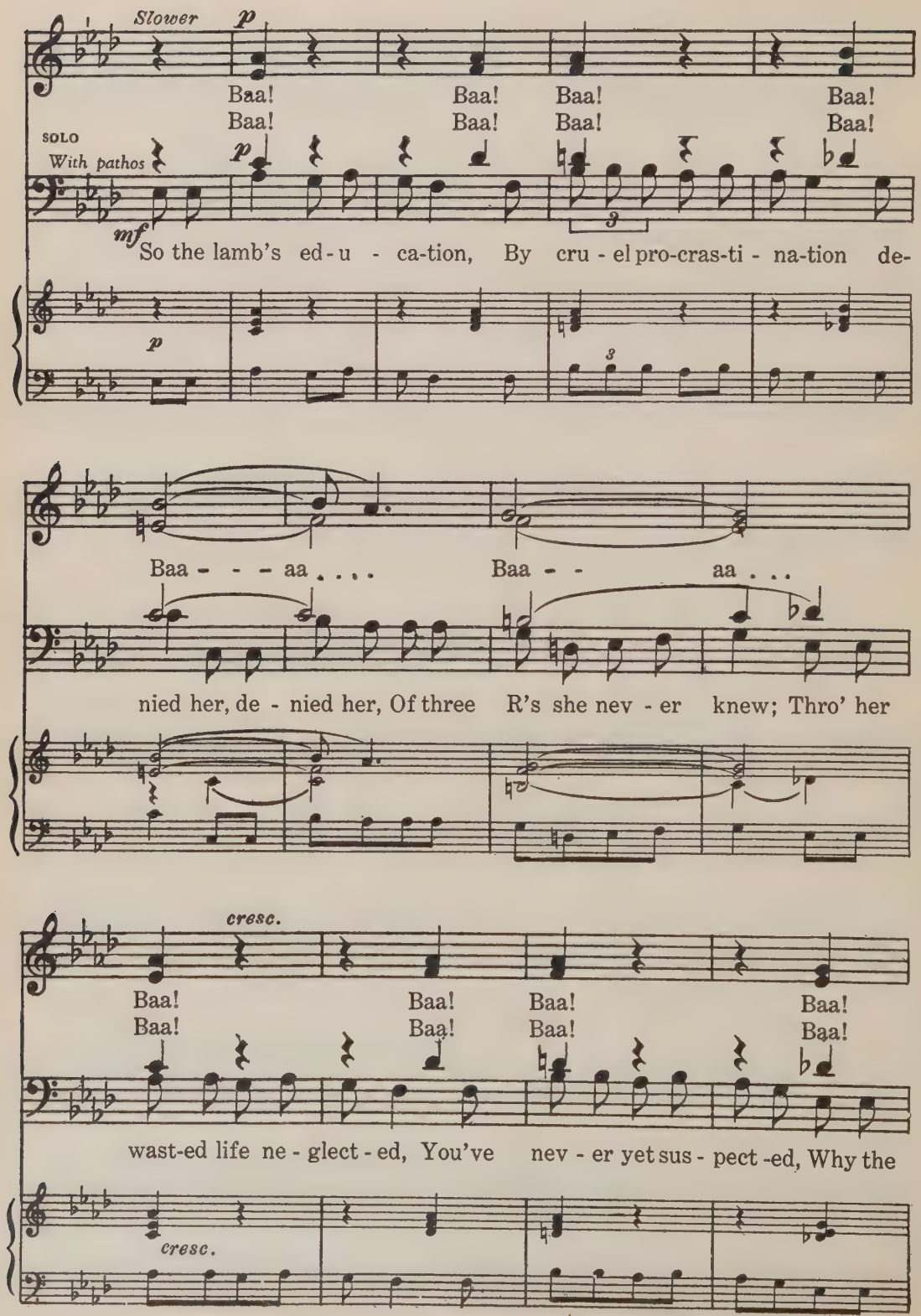

Stars faint-ly gleam-ing, The moon gen-tly beam-ing, As - cends in her
maj - es - ty and takes her throne on high; Watch I am keep - ing
While you are sleep -ing; Rest, while the breez-es whis-per, wan - der-ing
nigh, Oh, rest, while I sing you a sweet lull - a - by!

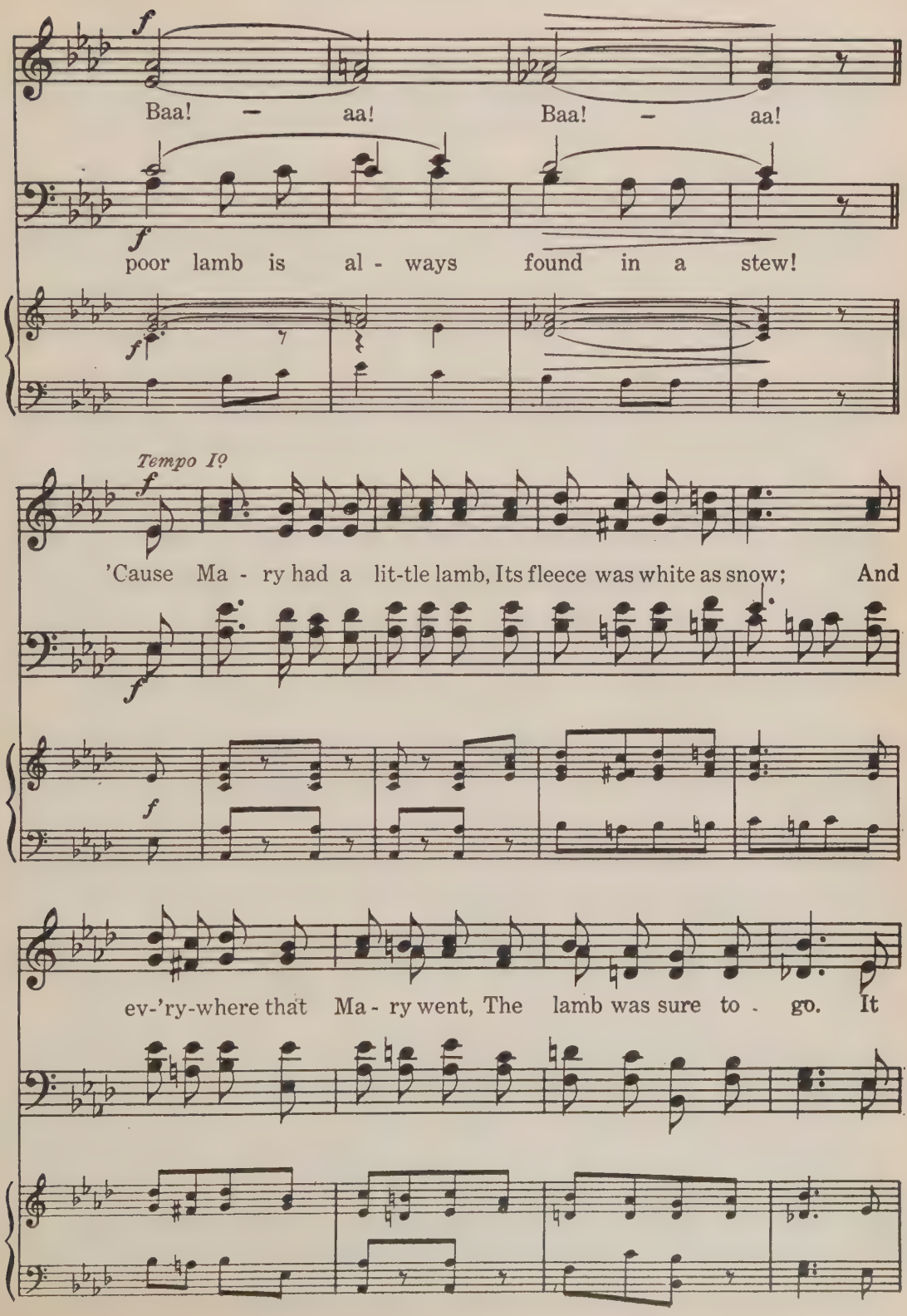
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

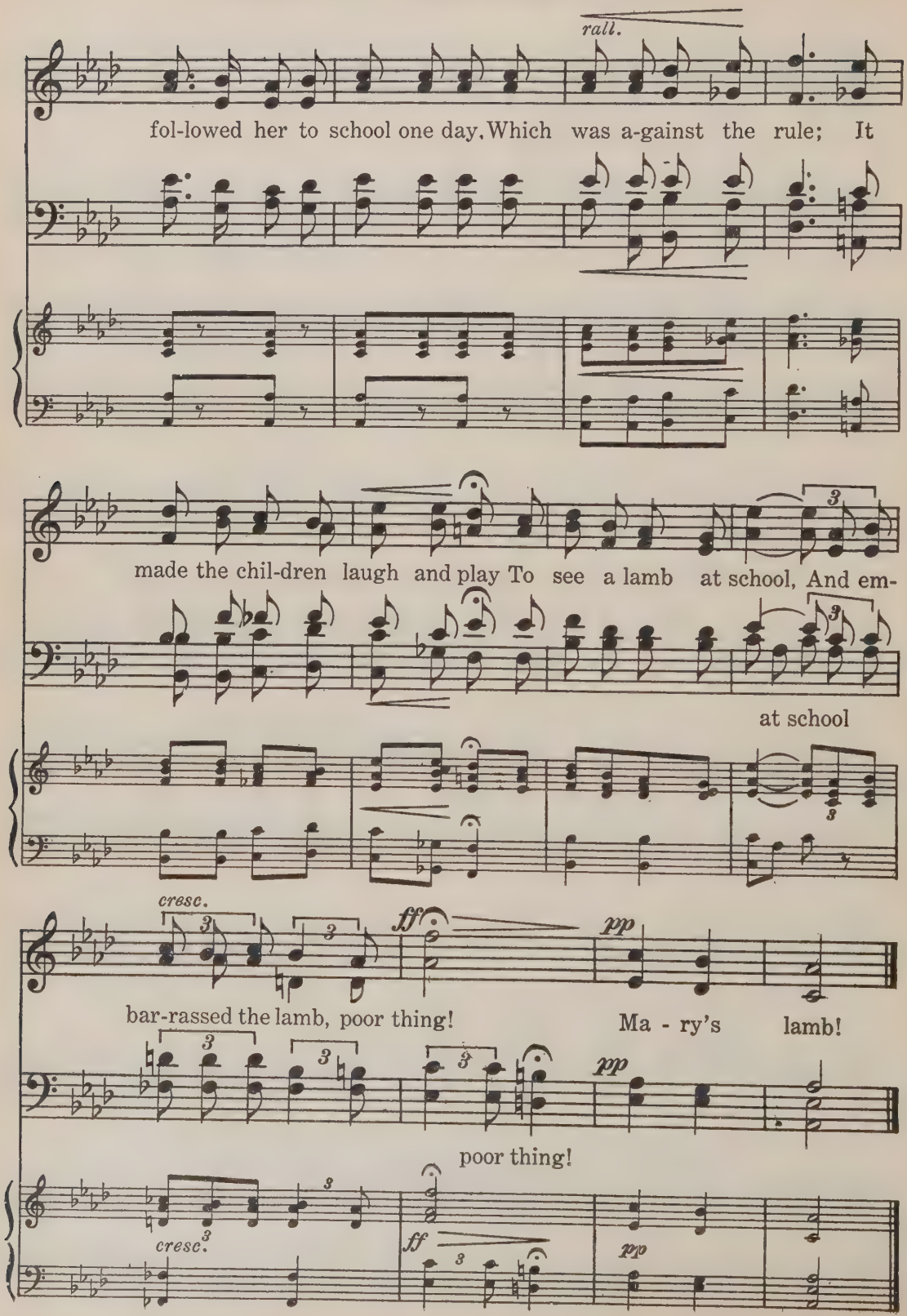
Mayhew L. Lake




Ev -'ry-where that Ma-ry went, The lamb was sure to go. It
fol-lowed her to school one day, Which was a-gainst the rule; It
rall.
made the chil-dren laugh and play To see a lamb at school!
rall.


Slower
p
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
SOLO
With pathos
p
mf
So the lamb's ed - u - ca-tion, By cru - el pro-cras-ti - na-tion de-
p
3
Baa - - - aa . . . . Baa - - aa . . .
nied her, de - nied her, Of three R's she nev - er knew; Thro' her
cresc.
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
wast-ed life ne - glect - ed, You've nev - er yet sus - pect -ed, Why the
cresc.

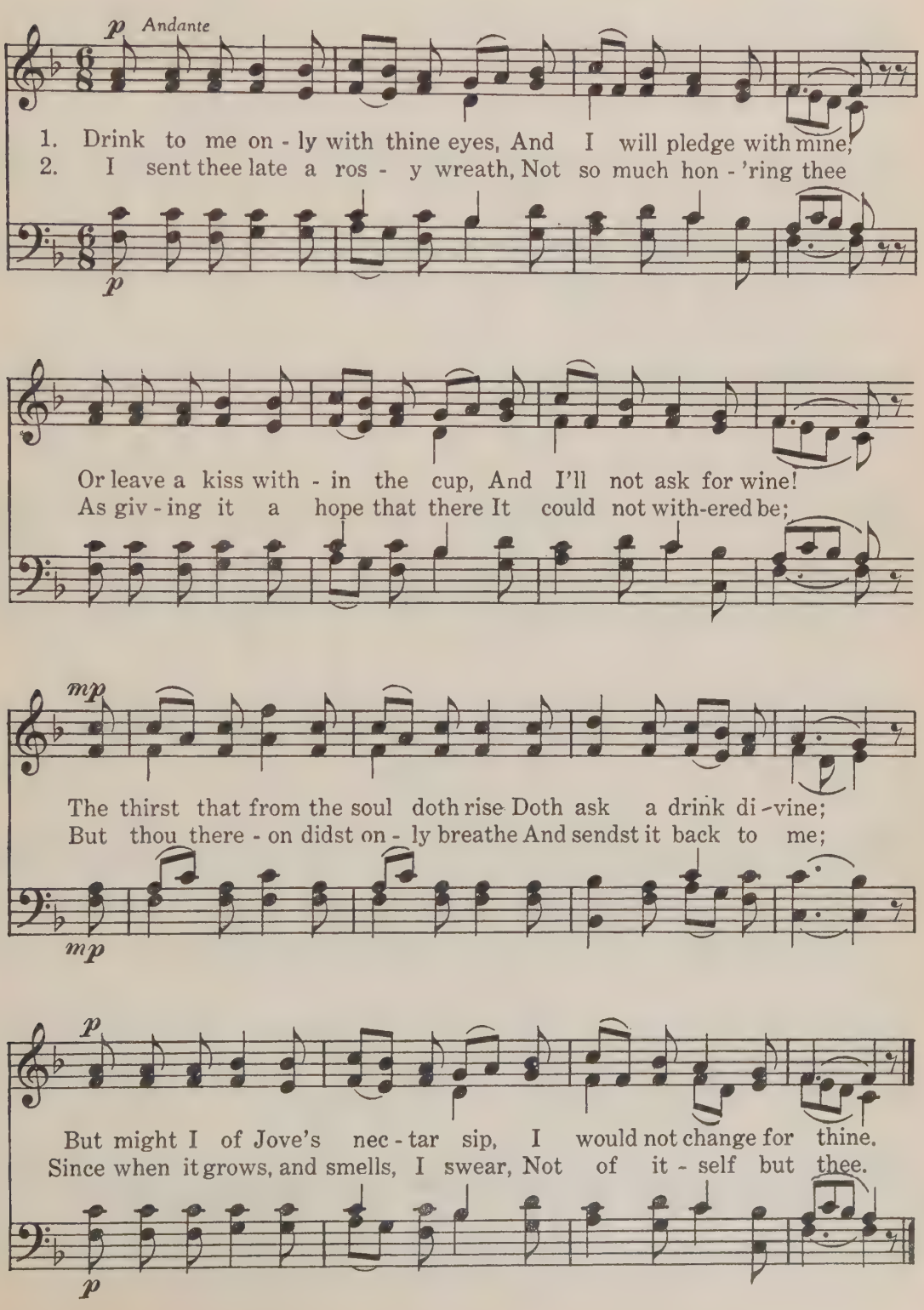

f
Baa! — aa! Baa! — aa!
f
poor lamb is al - ways found in a stew!
f
Tempo I°
f
'Cause Ma - ry had a lit-tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow; And
f
f
ev-'ry-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to - go. It


rall.
fol-lowed her to school one day, Which was a-gainst the rule; It
made the chil-dren laugh and play To see a lamb at school, And em-
at school
cresc.
ff
pp
bar-rassed the lamb, poor thing!
Ma - ry's lamb!
poor thing!
cresc.
ff
pp

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Ben Jonson

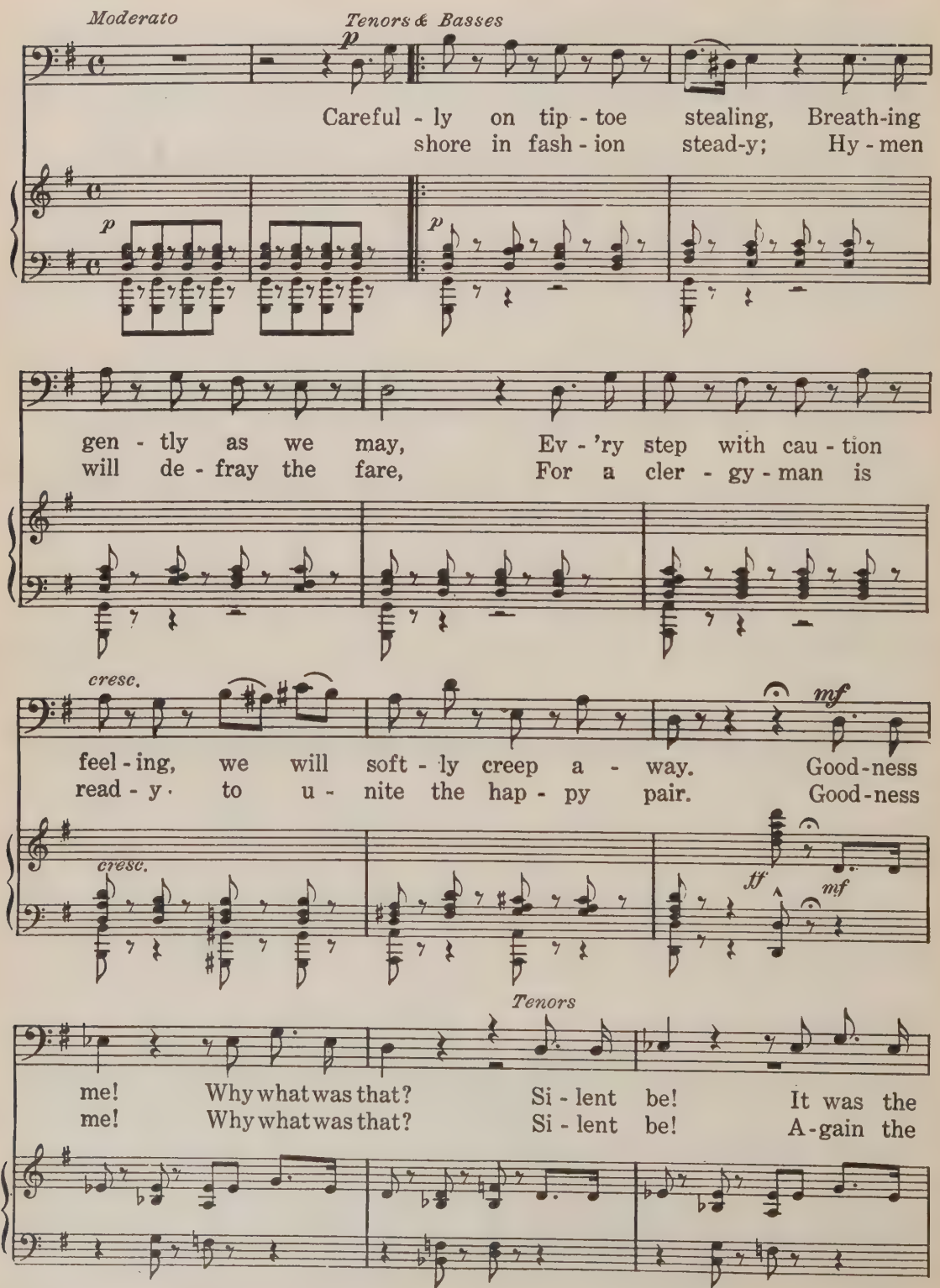
English Air

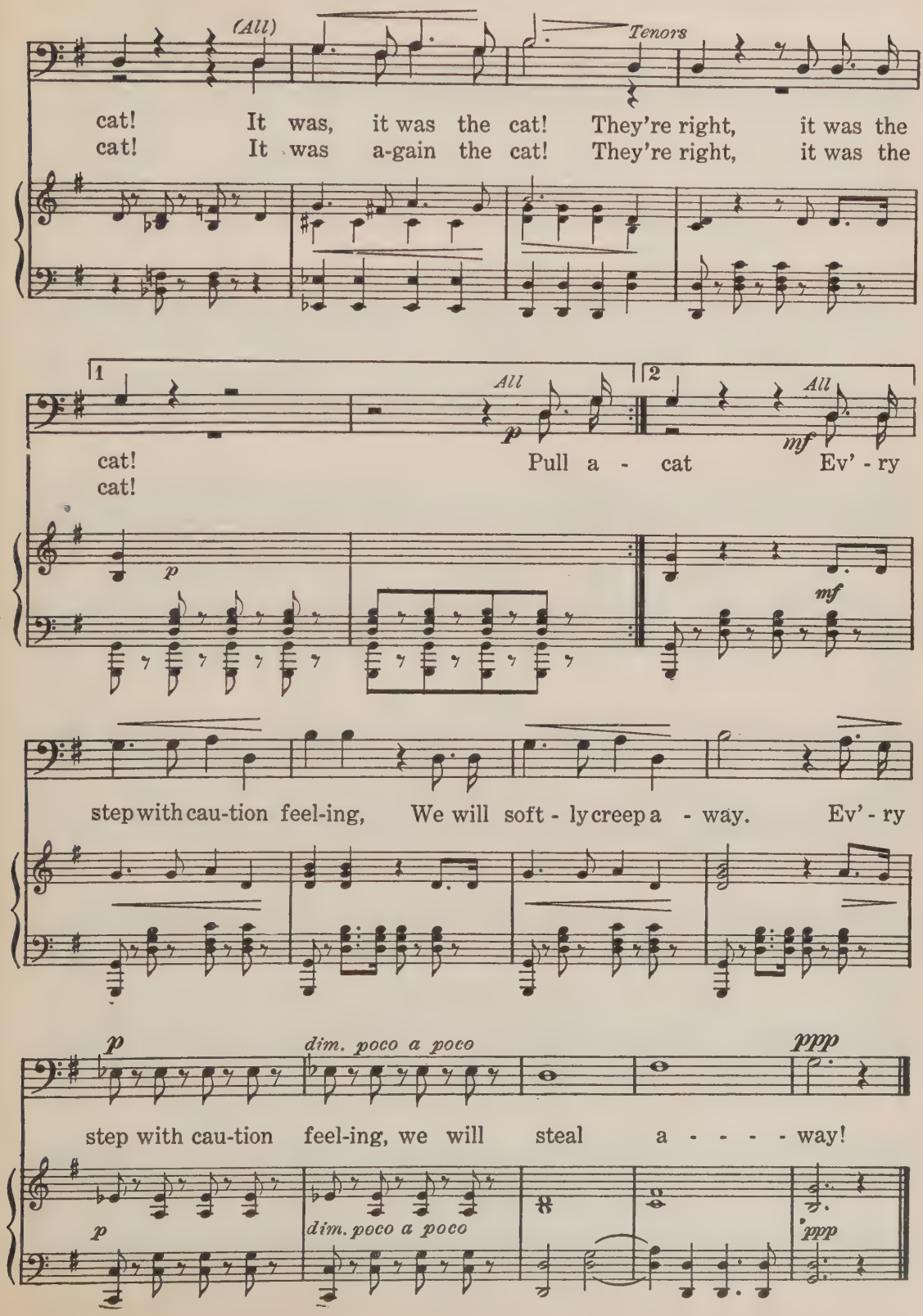


CAREFULLY ON TIPTOE STEALING

W. S. Gilbert

Sir Arthur Sullivan
From "Pinafore"

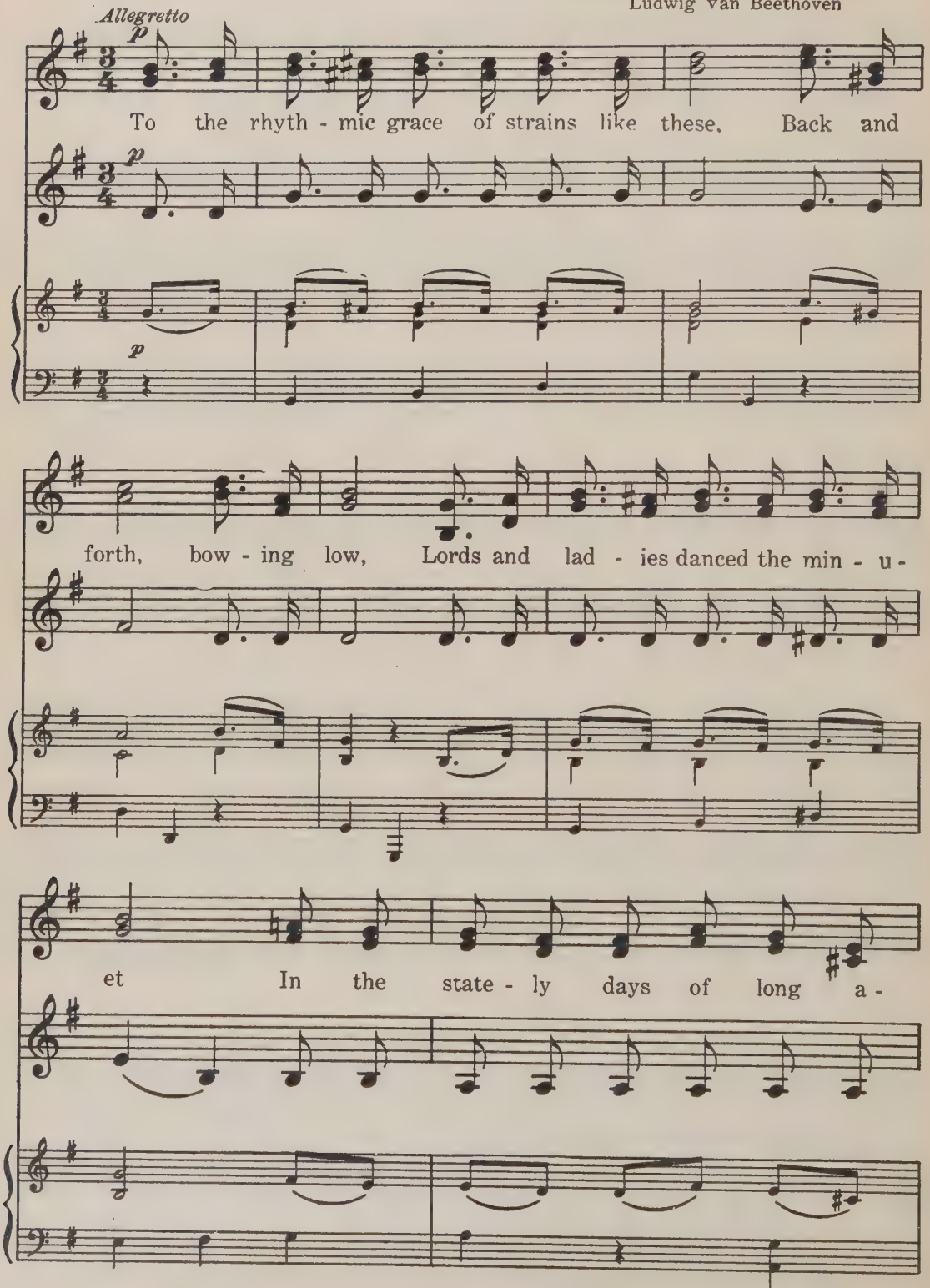


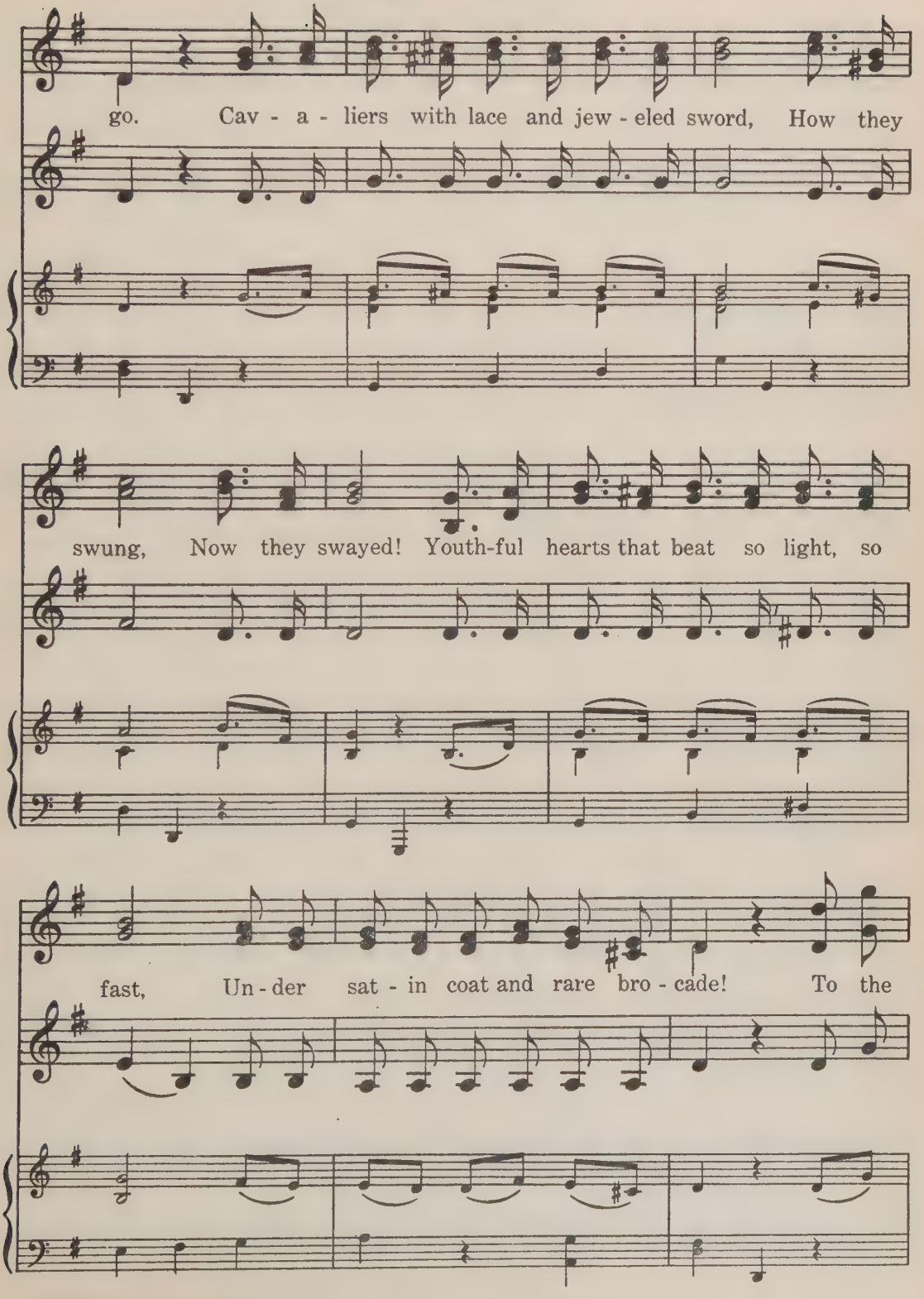

(All)
Tenors
cat! It was, it was the cat! They're right, it was the
cat! It was a-gain the cat! They're right, it was the
1
All
p
2
All
mf
cat!
cat!
Pull a - cat Ev' - ry
p
mf
step with cau-tion feel-ing, We will soft - ly creep a - way. Ev' - ry
p
dim. poco a poco
ppp
step with cau-tion feel-ing, we will steal a - - - - way!
p
dim. poco a poco
ppp

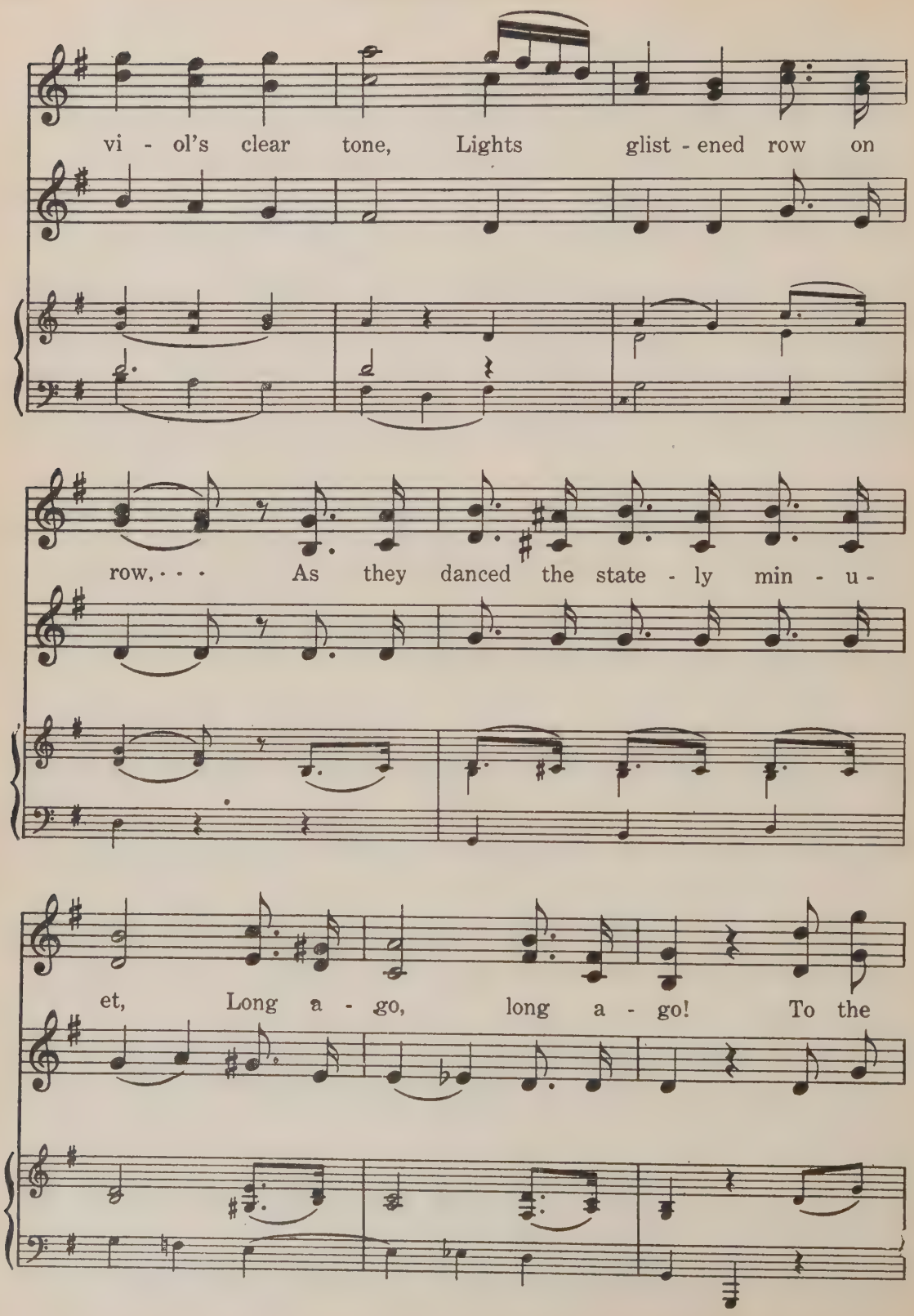
MINUET

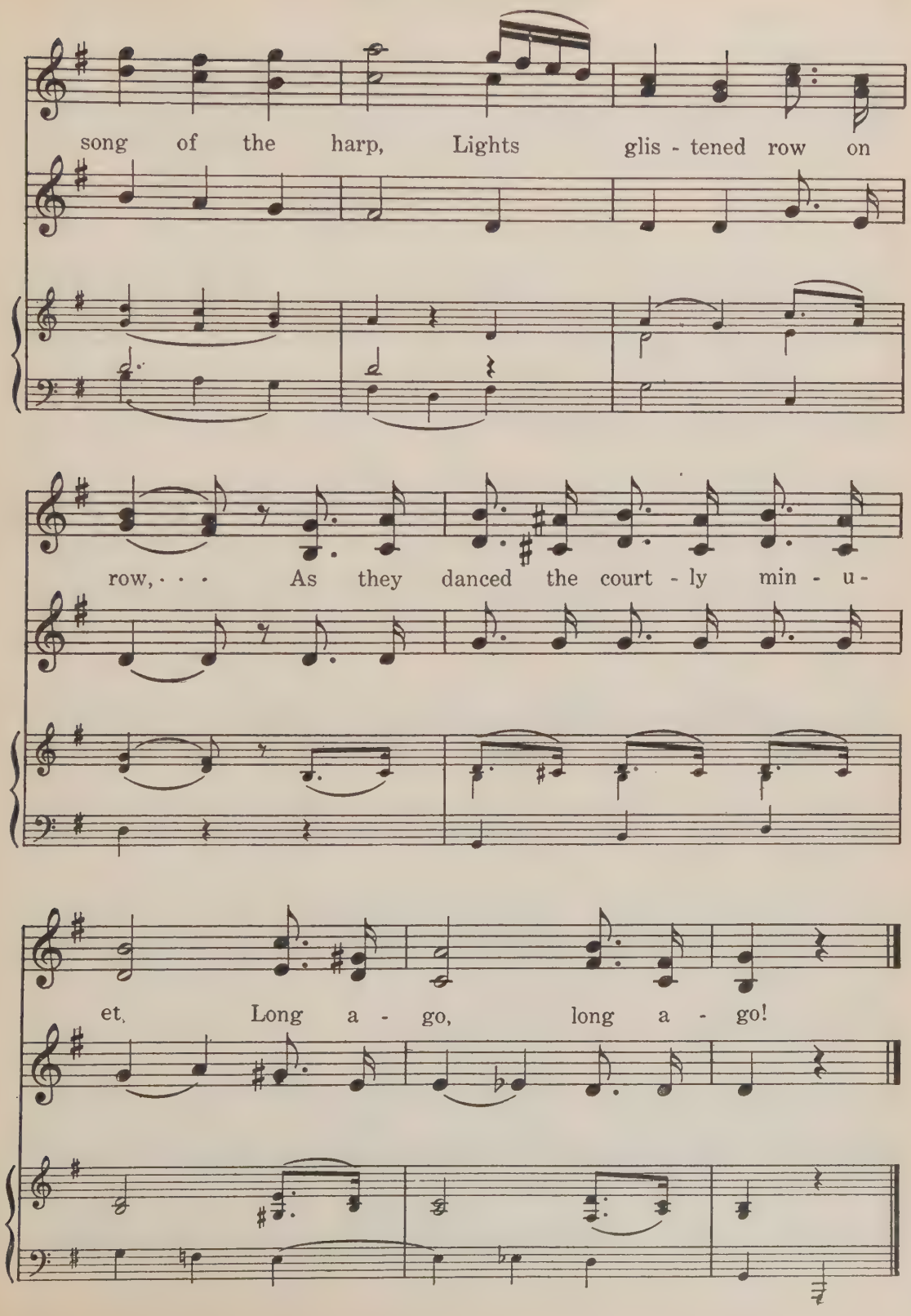
Cecil Cowdrey

Adapted from Minuet No. 2 in G
Ludwig van Beethoven




go. Cav - a - liers with lace and jew - eled sword, How they
swung, Now they swayed! Youth-ful hearts that beat so light, so
fast, Un - der sat - in coat and rare bro - cade! To the

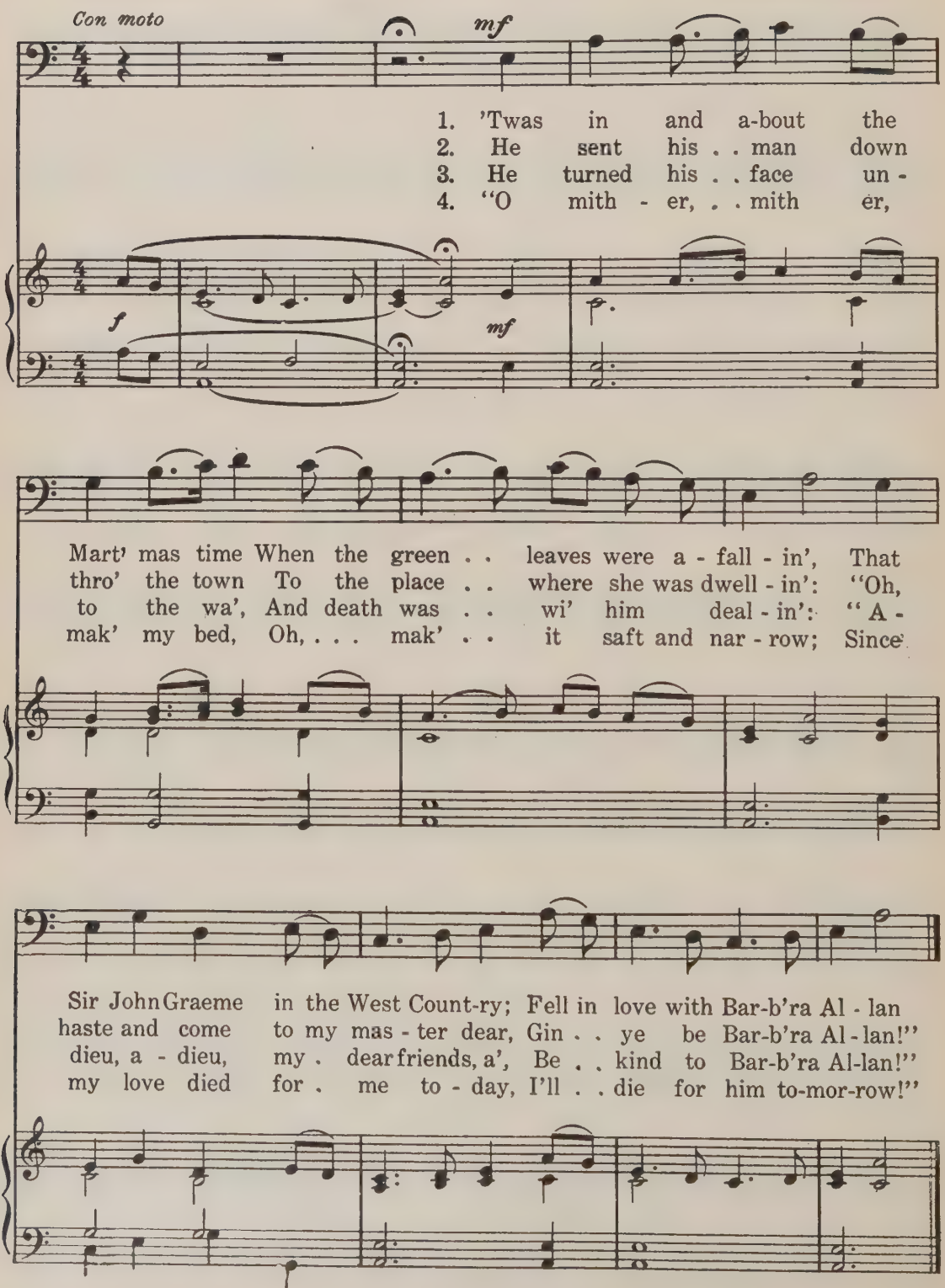

vi - ol's clear tone, Lights glist - ened row on
row, - - - As they danced the state - ly min - u -
et, Long a - go, long a - go! To the


song of the harp, Lights glis - tened row on
row, · · · As they danced the court - ly min - u -
et, Long a - go, long a - go!

BARBARA ALLAN

Scotch Ballad

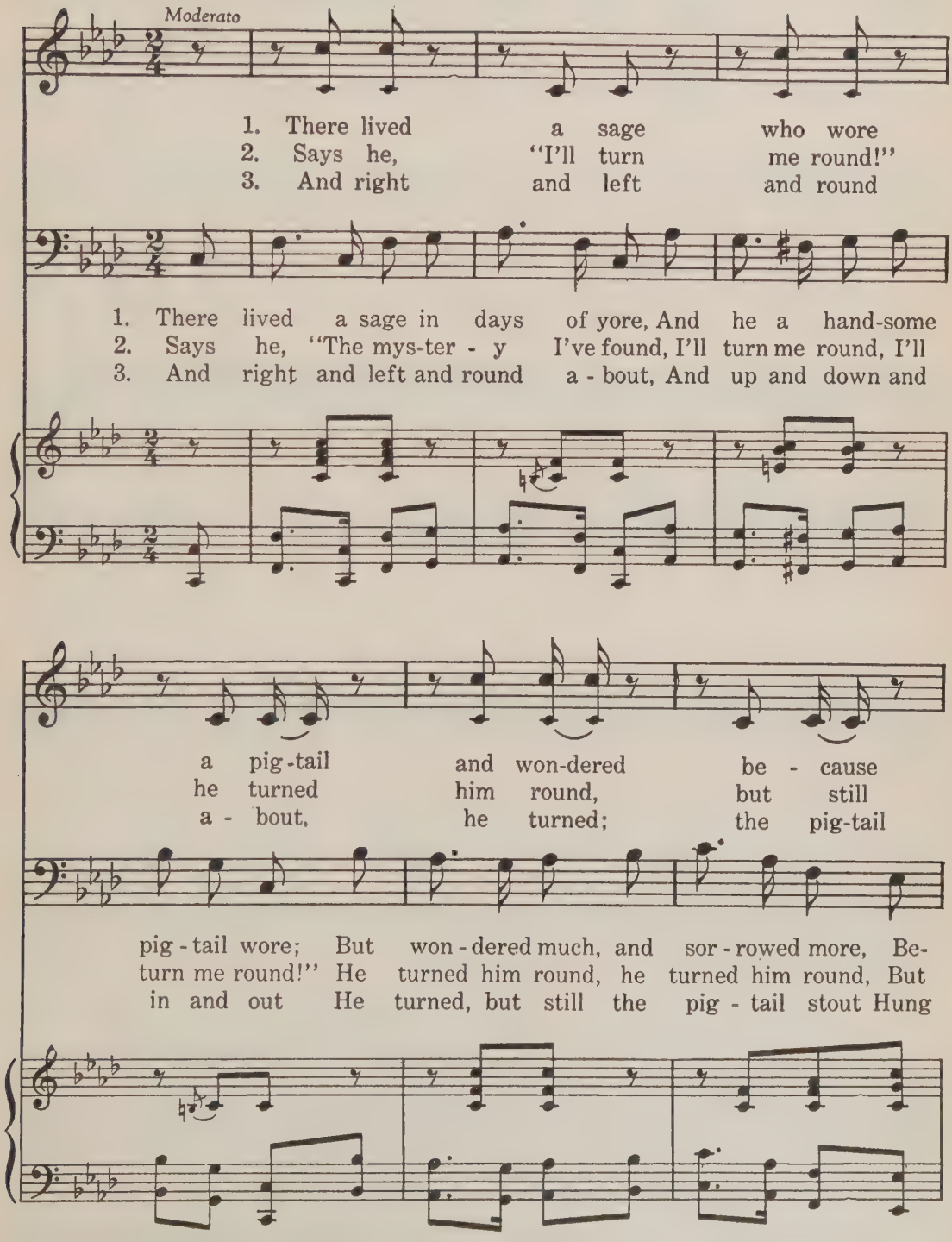
Scotch Folk Tune

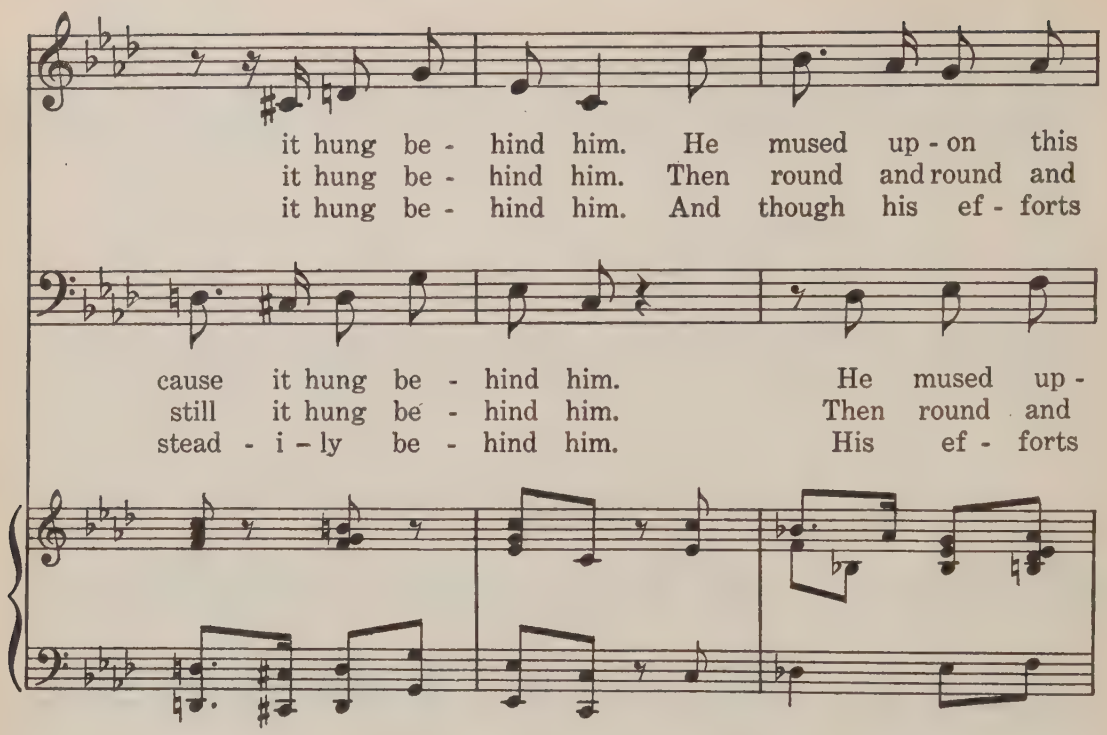


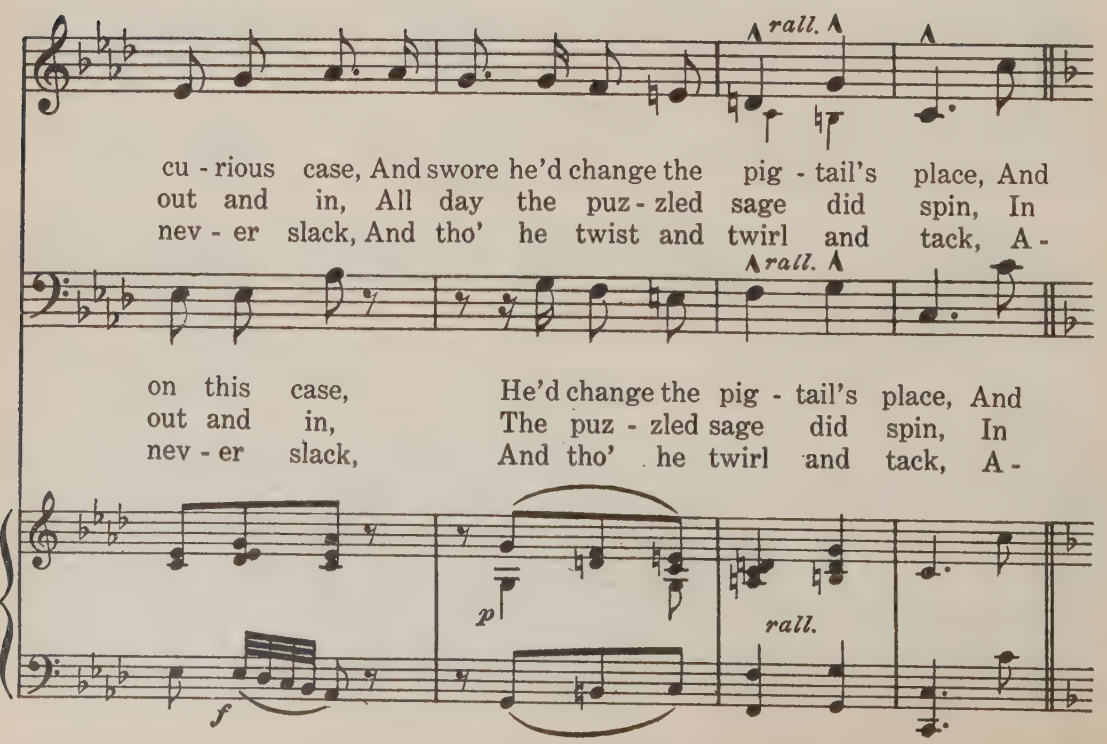
A TRAGIC STORY

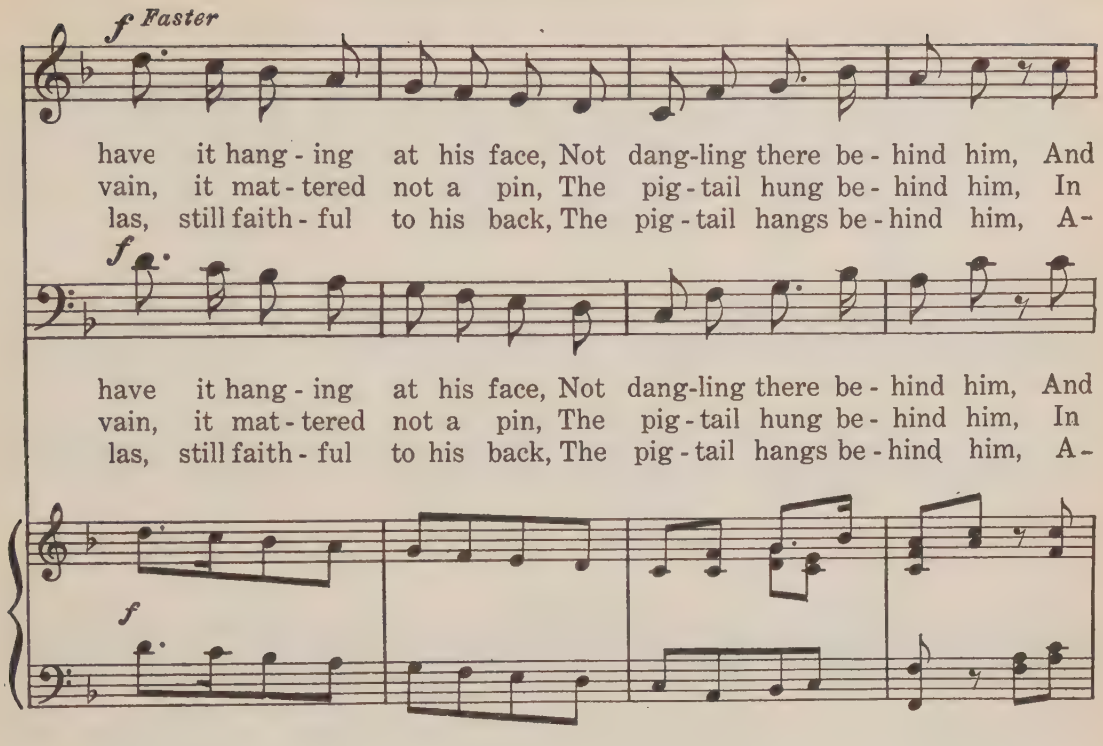
W. M. Thackeray

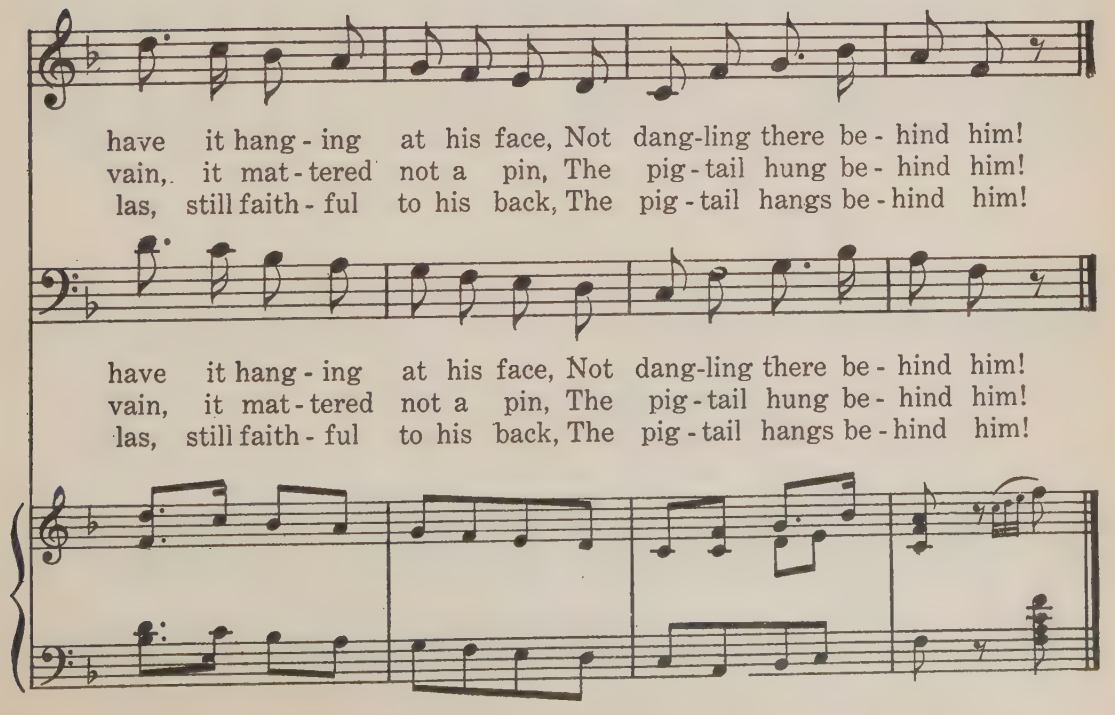
G. W. Chadwick




it hung be - hind him. He mused up - on this
it hung be - hind him. Then round and round and
it hung be - hind him. And though his ef - forts
cause it hung be - hind him. He mused up -
still it hung be - hind him. Then round and
stead - i - ly be - hind him. His ef - forts


rall.
cu - rious case, And swore he'd change the pig - tail's place, And
out and in, All day the puz - zled sage did spin, In
nev - er slack, And tho' he twist and twirl and tack, A -
rall.
on this case, He'd change the pig - tail's place, And
out and in, The puz - zled sage did spin, In
nev - er slack, And tho' he twirl and tack, A -
p
rall.
f

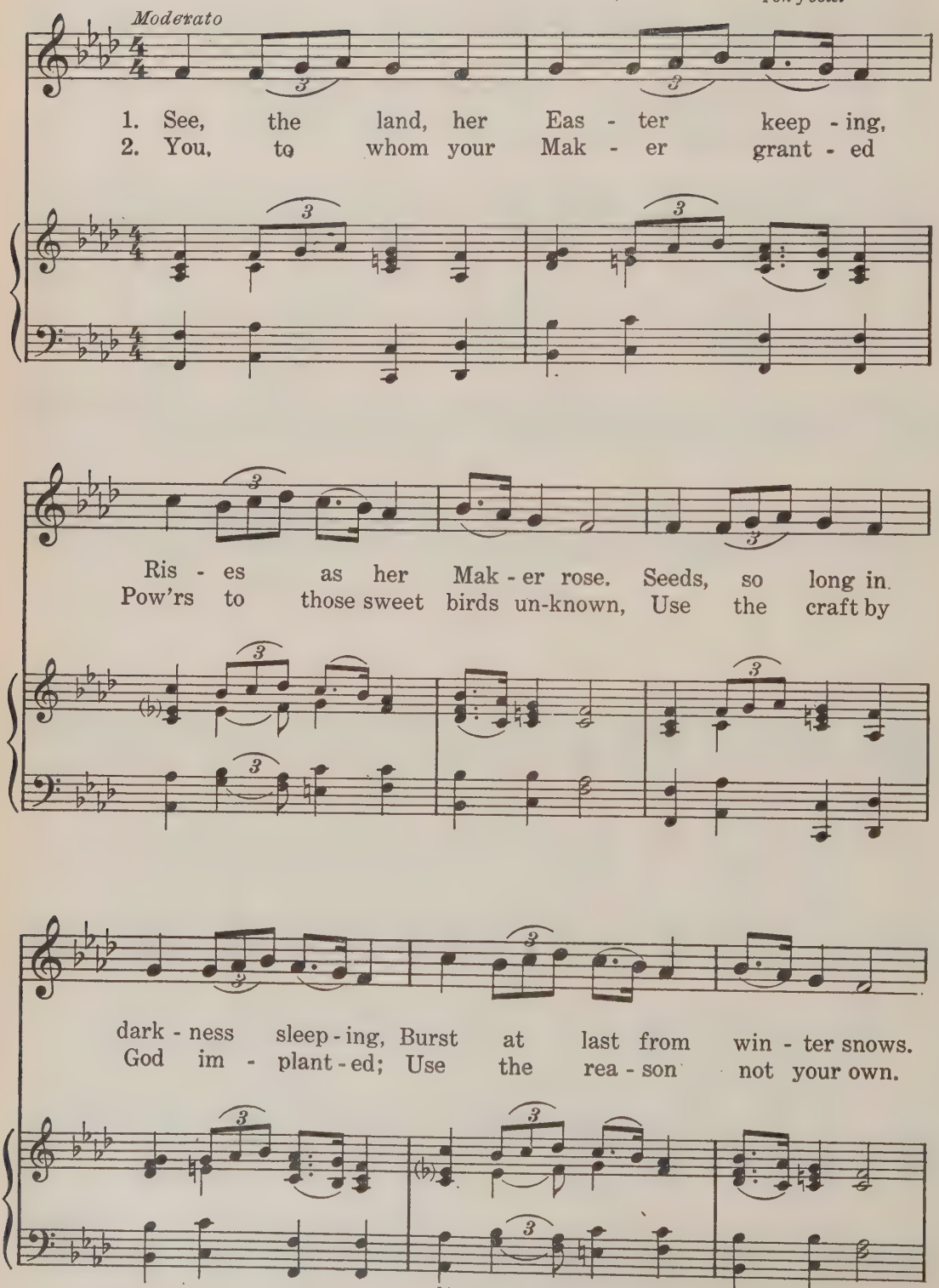

f Faster
have it hang - ing at his face, Not dang-ling there be - hind him, And
vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him, In
las, still faith - ful to his back, The pig - tail hangs be - hind him, A-
f
have it hang - ing at his face, Not dang-ling there be - hind him, And
vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him, In
las, still faith - ful to his back, The pig - tail hangs be - hind him, A-
f


have it hang - ing at his face, Not dang-ling there be - hind him!
vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him!
las, still faith - ful to his back, The pig - tail hangs be - hind him!
have it hang - ing at his face, Not dang-ling there be - hind him!
vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him!
las, still faith - ful to his back, The pig - tail hangs be - hind him!

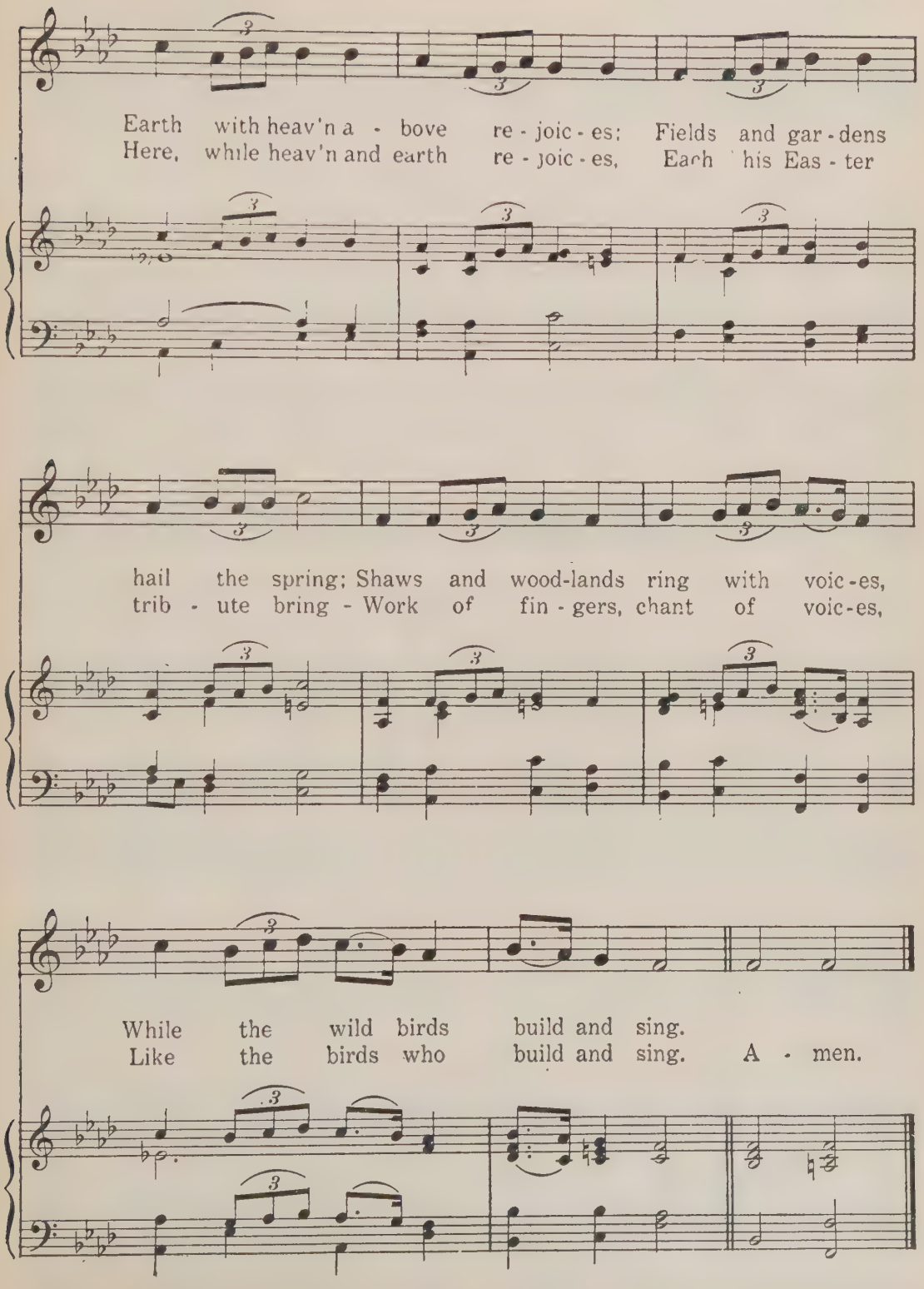
Charles Kingsley

Welsh Hymn Tune
Ton-y-botel

Moderato



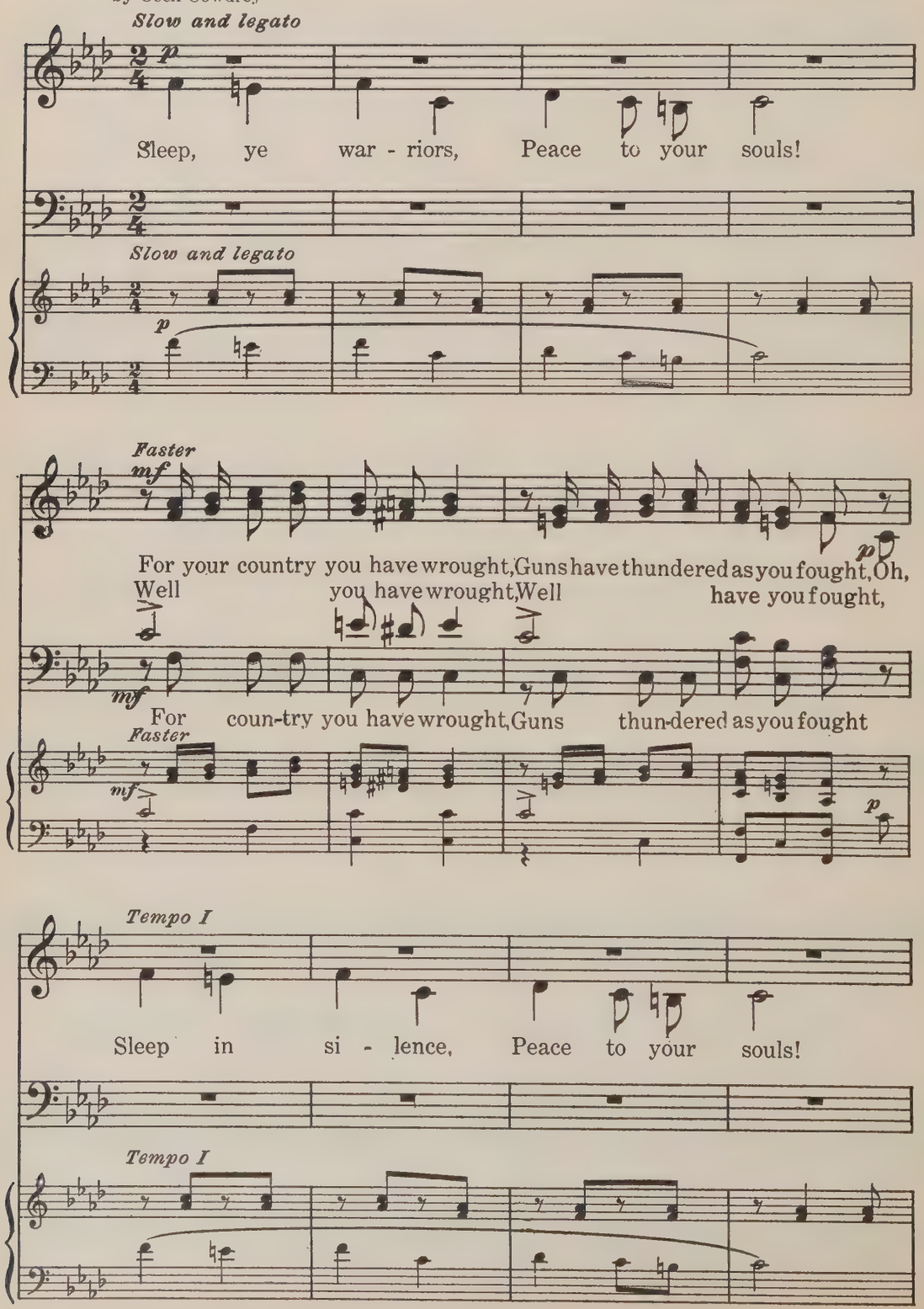
Words from *Poems*, by Charles Kingsley. By permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

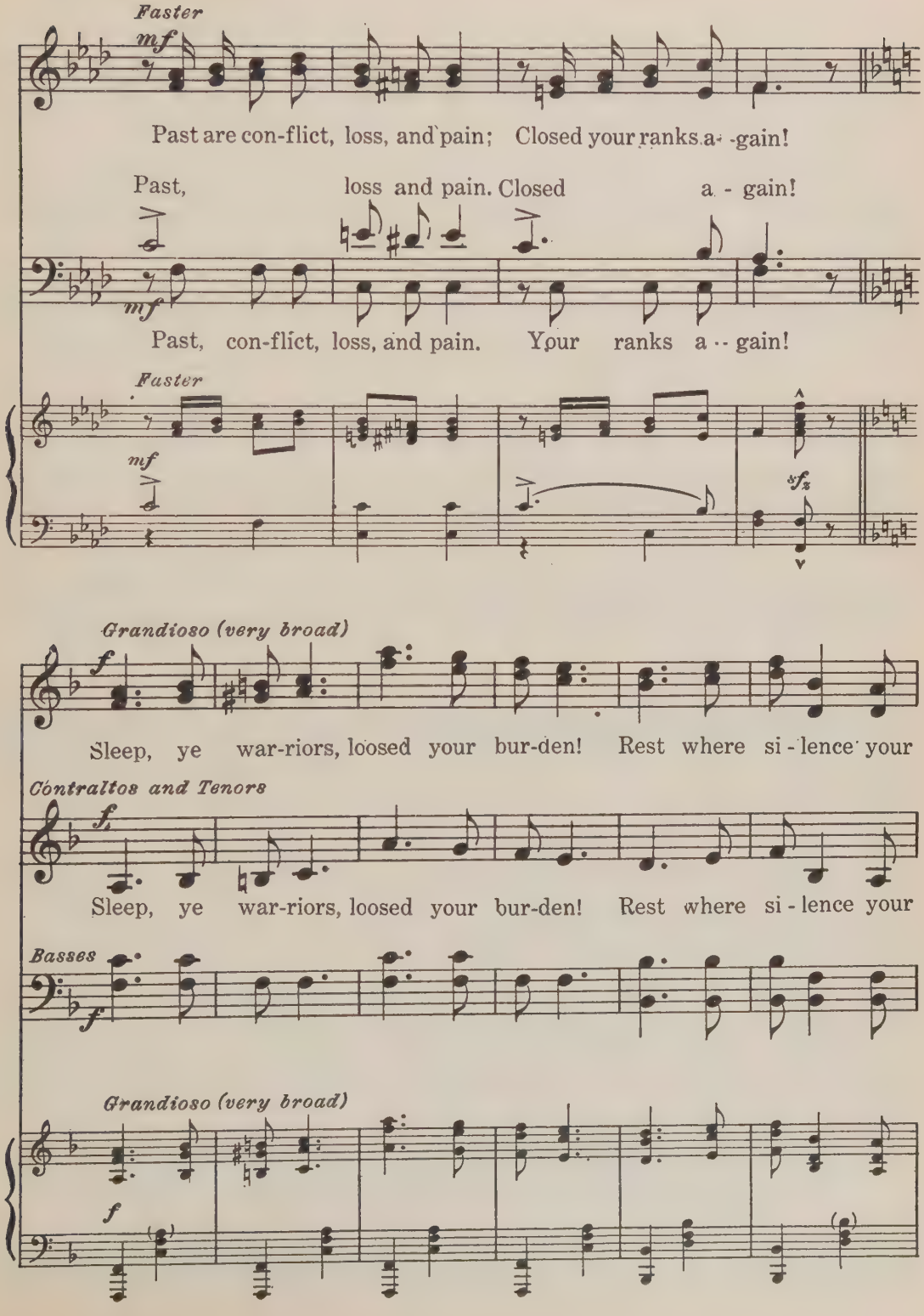

Earth with heav'n a - bove re - joic - es: Fields and gar - dens
Here, while heav'n and earth re - joic - es, Each his Eas - ter
hail the spring; Shaws and wood-lands ring with voic - es,
trib - ute bring - Work of fin - gers, chant of voic - es,
While the wild birds build and sing.
Like the birds who build and sing. A - men.

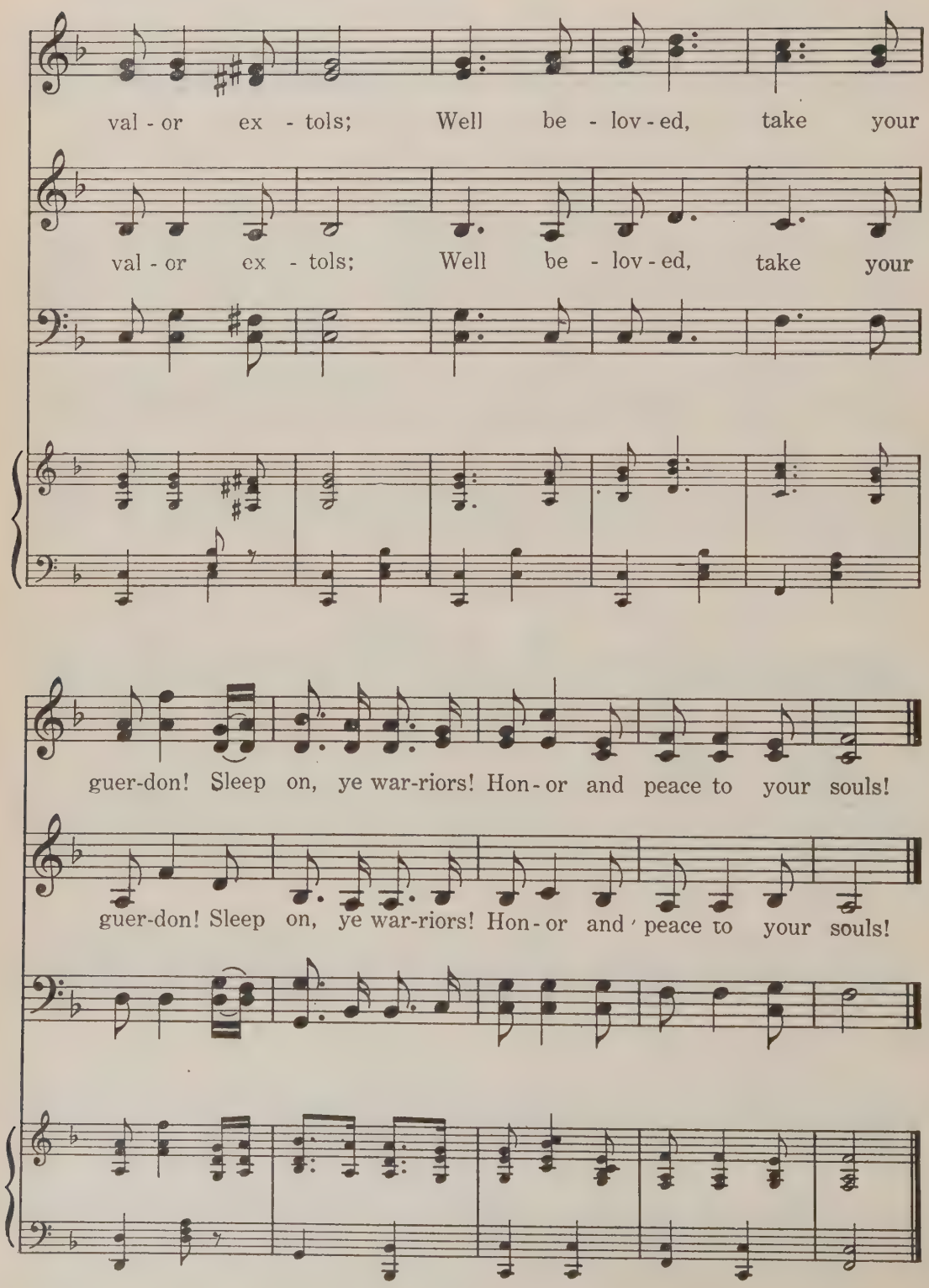
SLEEP, YE WARRIORS

Translated from the Russian
by Cecil Cowdrey

Hungarian Folk Song

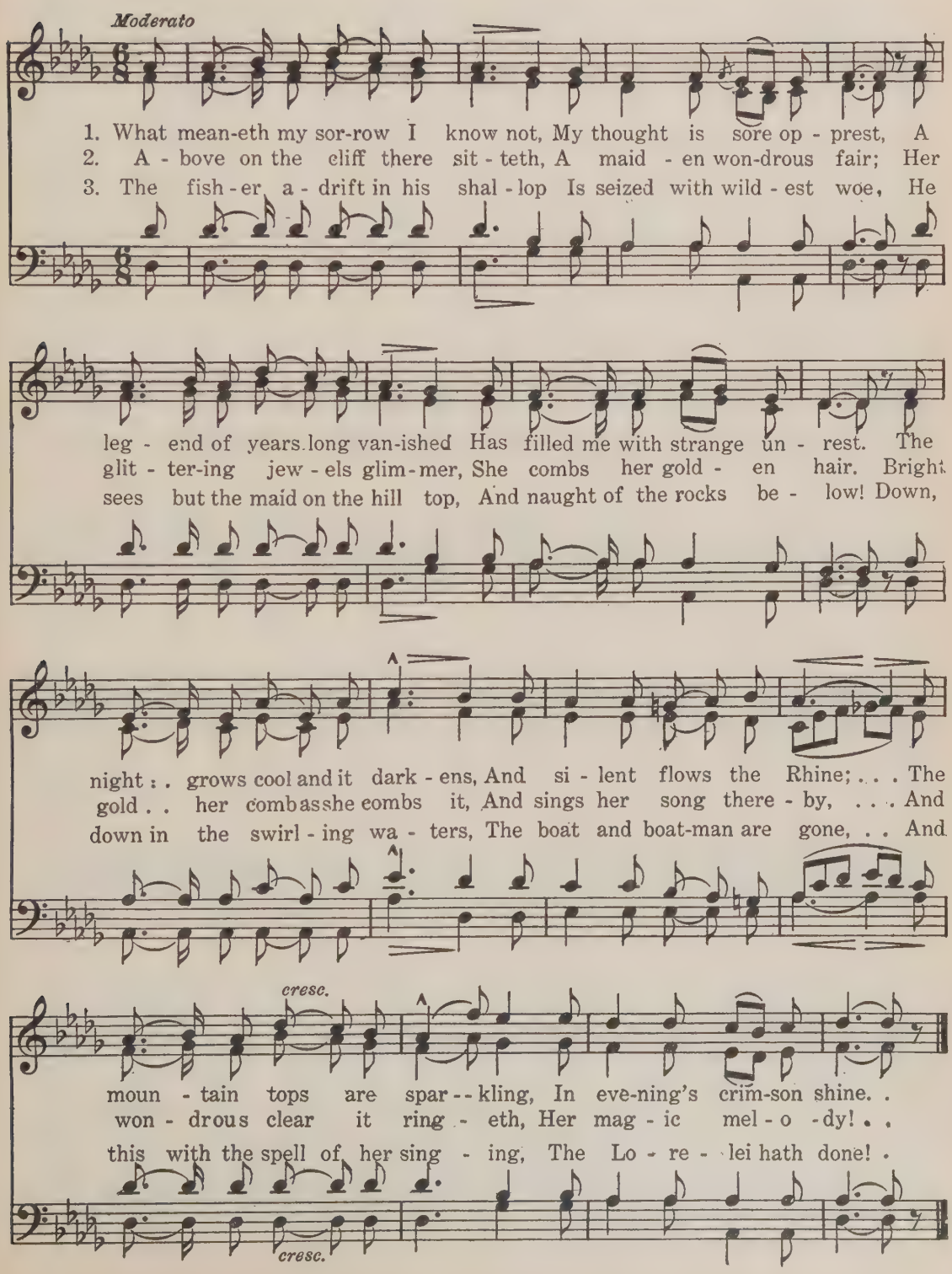



Faster
mf
Past are con-flict, loss, and pain; Closed your ranks a- -gain!
Past, loss and pain. Closed a - gain!
mf
Past, con-flict, loss, and pain. Your ranks a -- gain!
Faster
mf
sfz
Grandioso (very broad)
f
Sleep, ye war-riors, loosed your bur-den! Rest where si - lence your
Contraltos and Tenors
f
Sleep, ye war-riors, loosed your bur-den! Rest where si - lence your
Basses
f
Grandioso (very broad)
f


val - or ex - tols; Well be - lov - ed, take your
val - or ex - tols; Well be - lov - ed, take your
guer-don! Sleep on, ye war-riors! Hon - or and peace to your souls!
guer-don! Sleep on, ye war-riors! Hon - or and peace to your souls!

THE LORELEI

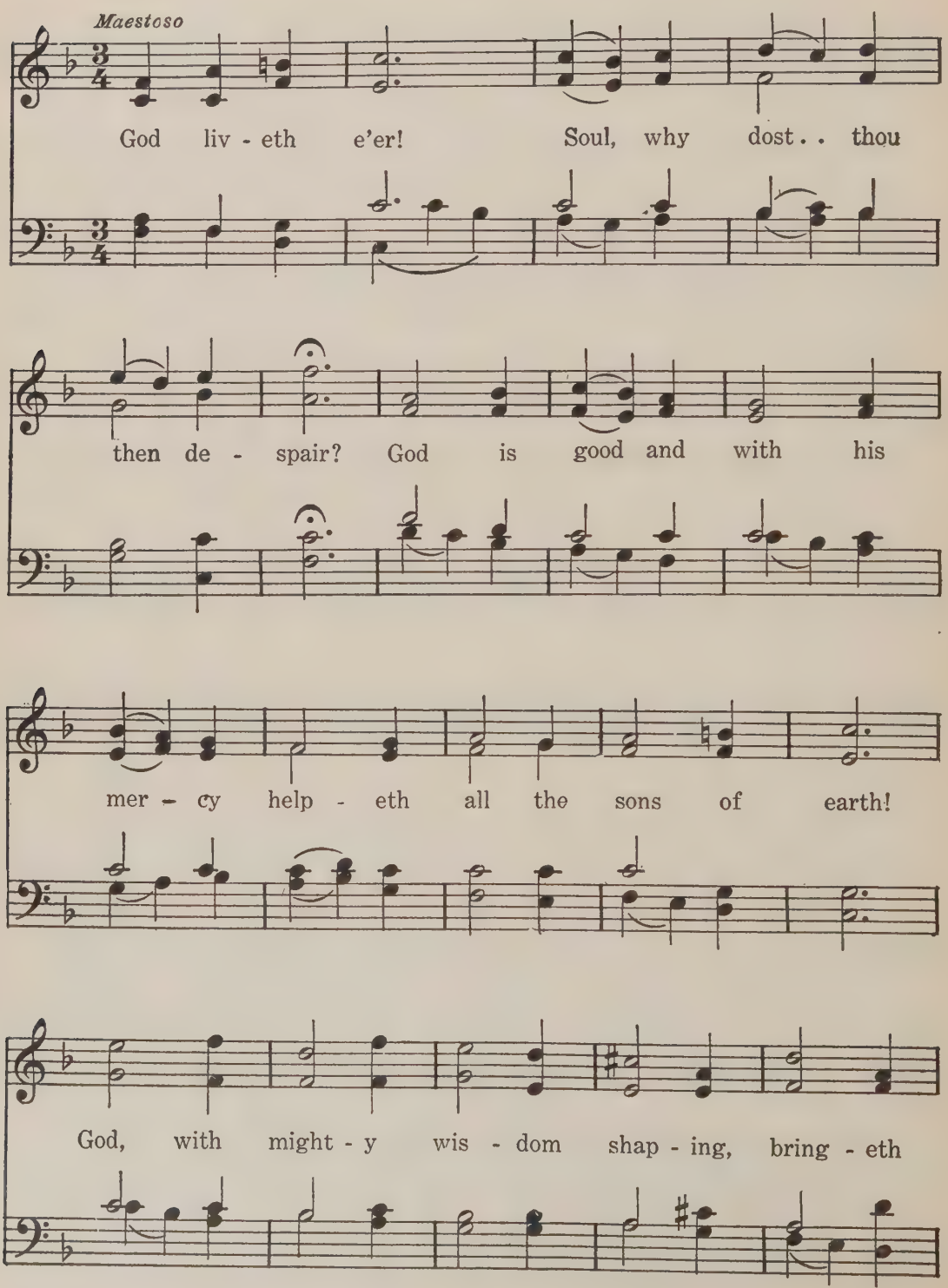
Heinrich Heine — Friedrich Silcher

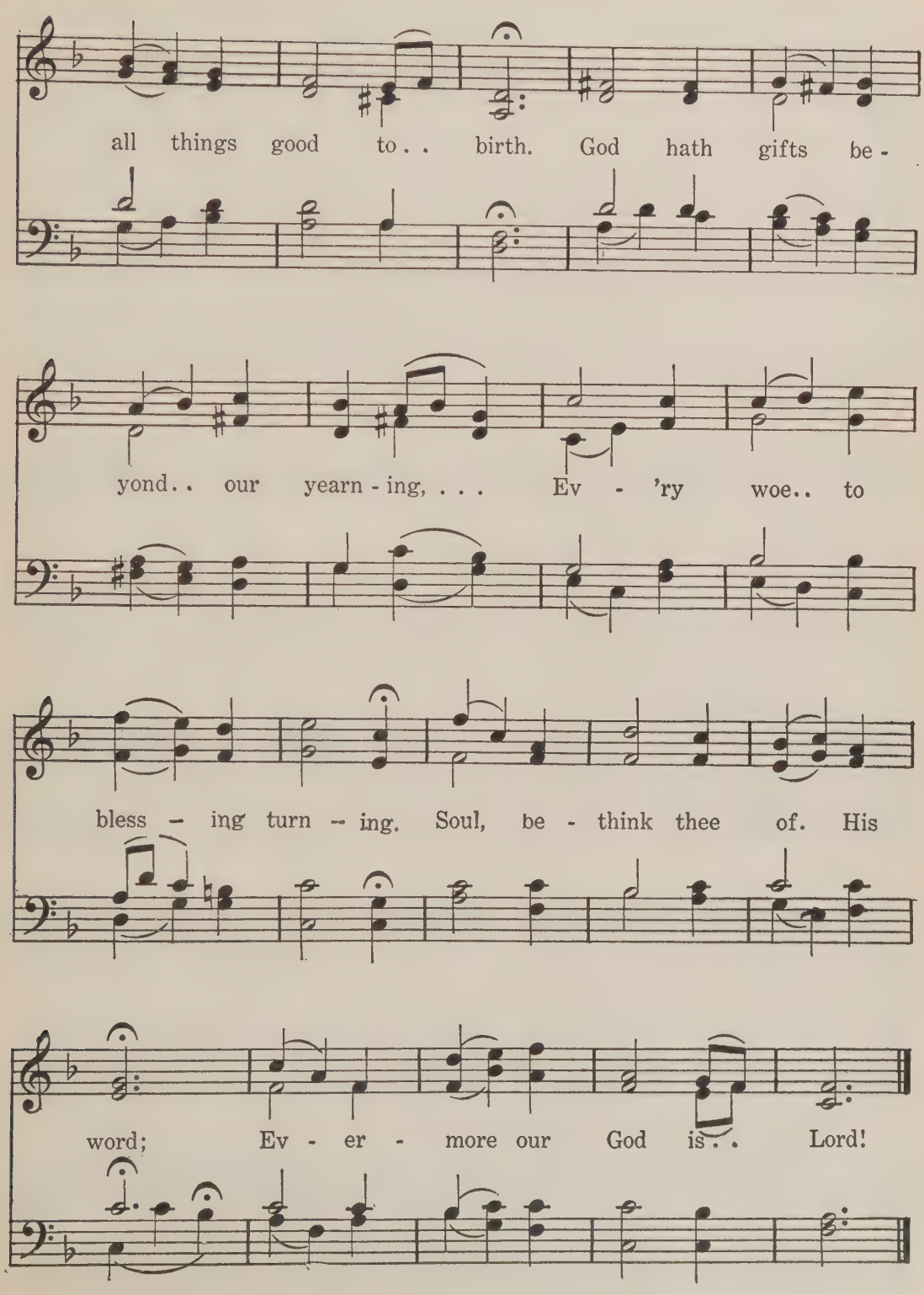


GOD LIVETH E'ER

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach

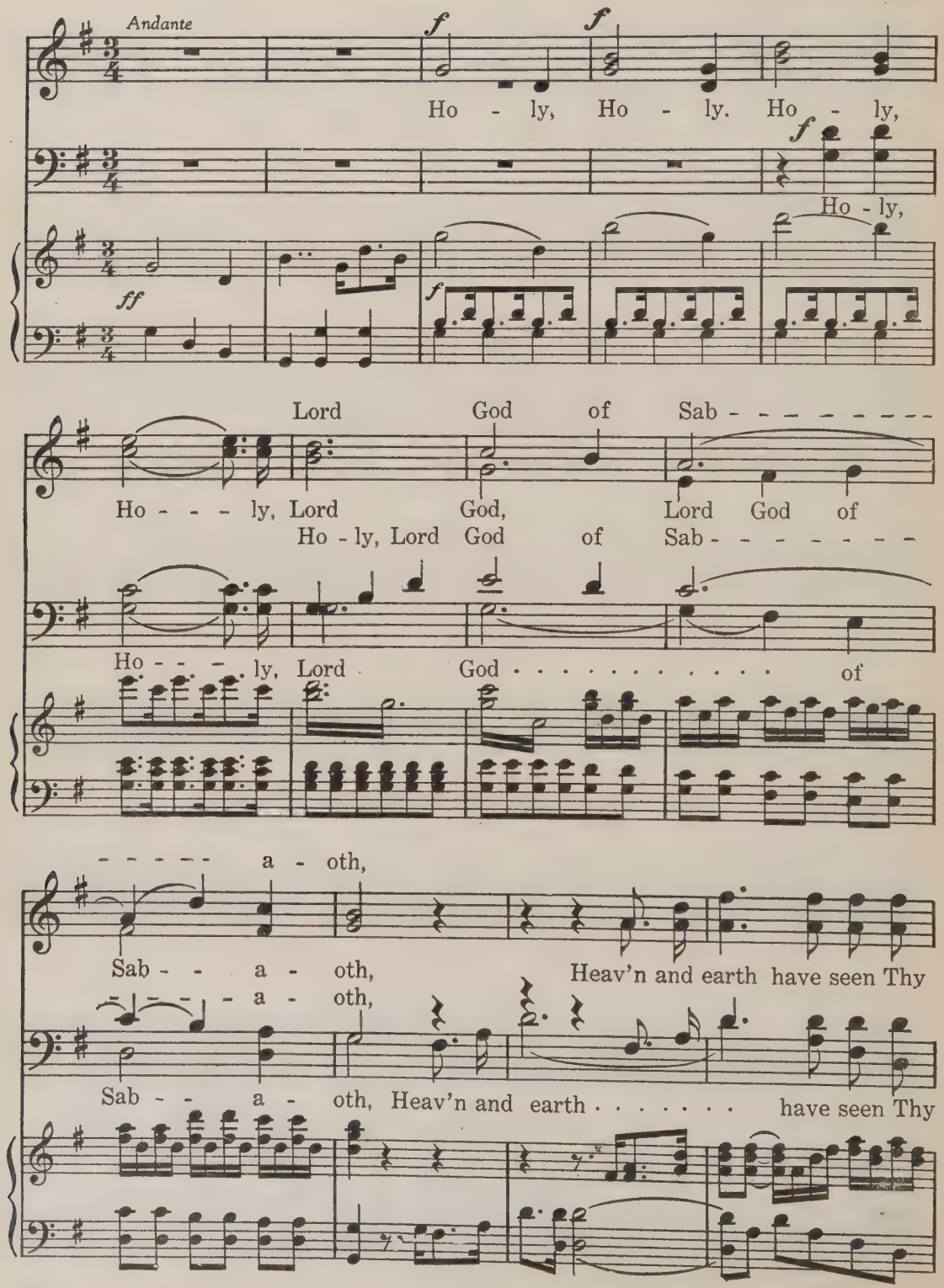


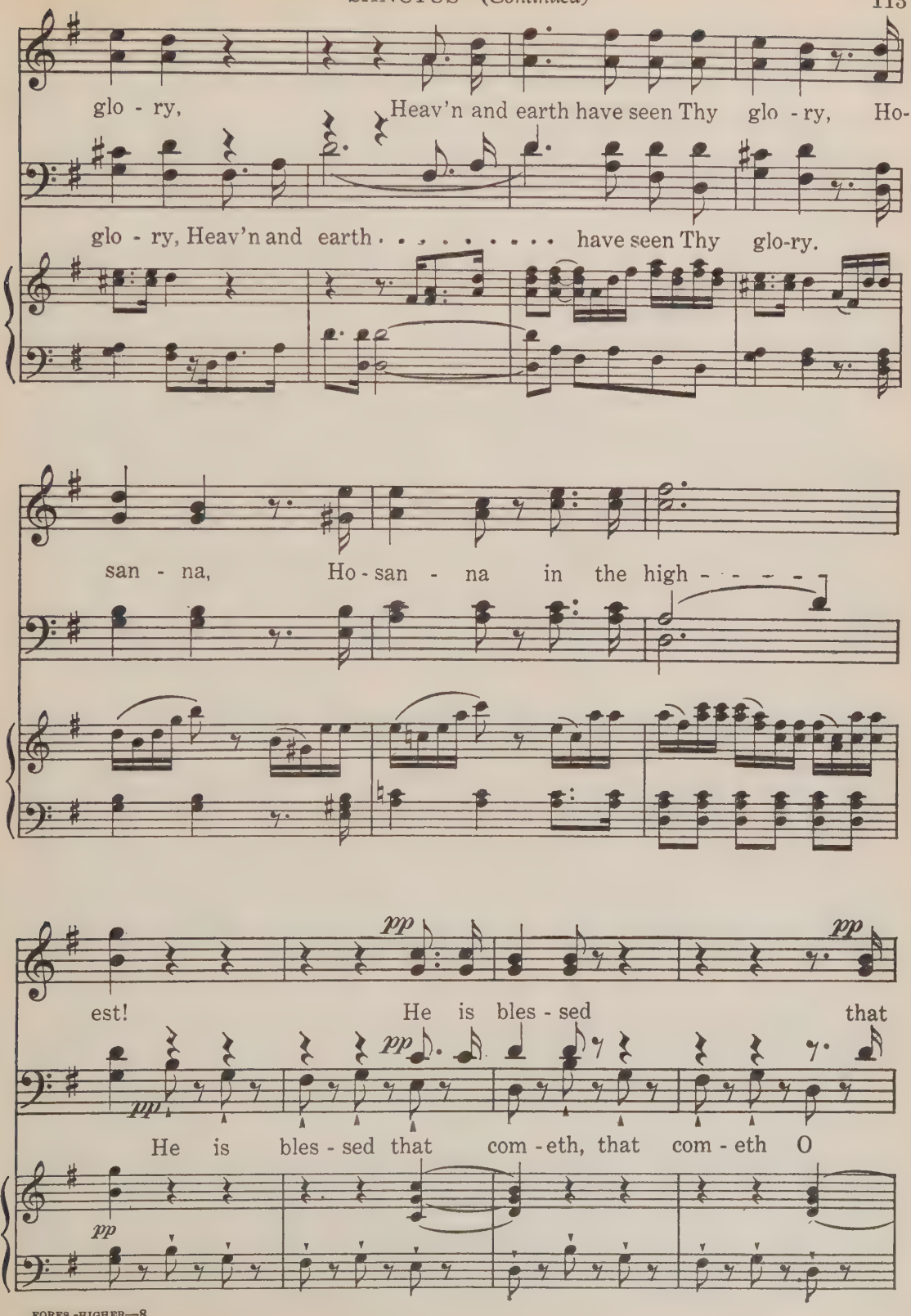

all things good to . . birth. God hath gifts be -
yond . . our yearn - ing, . . . Ev - 'ry woe . . to
bless - ing turn - ing. Soul, be - think thee of. His
word; Ev - er - more our God is . . Lord!

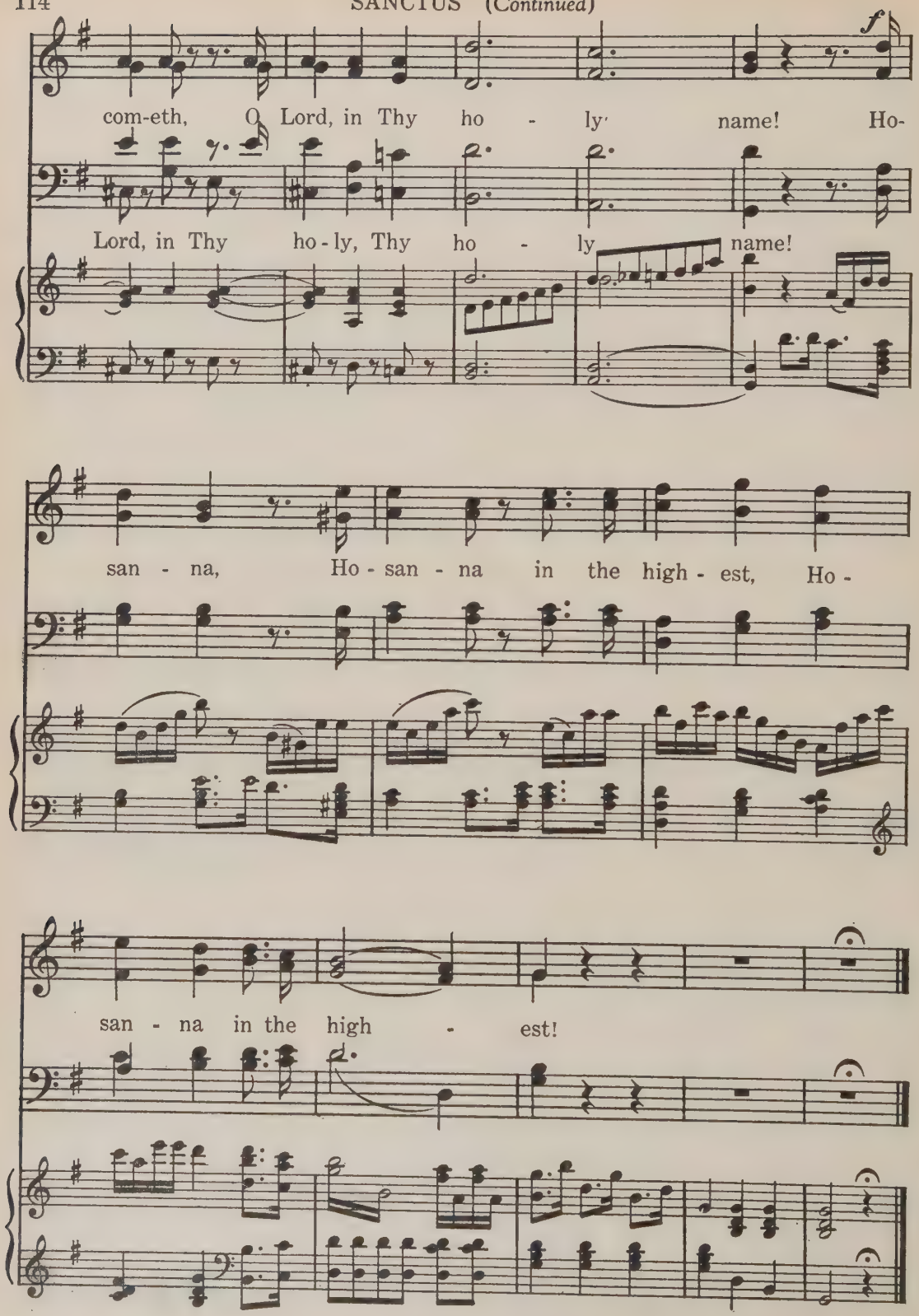
SANCTUS

From the *Requiem Mass*

Luigi Cherubini



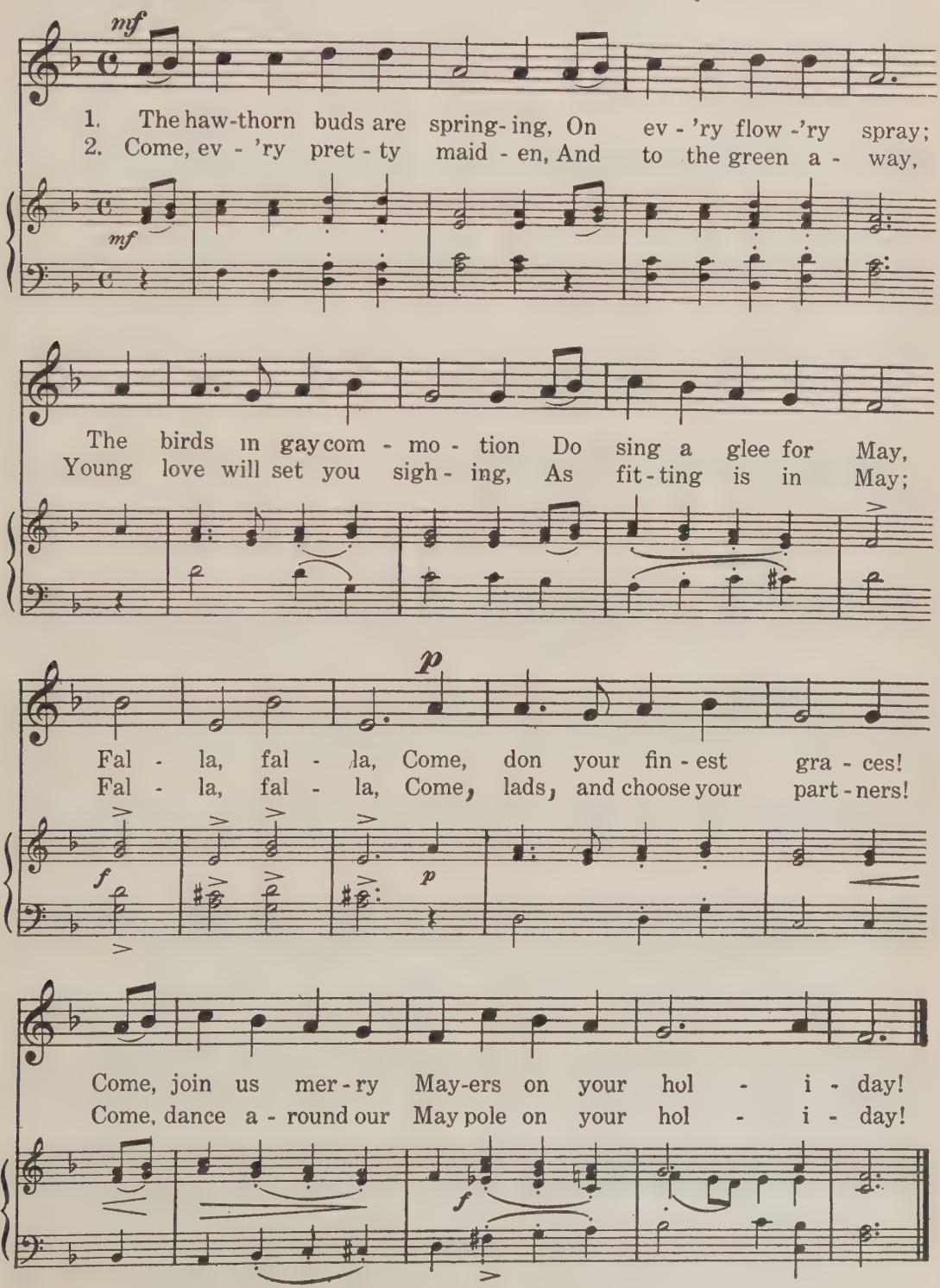

glo - ry, Heav'n and earth have seen Thy glo - ry, Ho-
glo - ry, Heav'n and earth . . . . . have seen Thy glo-ry.
san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - - - -
pp
est! He is bles - sed that
pp
pp
He is bles - sed that com - eth, that com - eth O
pp


com-eth, O Lord, in Thy ho - ly name! Ho-
Lord, in Thy ho-ly, Thy ho - ly name!
san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho -
san - na in the high - est!

THE HAWTHORN BUDS ARE SPRINGING

Adapted from an
Old English May Song

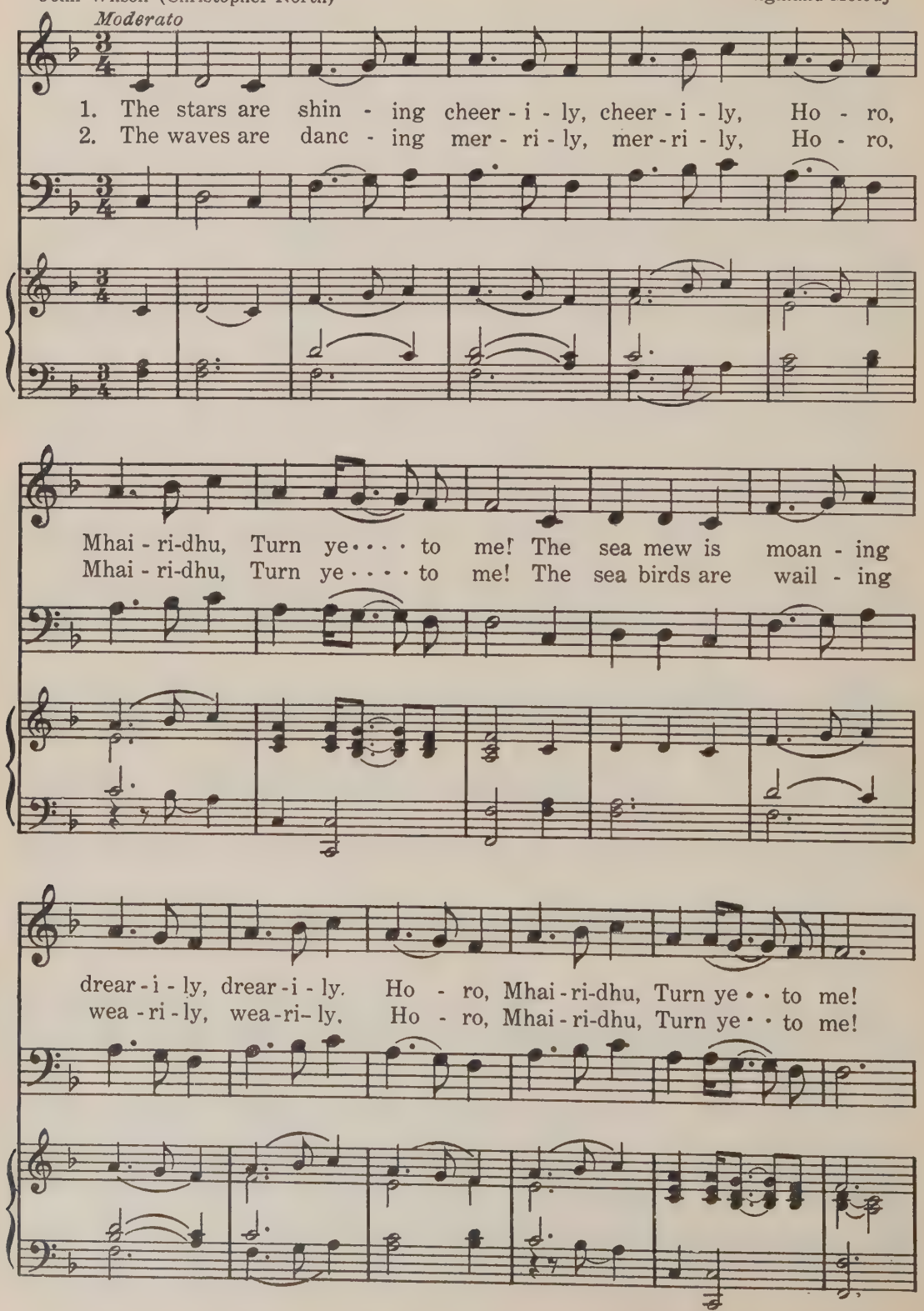
French Folk Tune "The Lovely Griselda"
Harmonized by Carl Reinecke

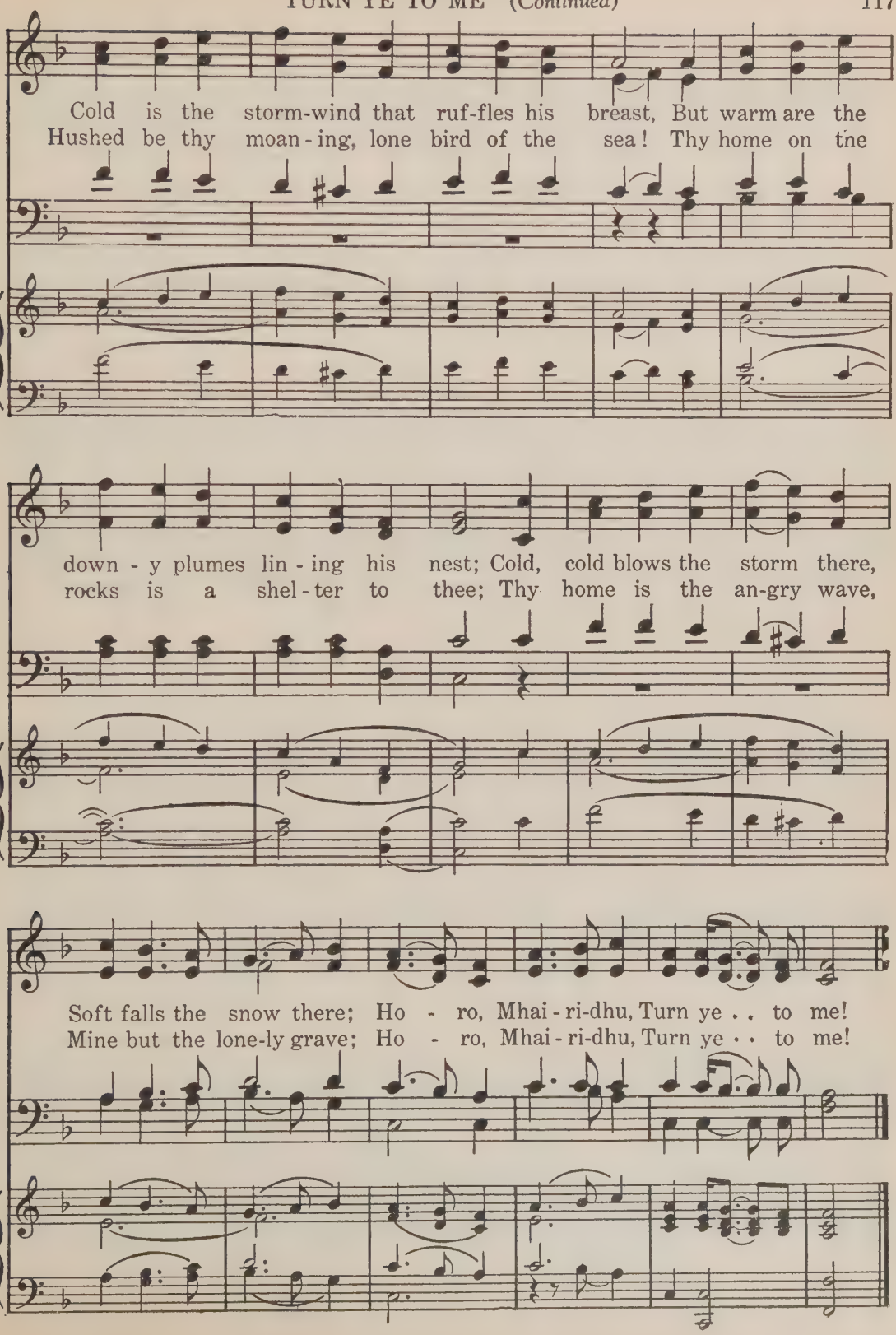


TURN YE TO ME

John Wilson (Christopher North) — Highland Melody

Moderato

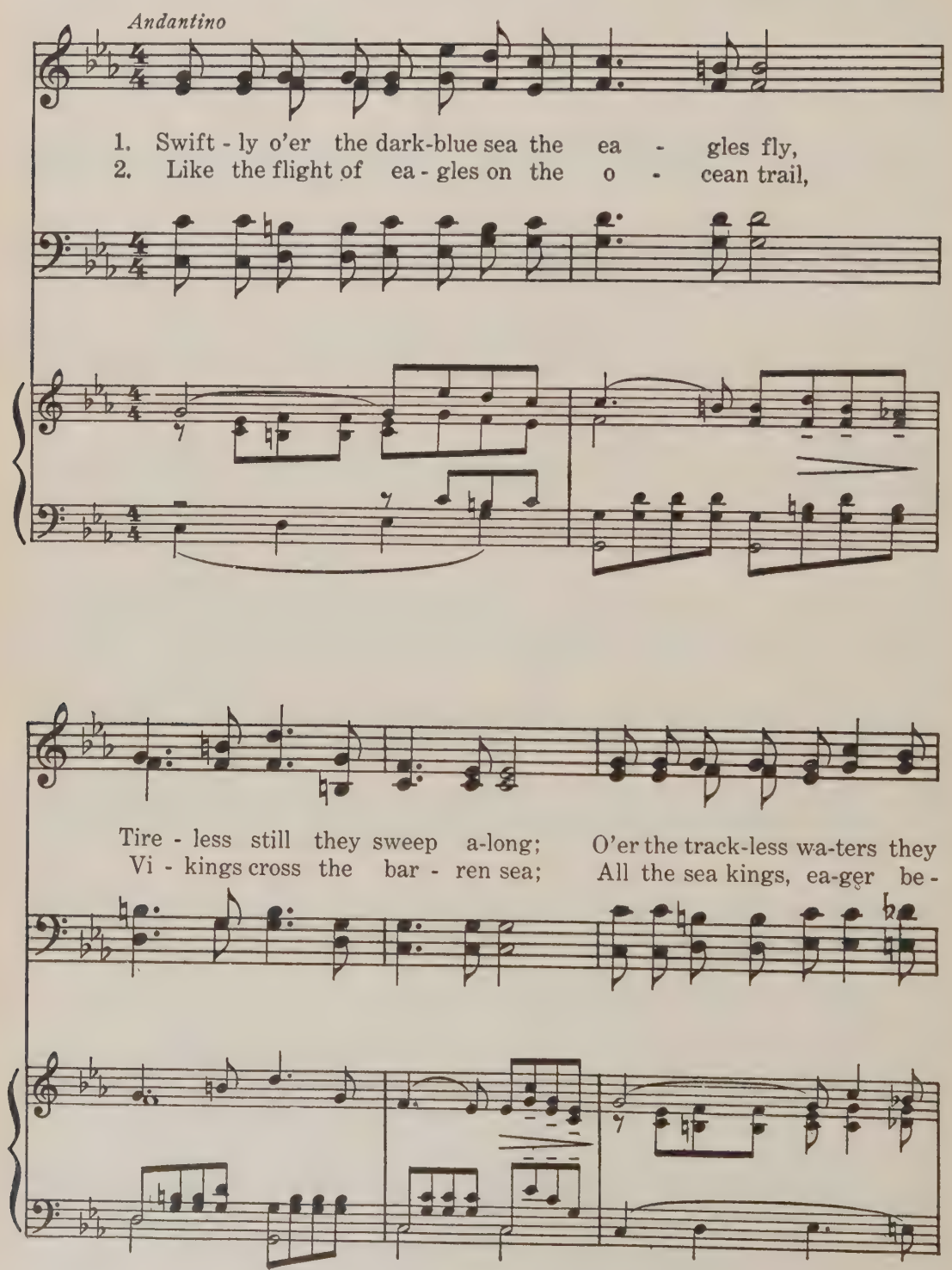


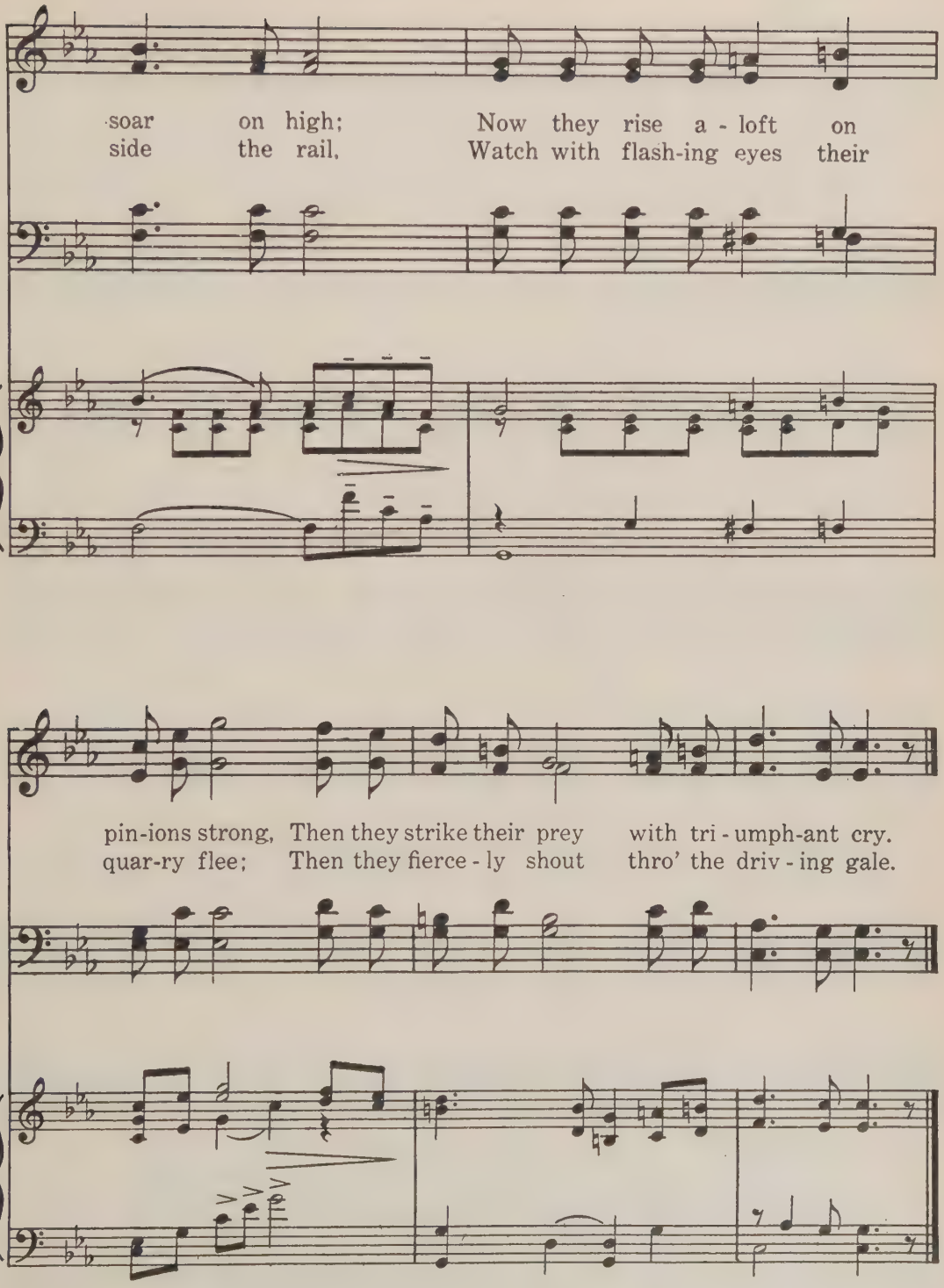

Cold is the storm-wind that ruf-fles his breast, But warm are the
Hushed be thy moan-ing, lone bird of the sea! Thy home on the
down-y plumes lin-ing his nest; Cold, cold blows the storm there,
rocks is a shel-ter to thee; Thy home is the an-gry wave,
Soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye . . to me!
Mine but the lone-ly grave; Ho - ro, Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye . . to me!

THE EAGLES

Adapted from the Russian

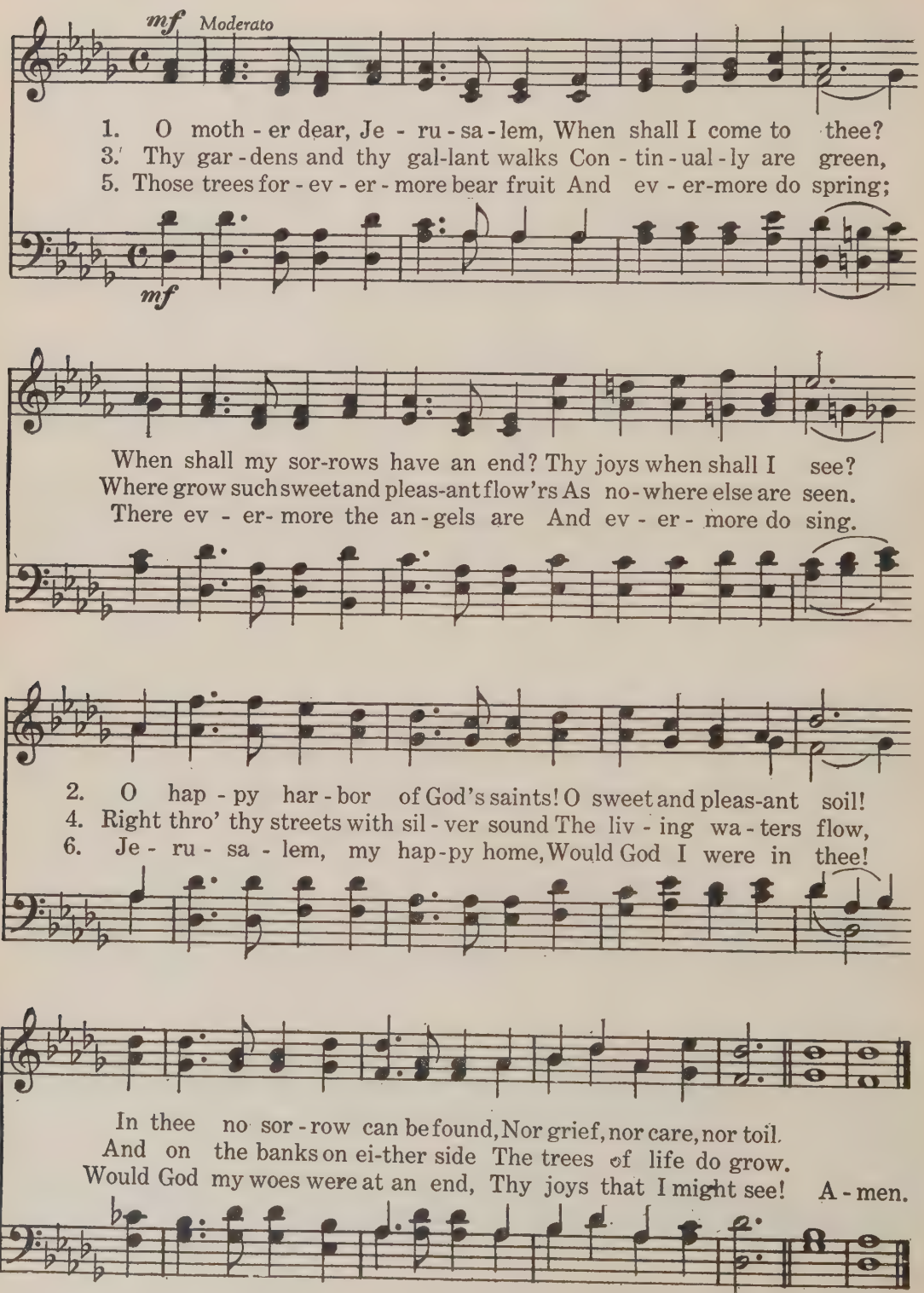
Russian Folk Song




soar on high; Now they rise a - loft on
side the rail, Watch with flash-ing eyes their
pin-ions strong, Then they strike their prey with tri - umph-ant cry.
quar-ry flee; Then they fierce - ly shout thro' the driv - ing gale.

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM

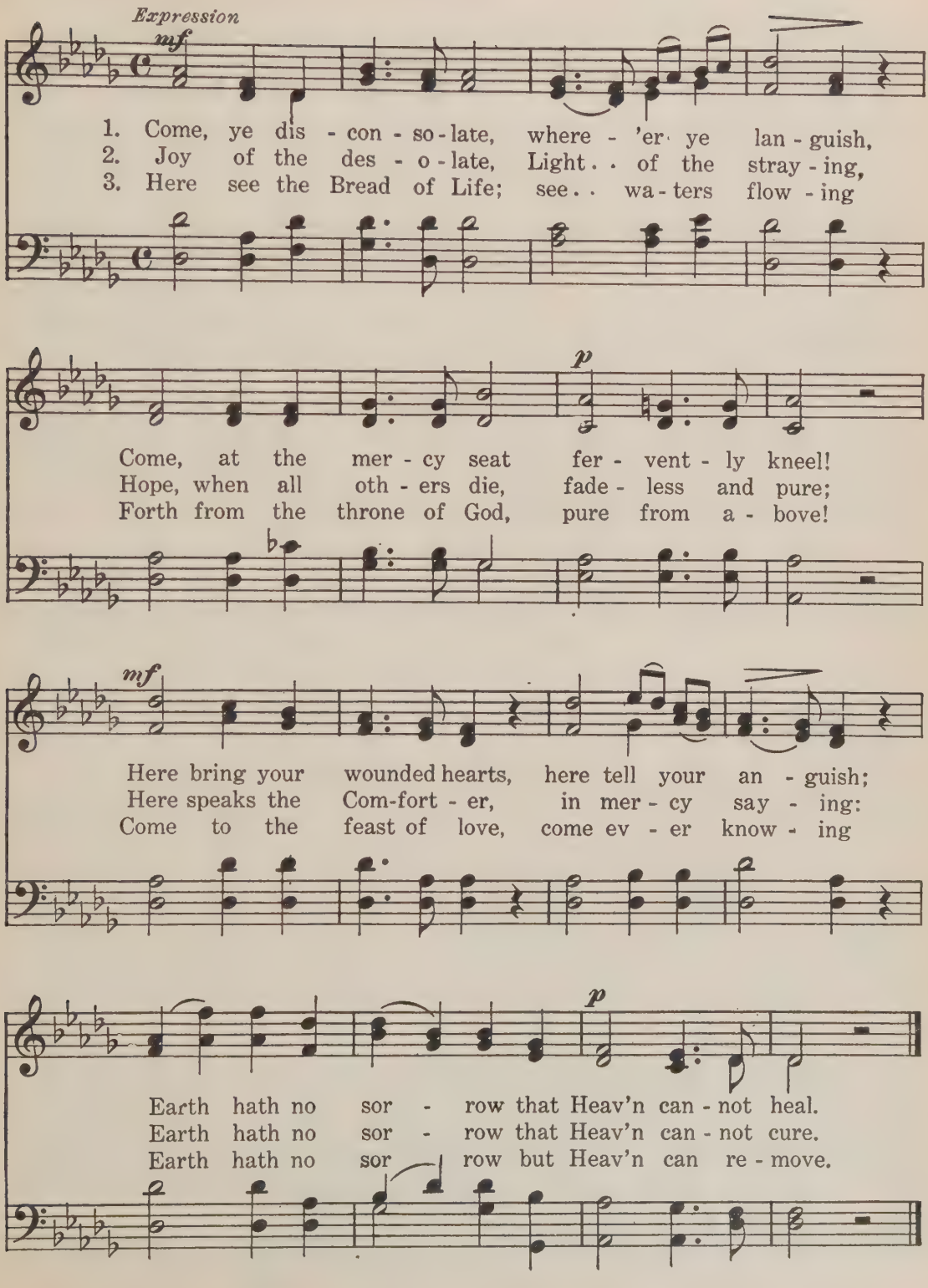
D. Dickson — S. A. Ward



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

Adapted from
Thomas Moore

Samuel Webbe

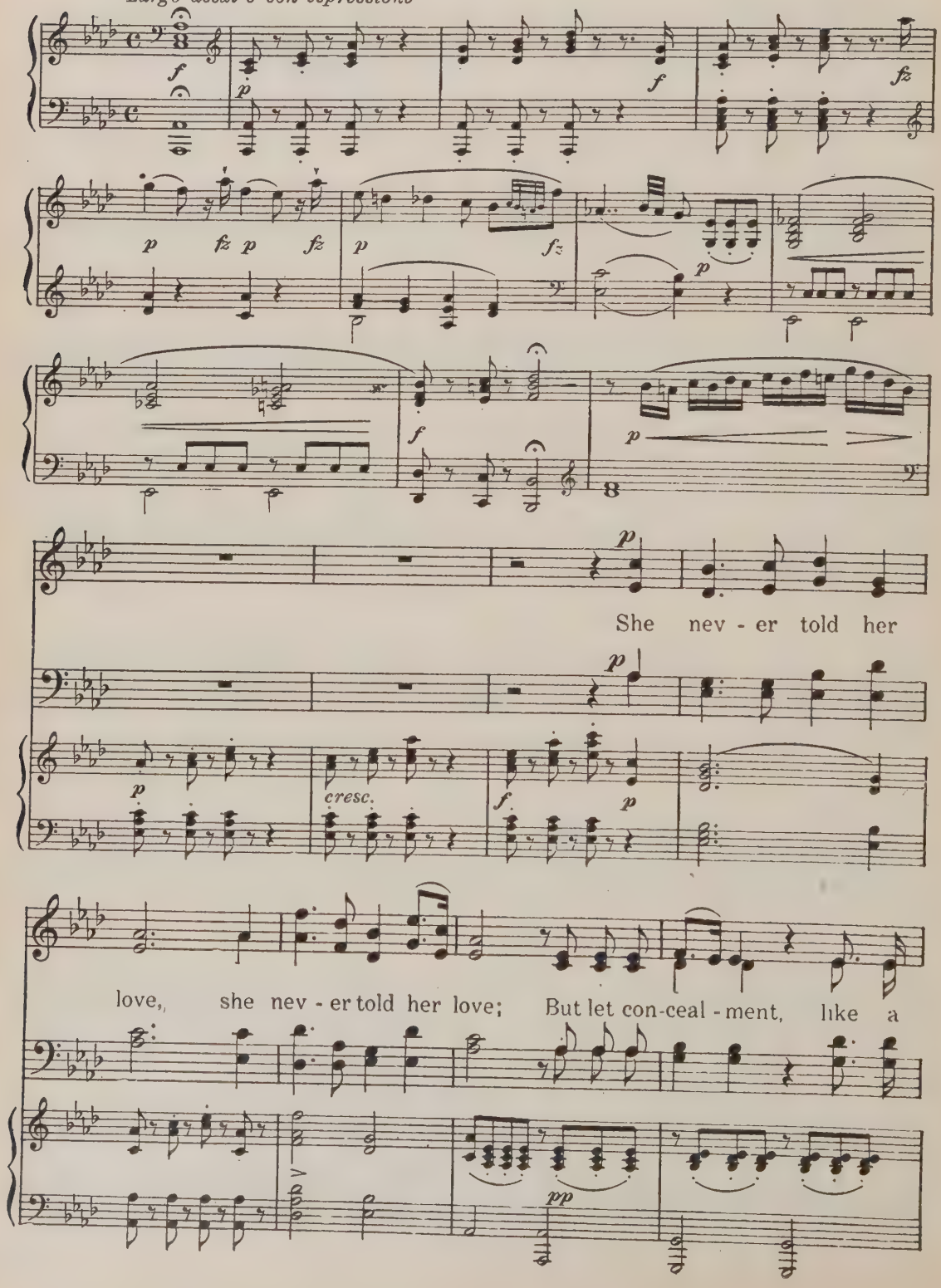


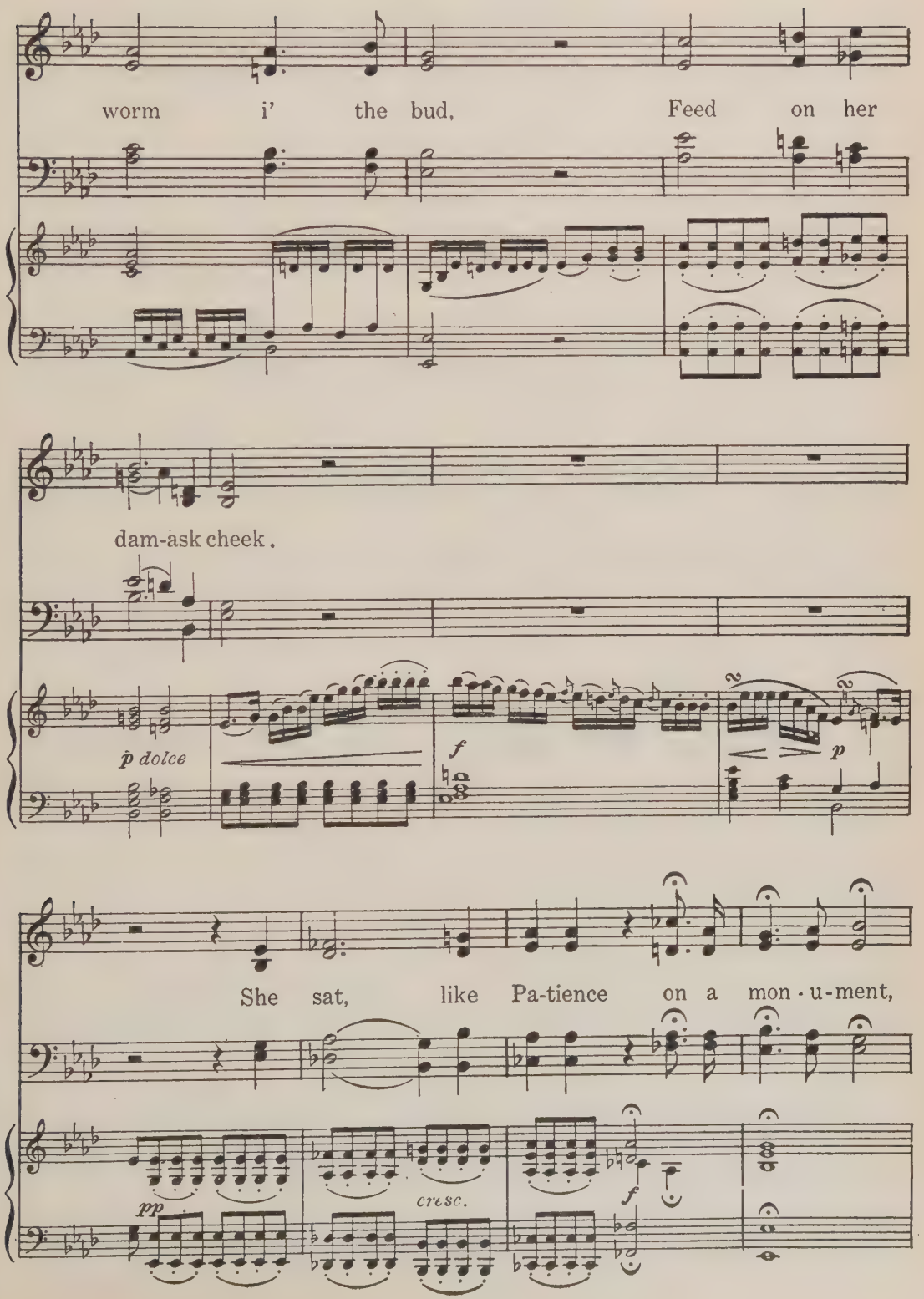
SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE

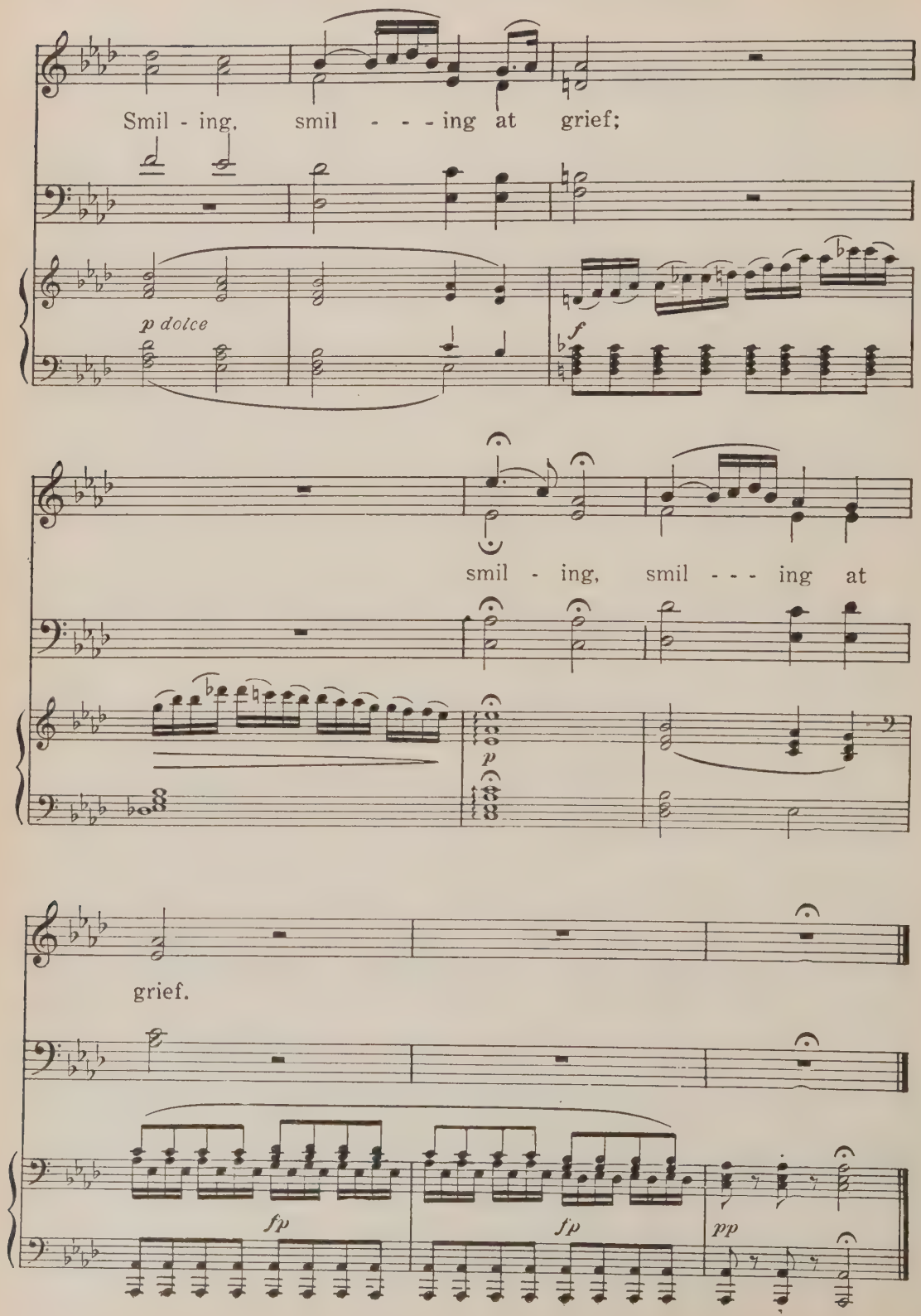
William Shakespeare
Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene i

Josef Haydn

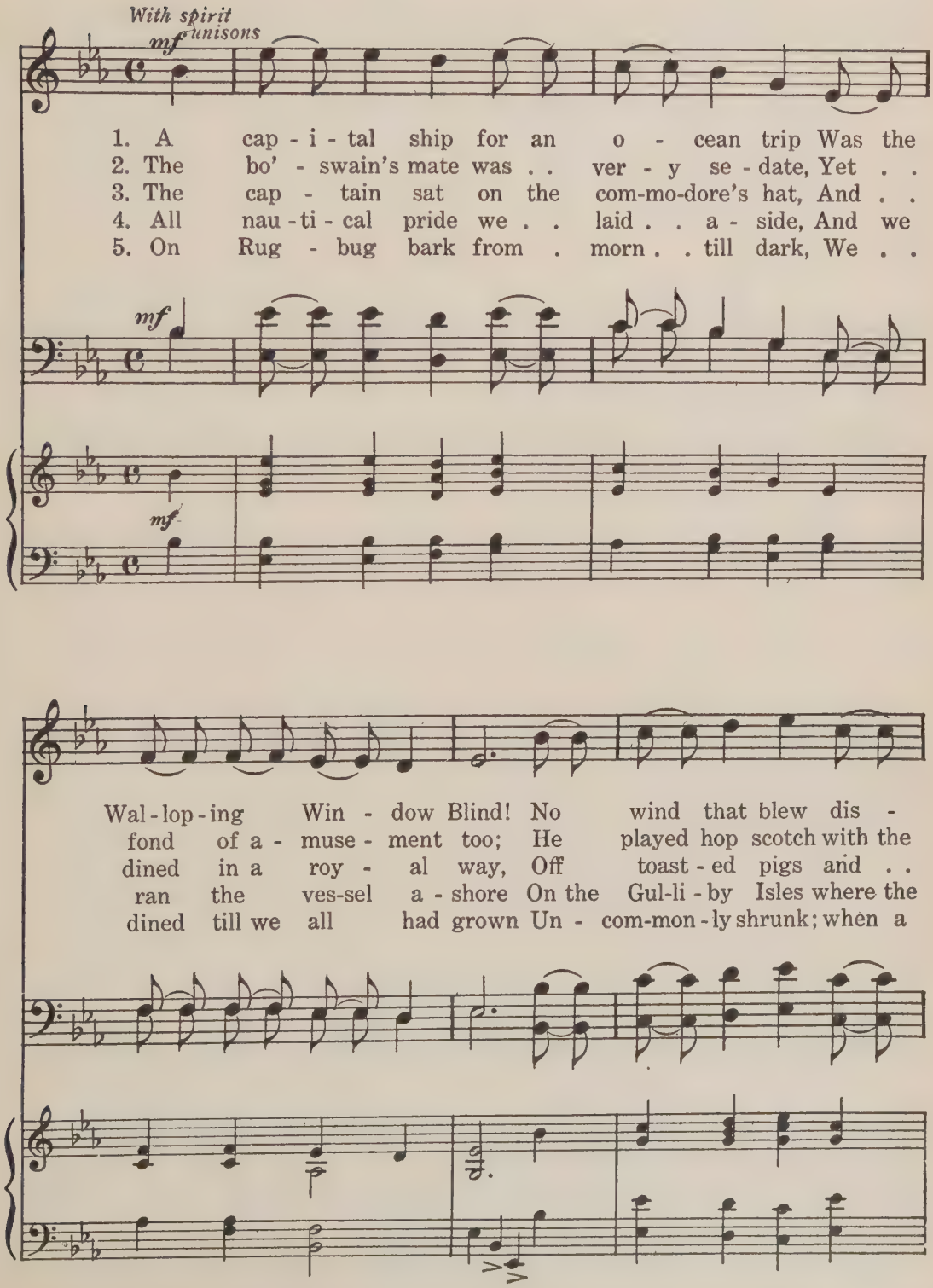
Largo assai e con espressione

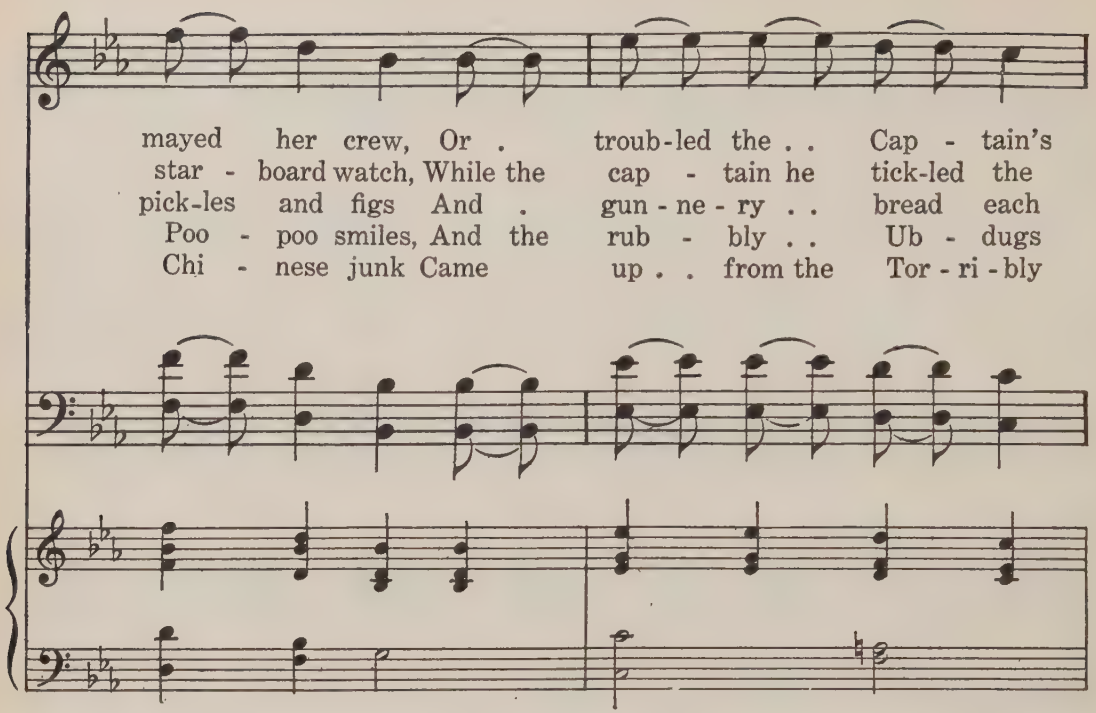


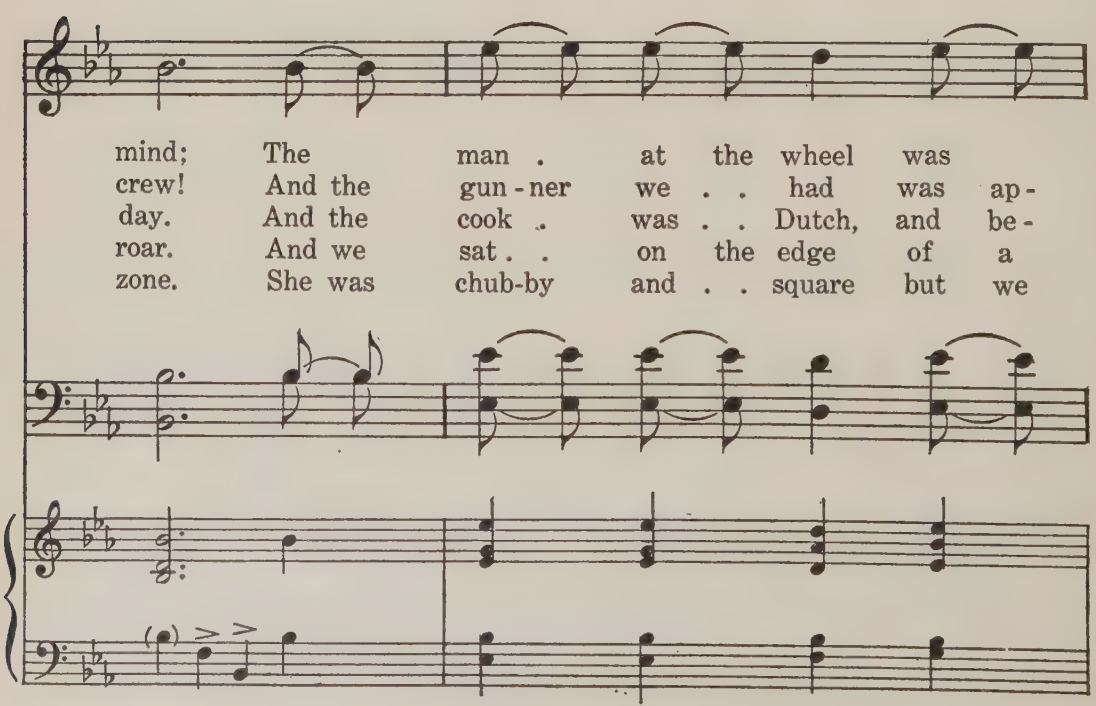

worm i' the bud, Feed on her
dam-ask cheek.
p dolce
f
p
She sat, like Pa-tience on a mon-u-ment,
pp
cresc.
f

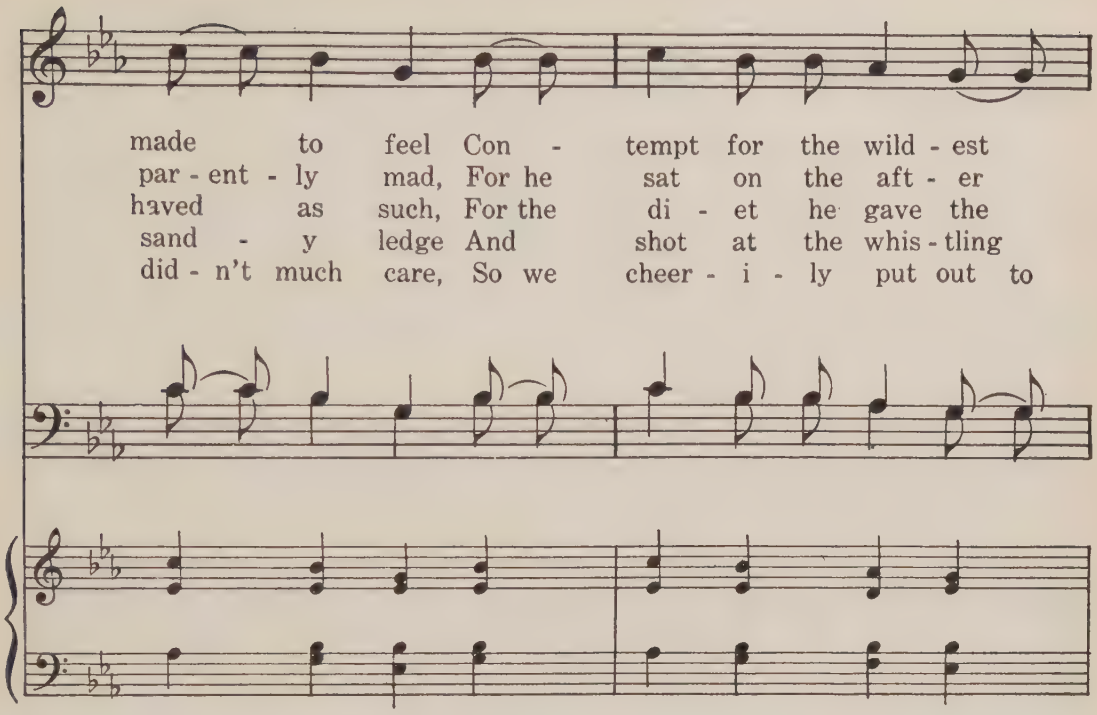

Smil - ing, smil - - - ing at grief;
p dolce
f
smil - ing, smil - - - ing at
p
grief.
fp
fp
pp

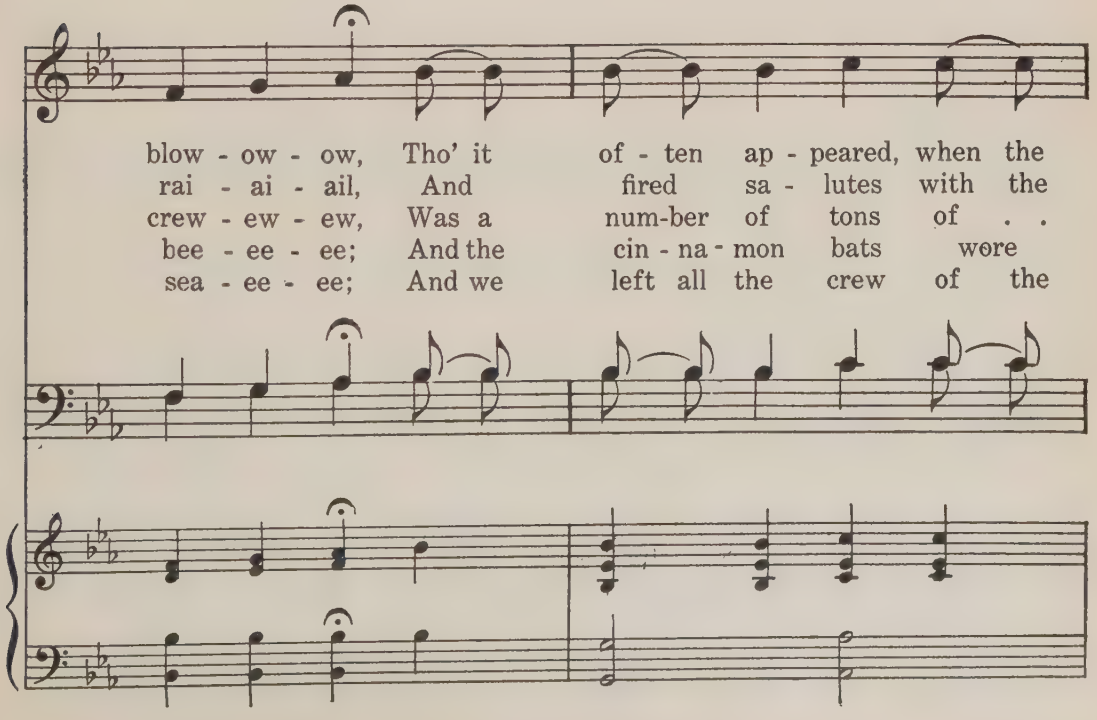
Old English

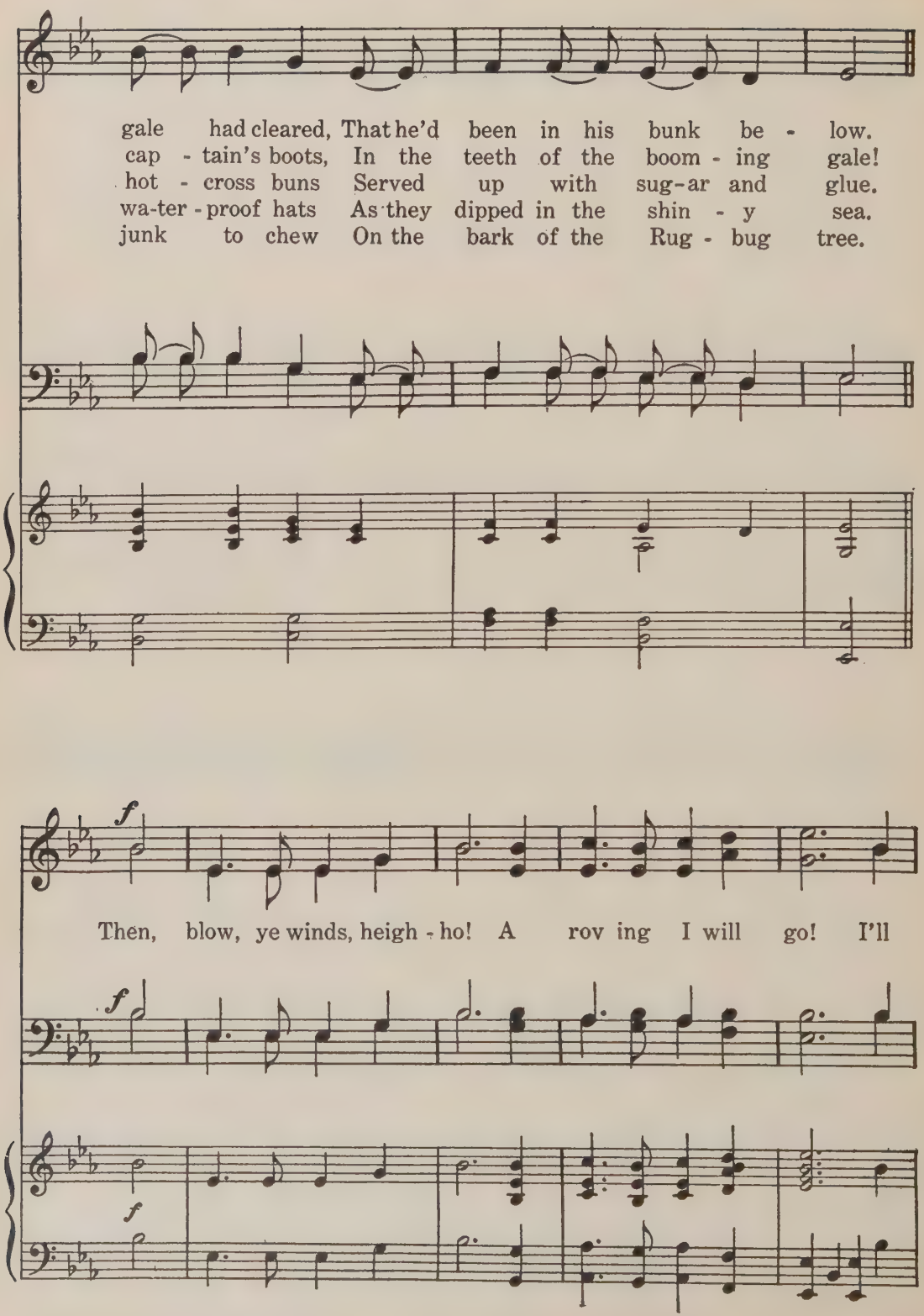

With spirit
mf unisons
1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the
2. The bo' - swain's mate was . . ver - y se - date, Yet . .
3. The cap - tain sat on the com-mo-dore's hat, And . .
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we . . laid . . a - side, And we
5. On Rug - bug bark from . morn . . till dark, We . .
mf
mf
Wal - lop - ing Win - dow Blind! No wind that blew dis -
fond of a - muse - ment too; He played hop scotch with the
dined in a roy - al way, Off toast - ed pigs and . .
ran the ves-sel a - shore On the Gul-li - by Isles where the
dined till we all had grown Un - com-mon - ly shrunk; when a

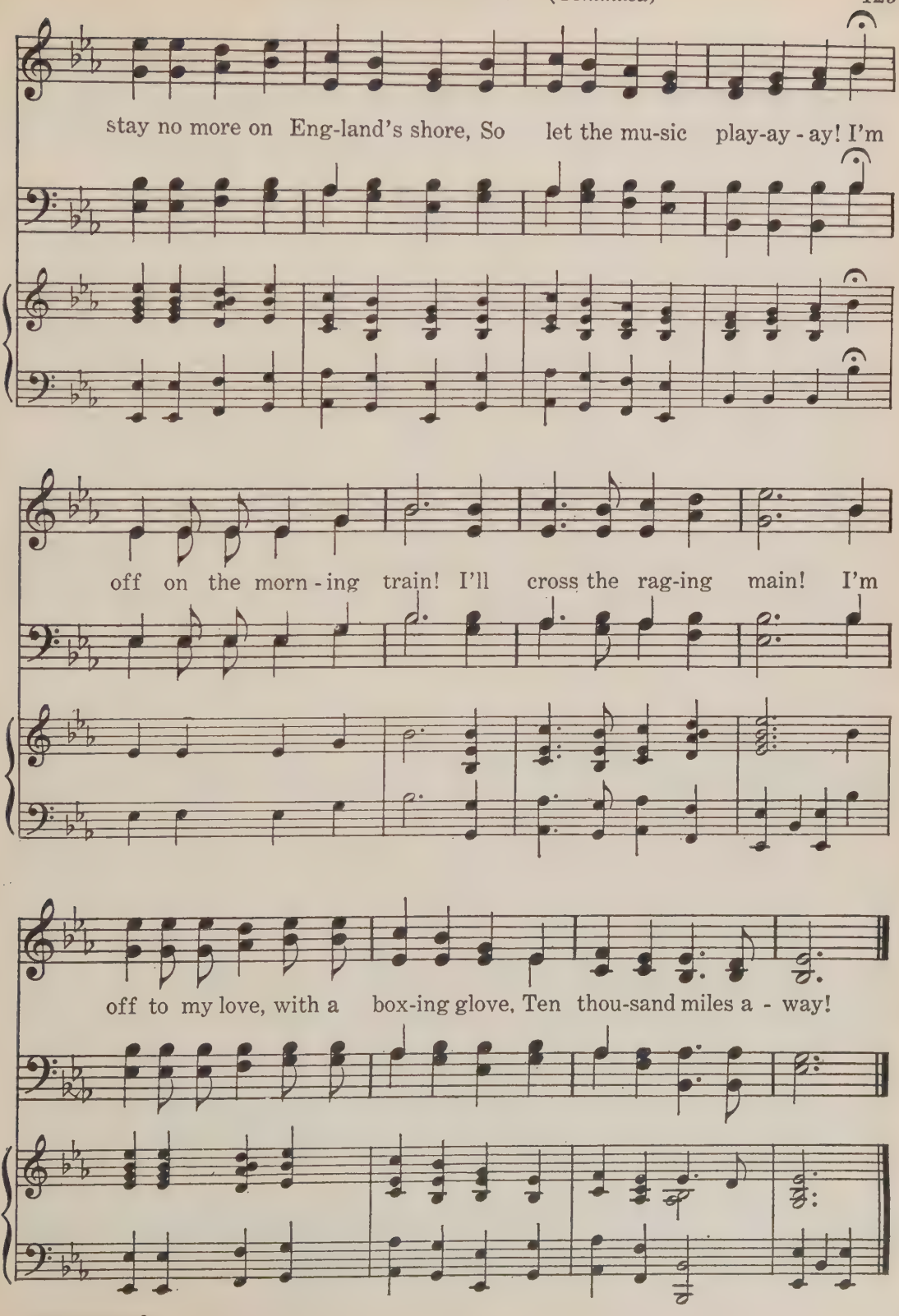

mayed her crew, Or . troub-led the . . Cap - tain's
star - board watch, While the cap - tain he tick-led the
pick-les and figs And . gun - ne - ry . . bread each
Poo - poo smiles, And the rub - bly . . Ub - dugs
Chi - nese junk Came up . . from the Tor - ri - bly


mind; The man . at the wheel was
crew! And the gun - ner we . . had was ap -
day. And the cook . was . . Dutch, and be -
roar. And we sat . . on the edge of a
zone. She was chub-by and . . square but we


made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est
par - ent - ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er
haved as such, For the di - et he gave the
sand - y ledge And shot at the whis - tling
did - n't much care, So we cheer - i - ly put out to

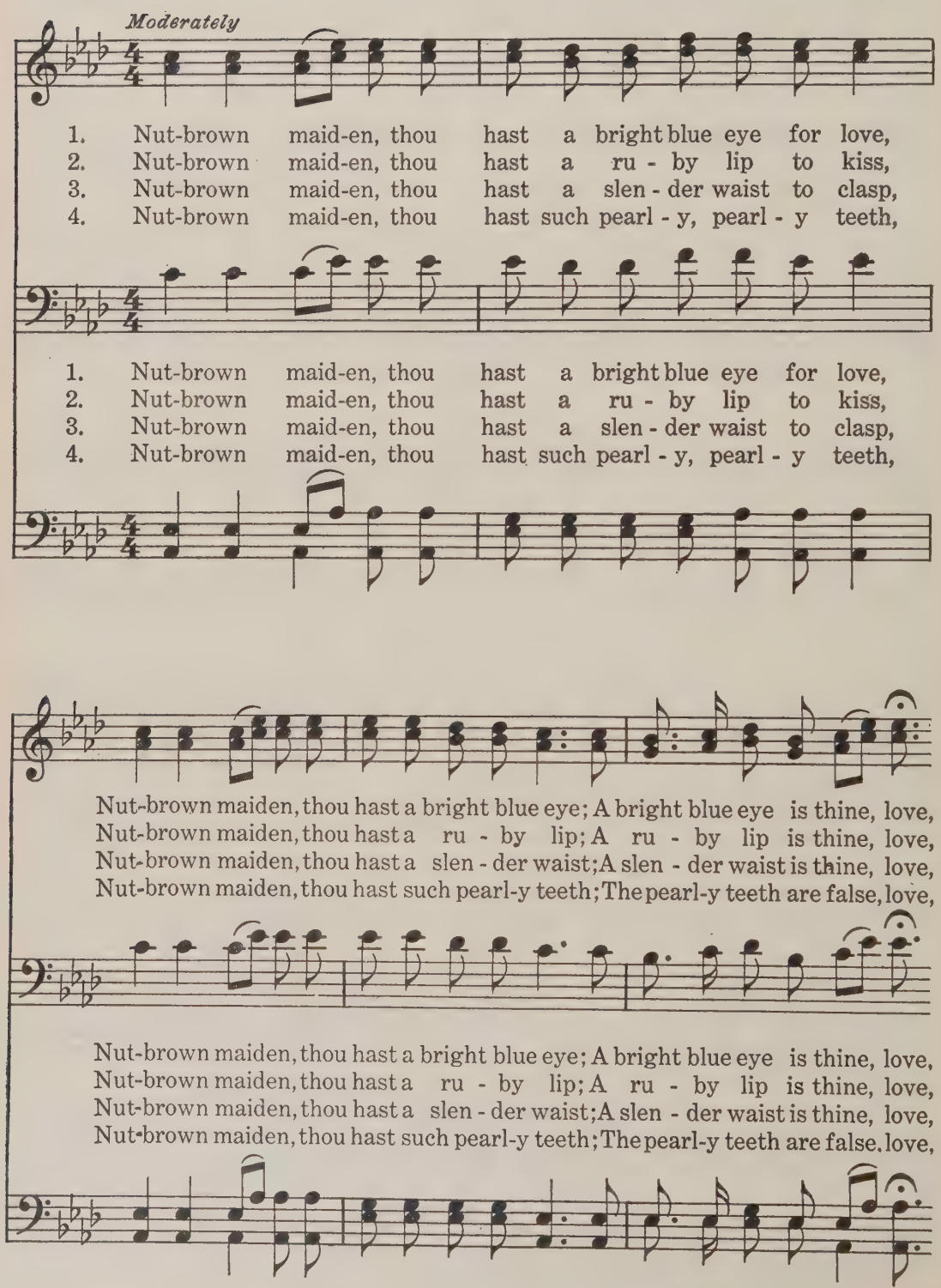

blow - ow - ow, Tho' it of - ten ap - peared, when the
rai - ai - ail, And fired sa - lutes with the
crew - ew - ew, Was a num-ber of tons of . .
bee - ee - ee; And the cin - na - mon bats were
sea - ee - ee; And we left all the crew of the

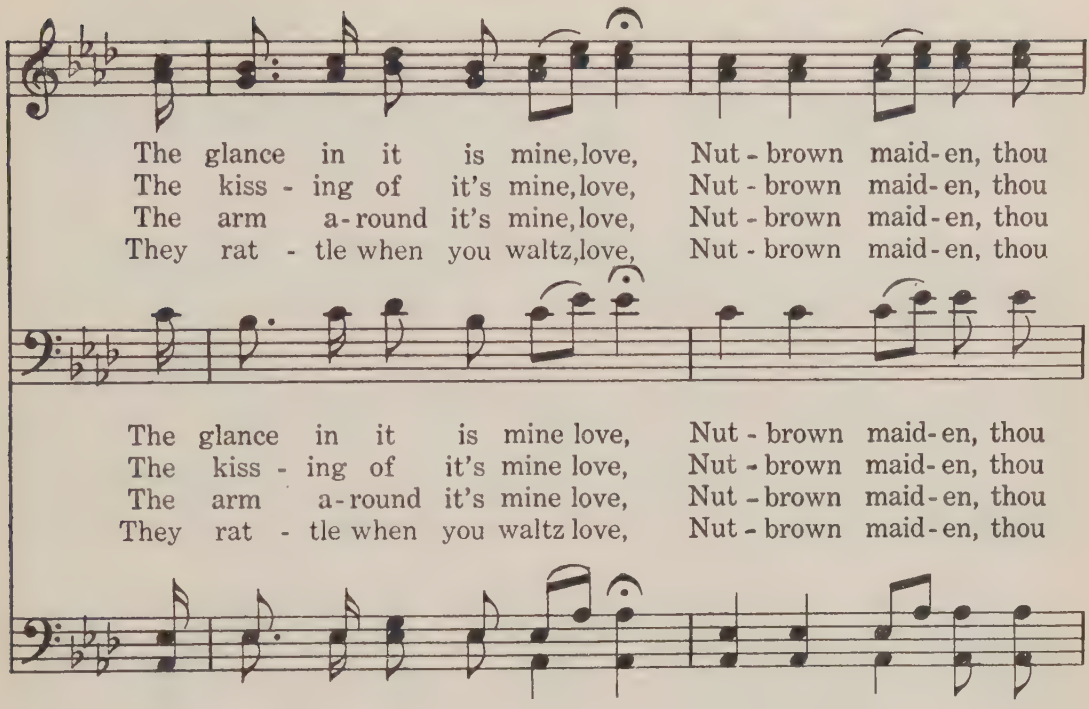

gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
hot - cross buns Served up with sug-ar and glue.
wa-ter - proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.
f
Then, blow, ye winds, heigh - ho! A rov ing I will go! I'll
f
f

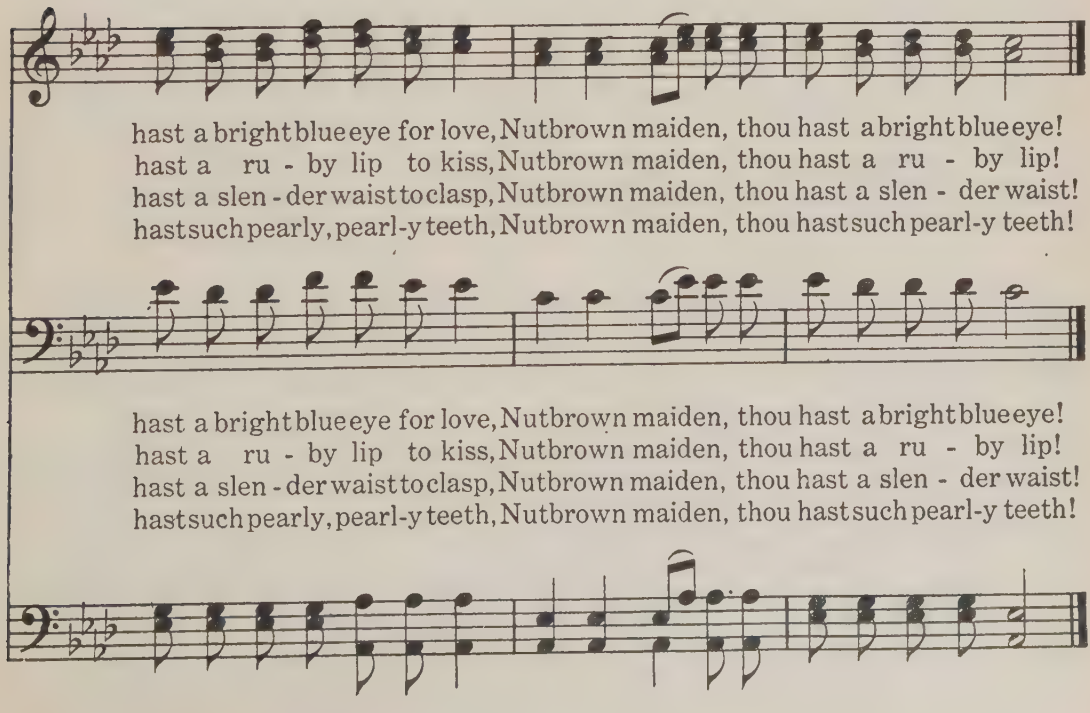

stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay - ay! I'm
off on the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm
off to my love, with a box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a - way!

NUT BROWN MAIDEN

College Song




The glance in it is mine, love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
The kiss - ing of it's mine, love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
The arm a - round it's mine, love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
They rat - tle when you waltz, love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
The glance in it is mine love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
The kiss - ing of it's mine love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
The arm a - round it's mine love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou
They rat - tle when you waltz love, Nut - brown maid - en, thou

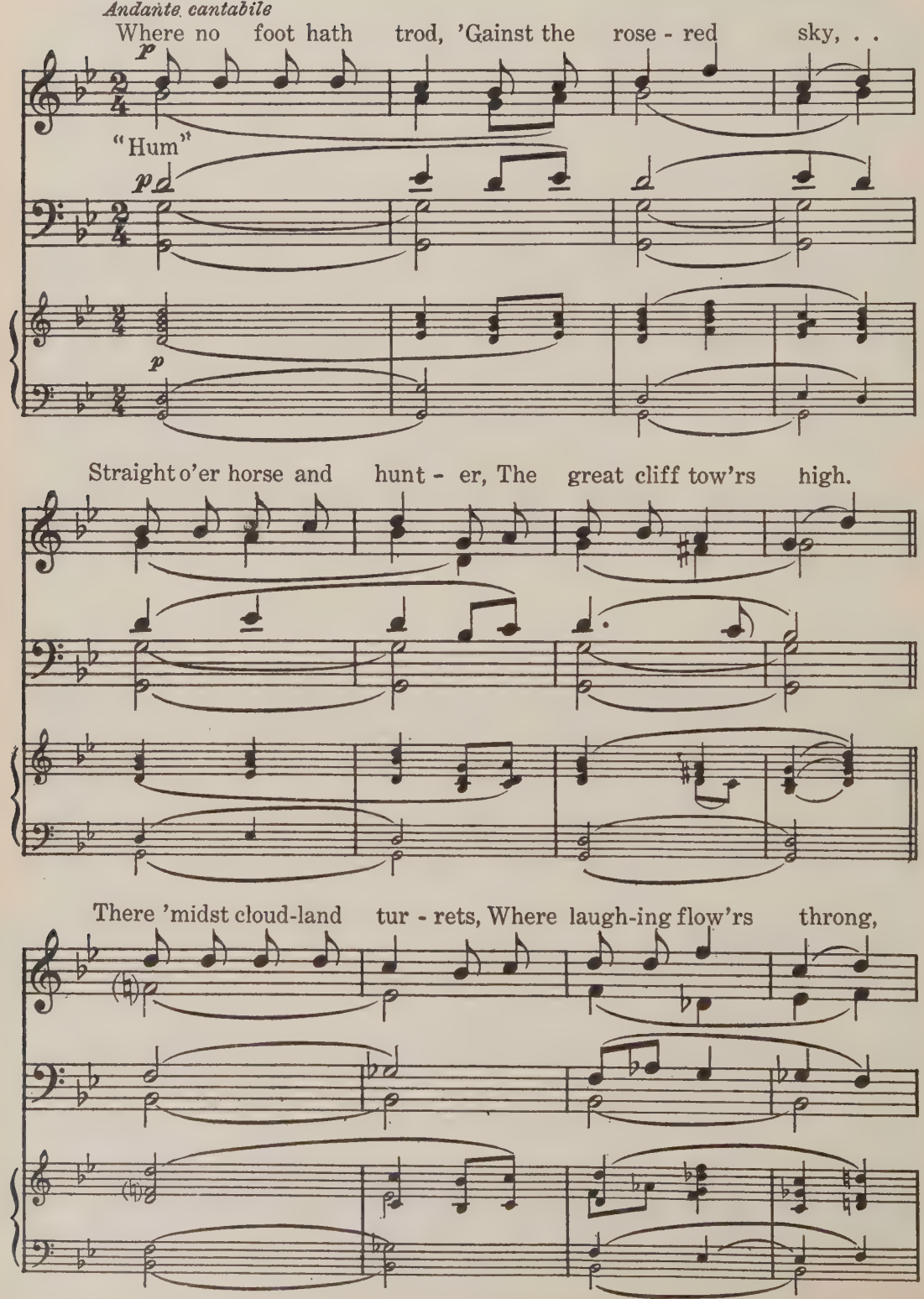

hast a bright blue eye for love, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye!
hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a ru - by lip!
hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a slen - der waist!
hast such pearly, pearl-y teeth, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast such pearl-y teeth!
hast a bright blue eye for love, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a bright blue eye!
hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a ru - by lip!
hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast a slen - der waist!
hast such pearly, pearl-y teeth, Nutbrown maiden, thou hast such pearl-y teeth!

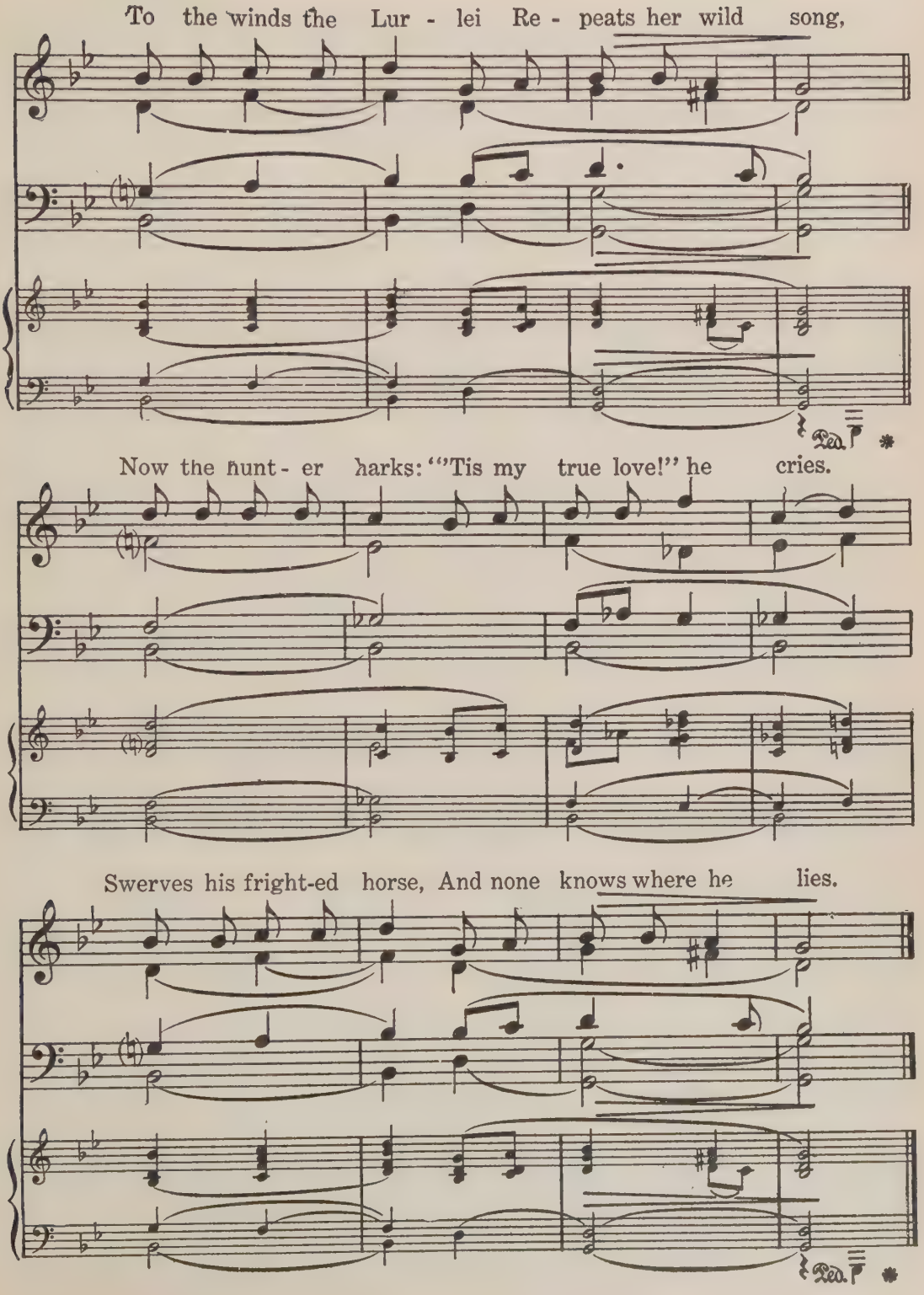
THE WILD RIDER

Cecil Cowdrey

Russian Folk Song
Used by Rimski-Korsakov

Andante cantabile

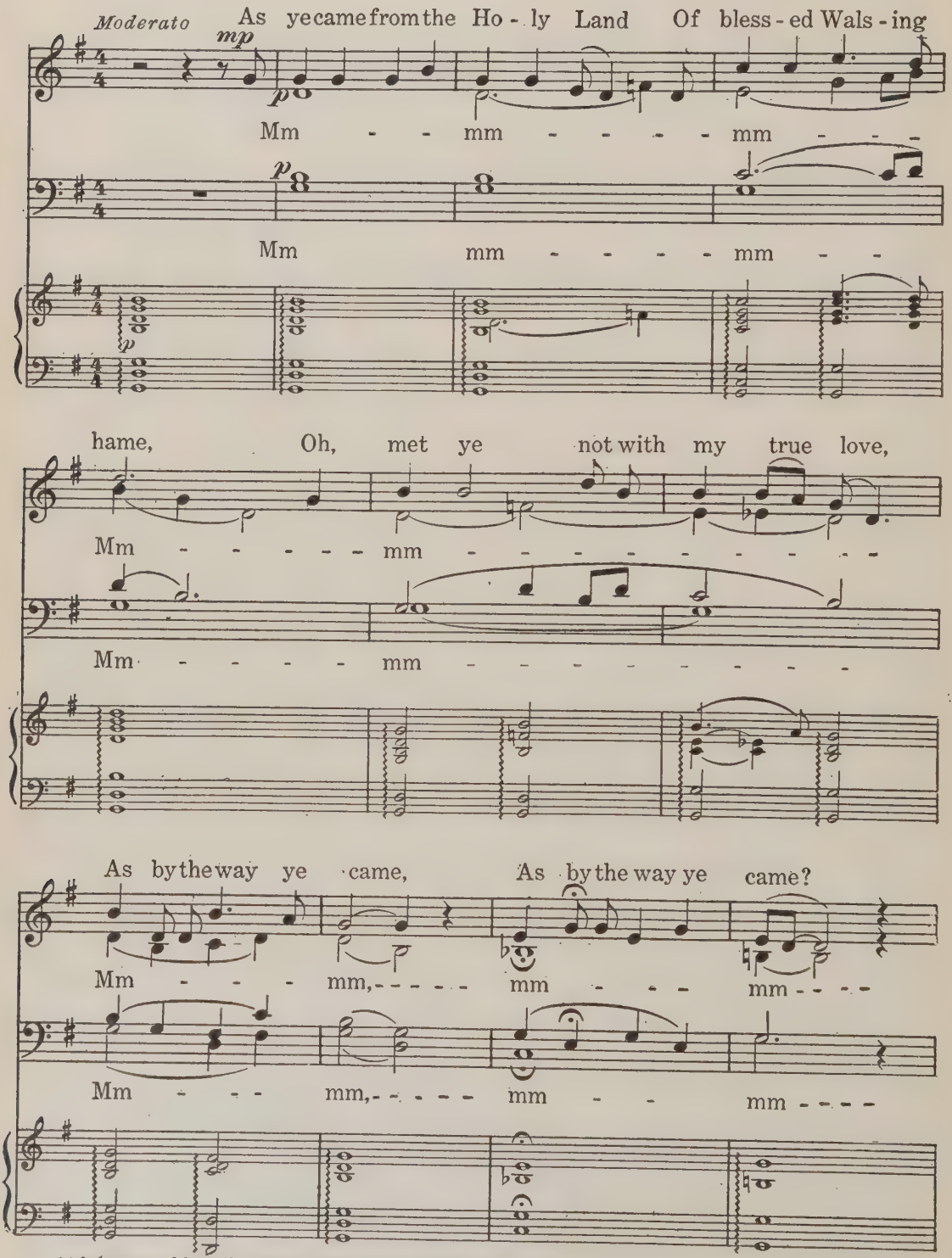



To the winds the Lur - lei Re - peats her wild song,
Ped.
Now the hunt - er harks: "'Tis my true love!" he cries.
Swerves his fright-ed horse, And none knows where he lies.
Ped.

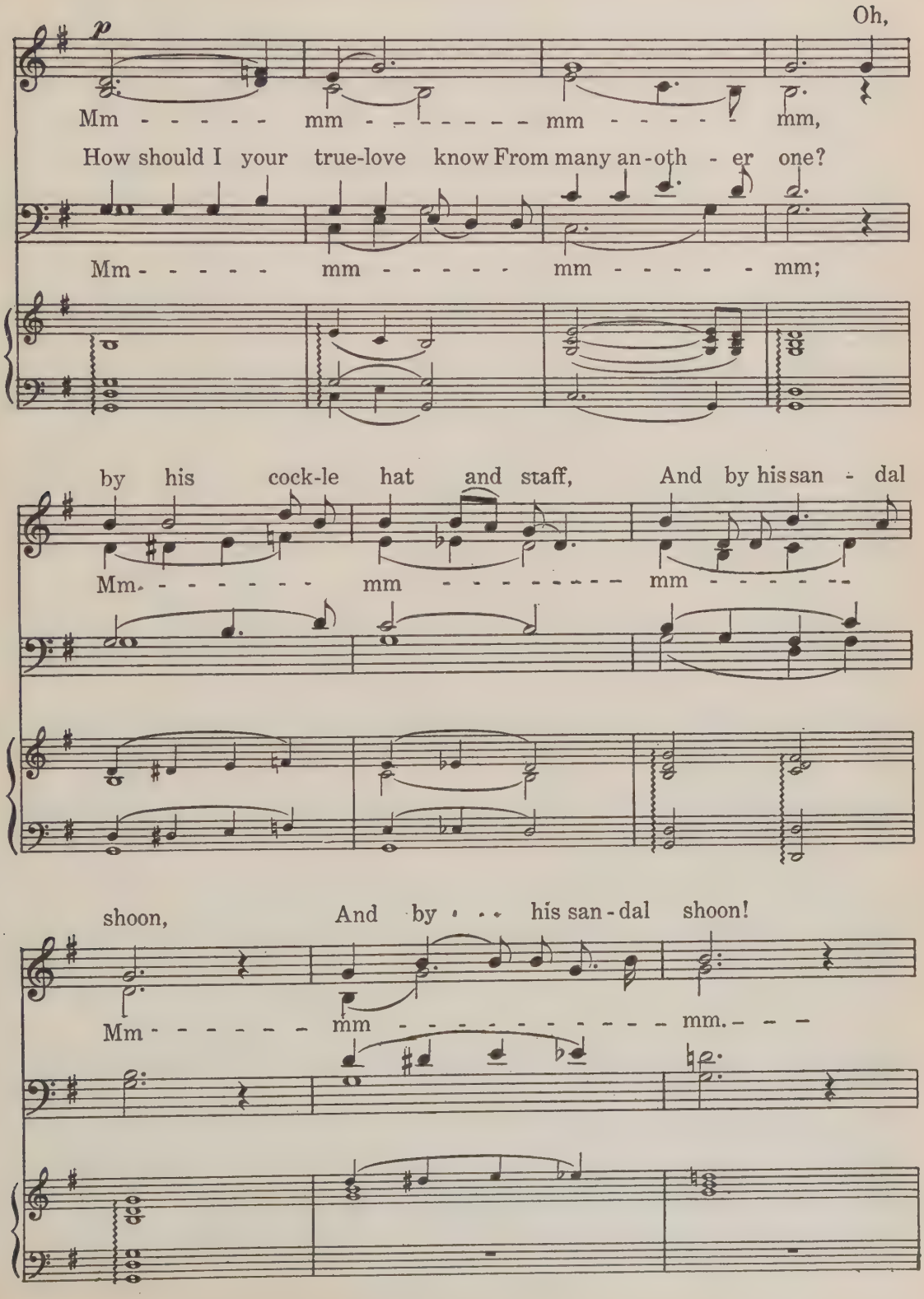
AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND

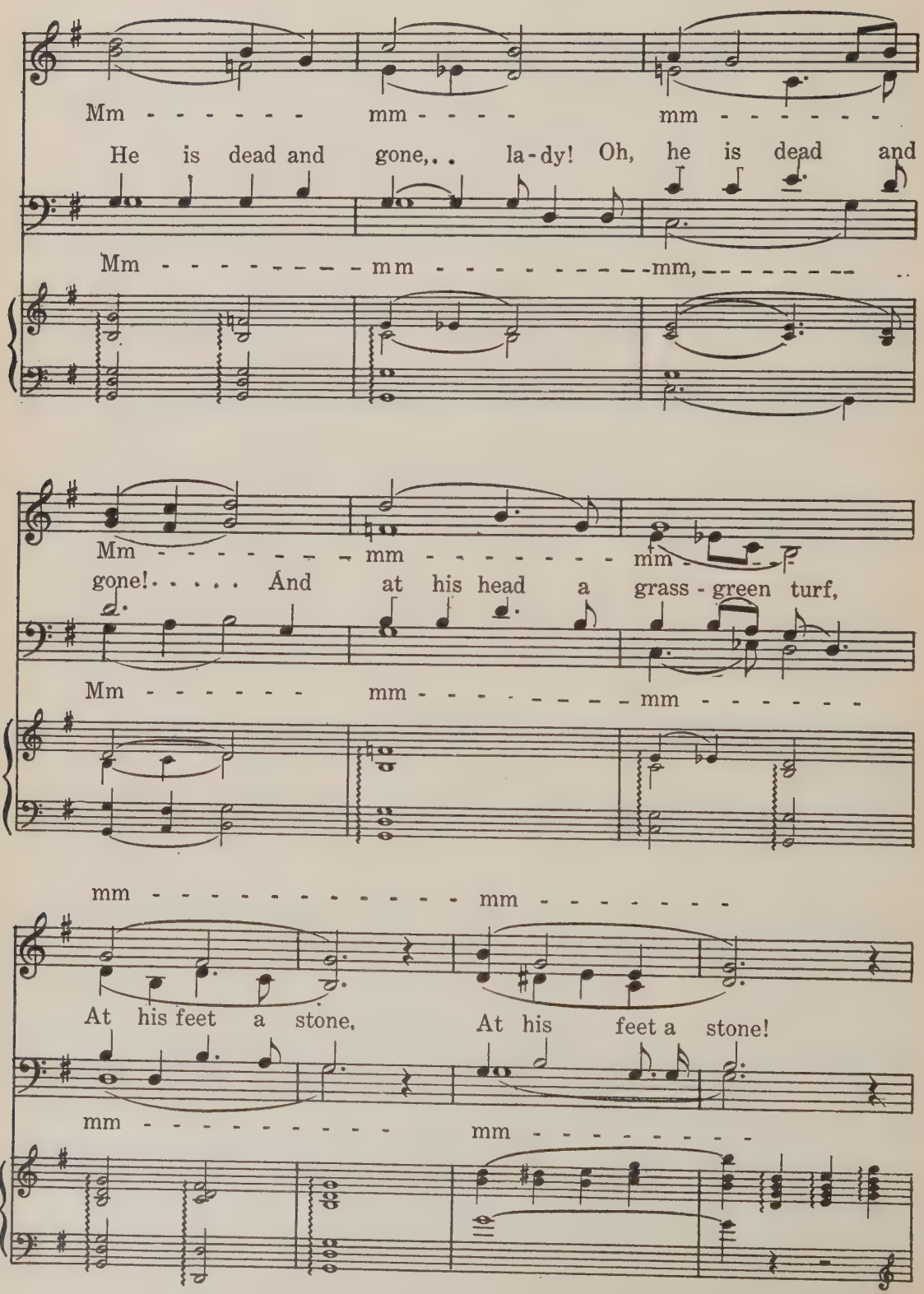
Old English Ballad

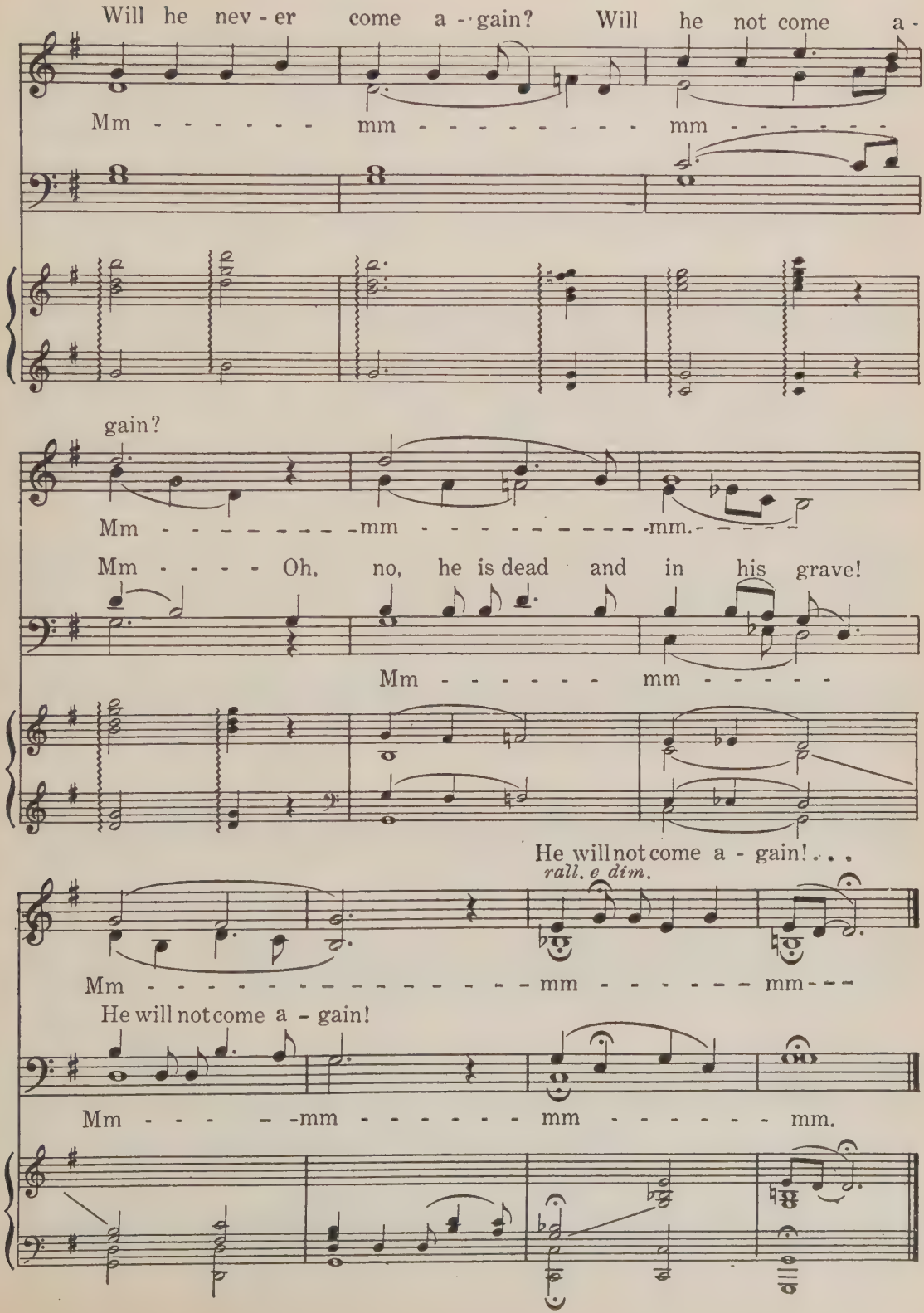
Traditional Air
Surviving in Kentucky



Melody reprinted from *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1927, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.


p
Oh,
Mm - - - - - mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - mm,
How should I your true-love know From many an-oth - er one?
Mm - - - - - mm - - - - - mm - - - - - mm;
by his cock-le hat and staff, And by his san - dal
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - -
shoon, And by his san-dal shoon!
Mm - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - - mm. - - -


Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - mm - - - - - - -
He is dead and gone,. . la-dy! Oh, he is dead and
Mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - - mm,
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -
gone! . . . . And at his head a grass-green turf,
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -
mm - - - - - - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - -
At his feet a stone, At his feet a stone!
mm - - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - -

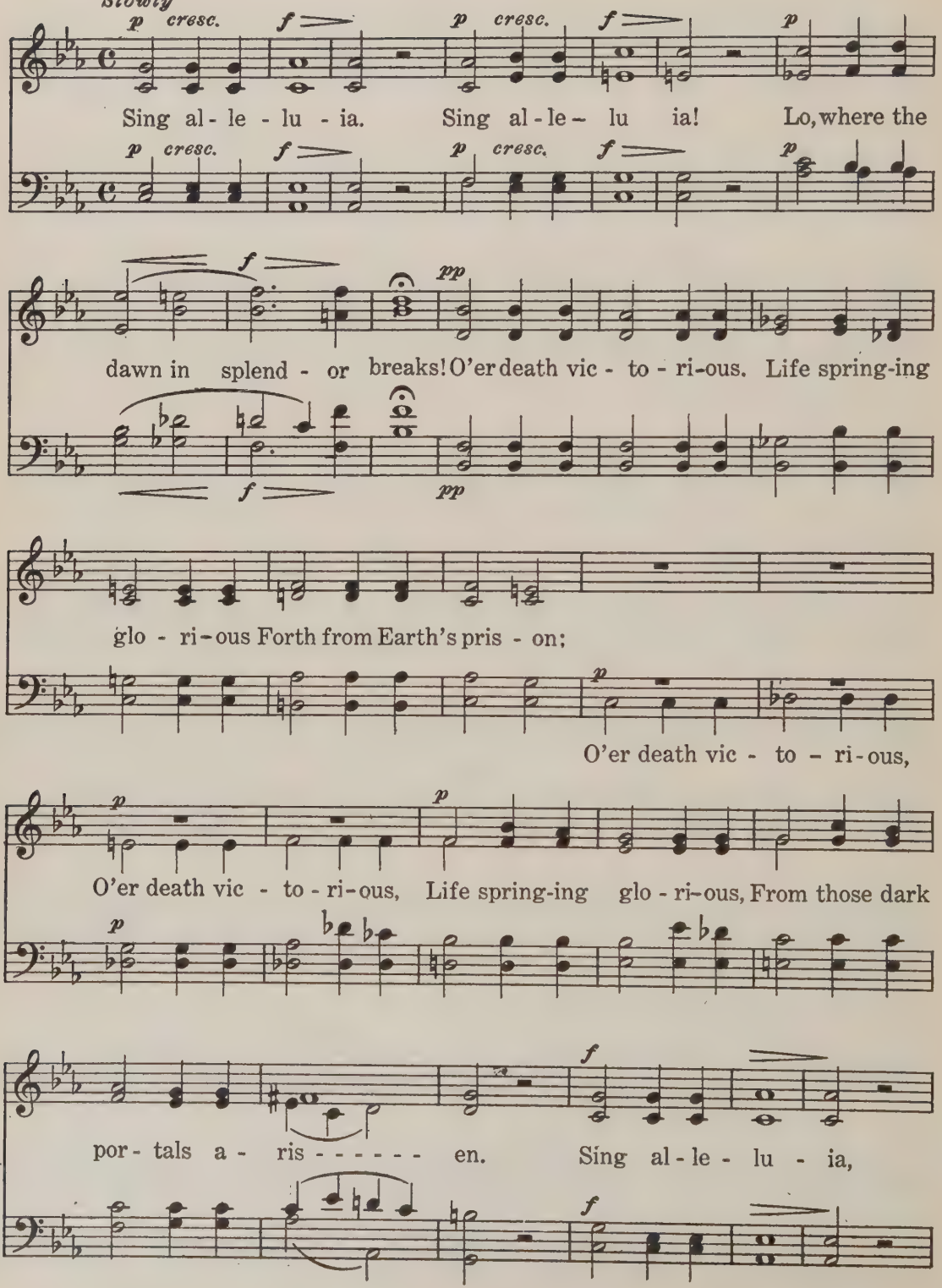

Will he nev - er come a - gain? Will he not come a -
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -
gain?
Mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - - - mm.
Mm - - - - Oh, no, he is dead and in his grave!
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - -
He will not come a - gain! . . .
rall. e dim.
Mm - mm - - - - - - - mm - - -
He will not come a - gain!
Mm - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - mm.

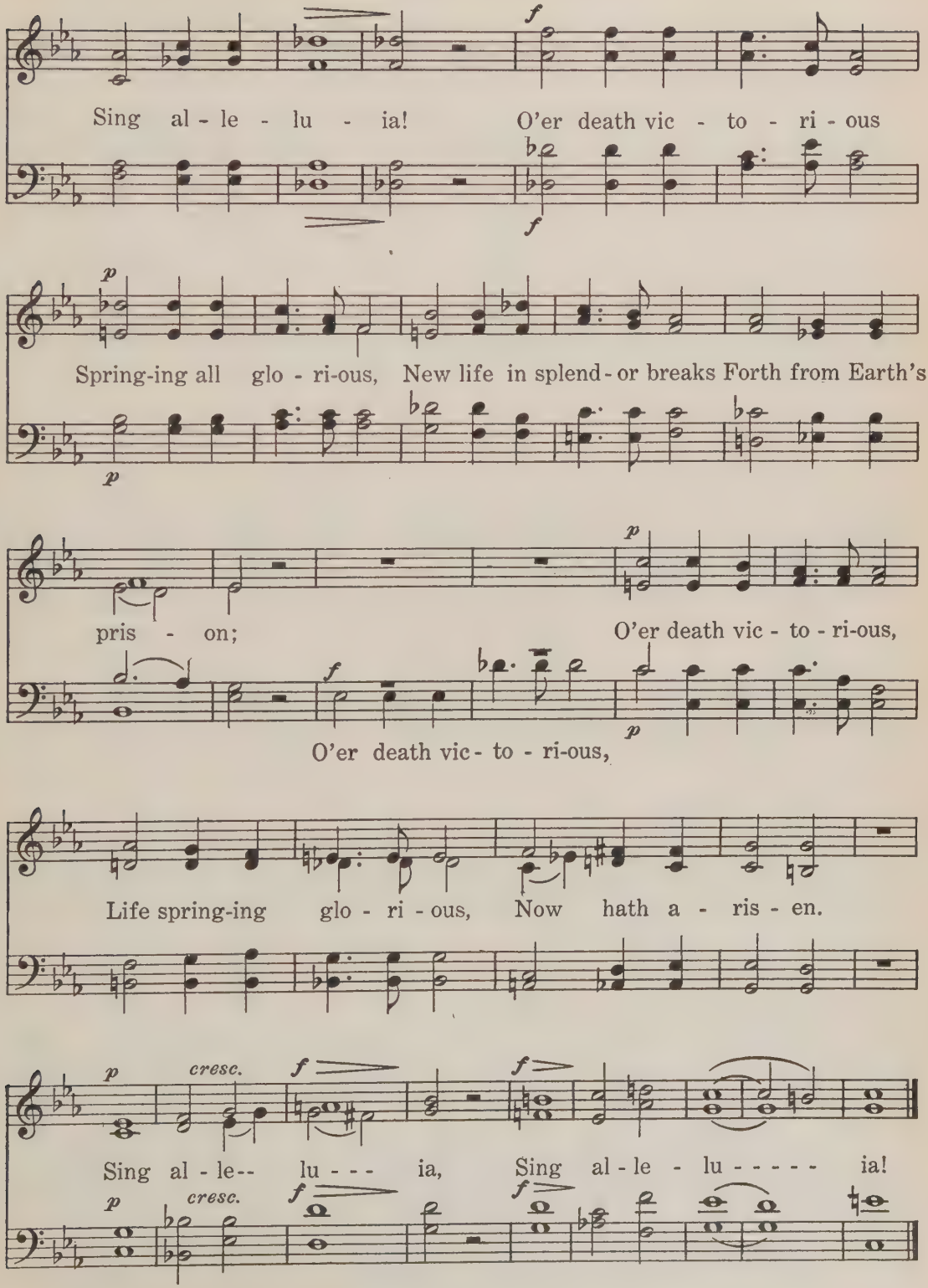
ALLELUIA

Adapted from the "Chorus of Angels" in Goethe's *Faust*

Franz Schubert

Slowly

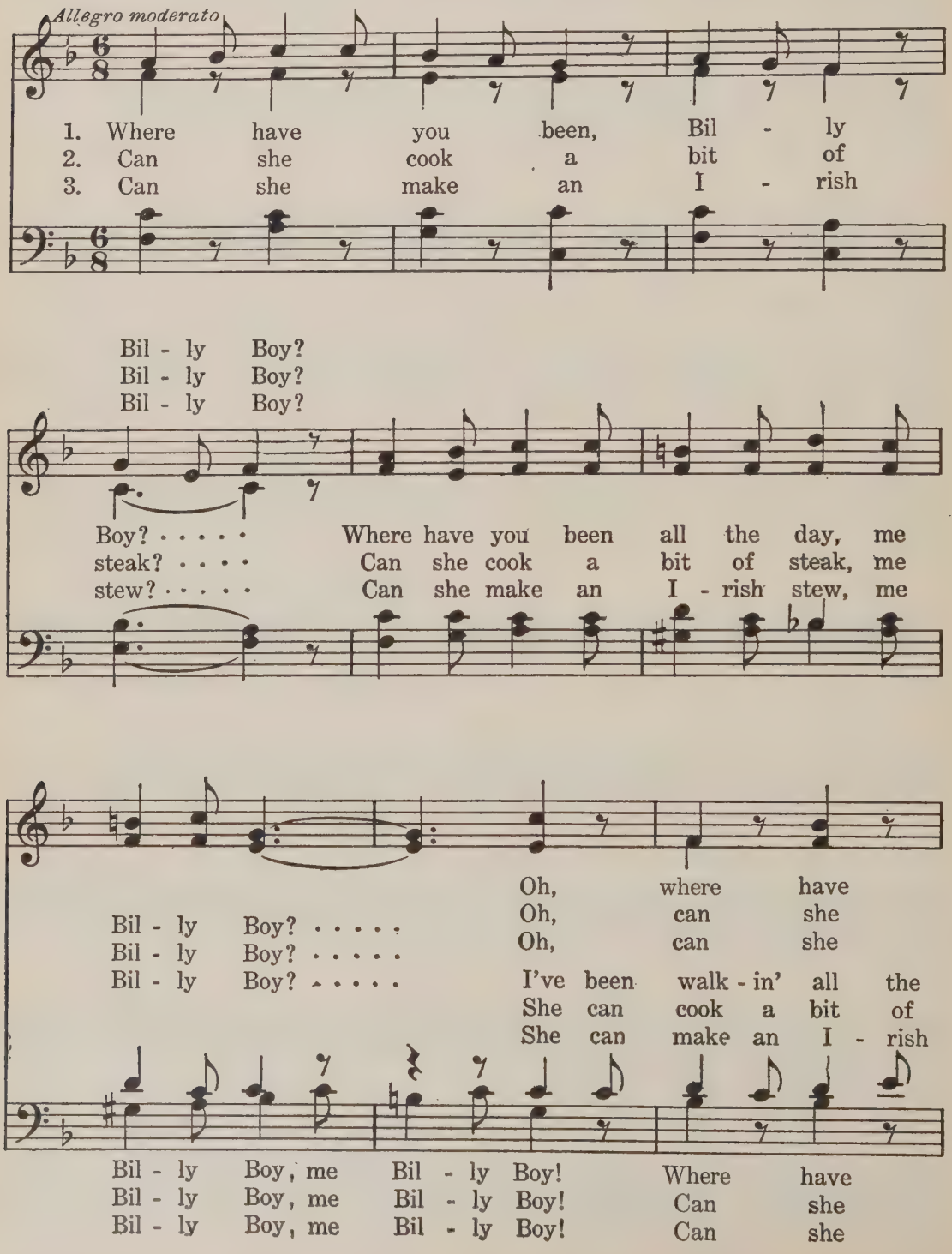


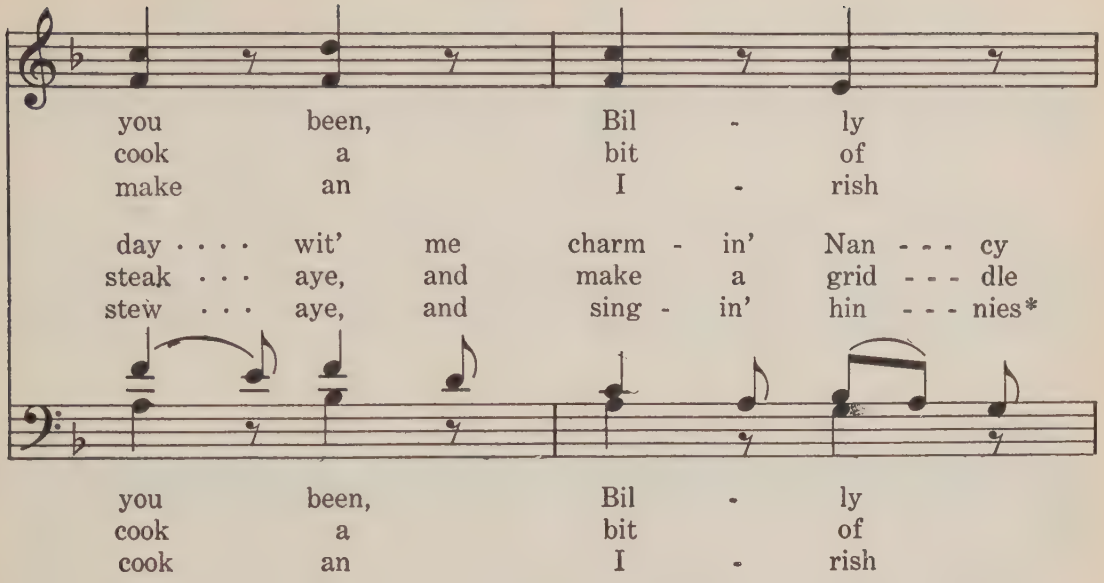

Sing al - le - lu - ia! O'er death vic - to - ri - ous
Spring-ing all glo - ri-ous, New life in splend - or breaks Forth from Earth's
pris - on; O'er death vic - to - ri-ous,
O'er death vic - to - ri-ous,
Life spring-ing glo - ri - ous, Now hath a - ris - en.
Sing al - le-- lu - - - ia, Sing al - le - lu - - - - - ia!
cresc.
cresc.

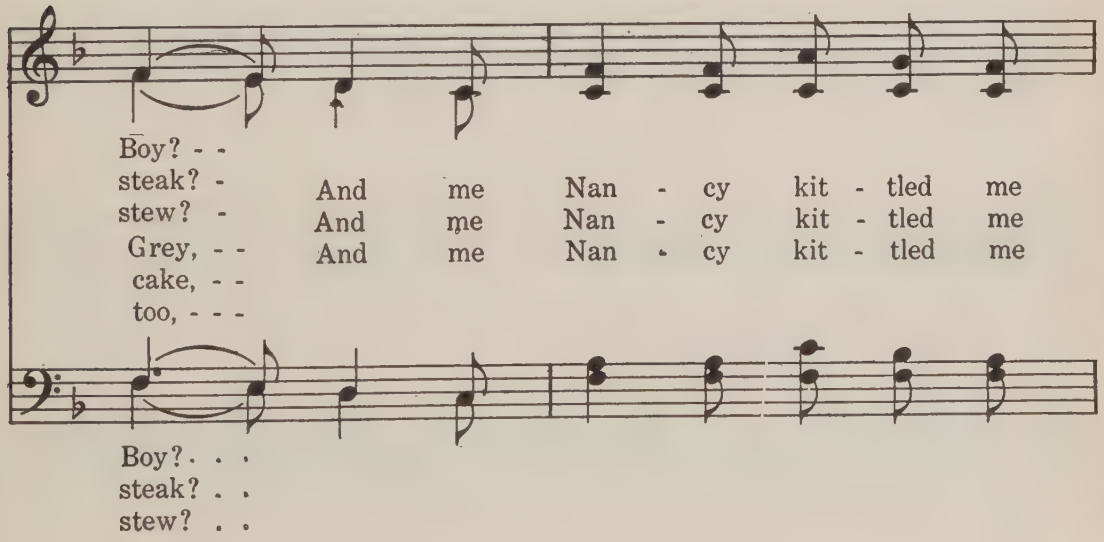
BILLY BOY

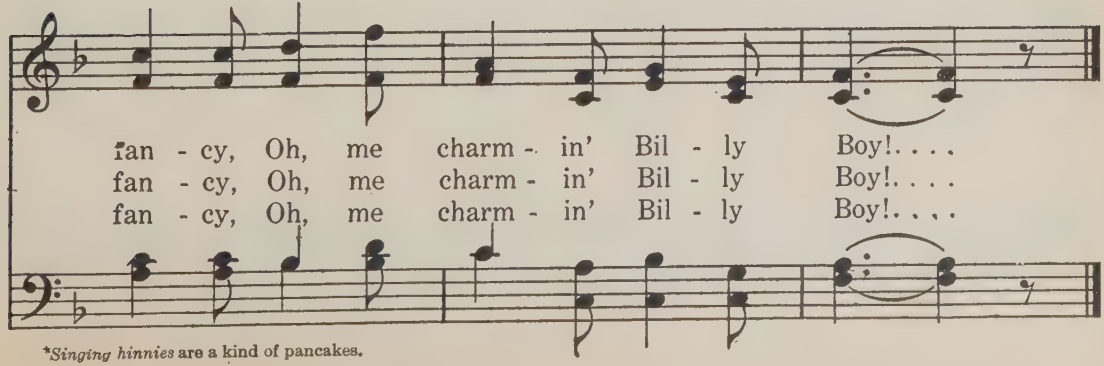
English Chantey

1. Where have you been all the day, Bil - ly Boy,
2. Can she cook a bit of steak, Bil - ly Boy,
3. Can she make an I - rish stew, Bil - ly Boy,





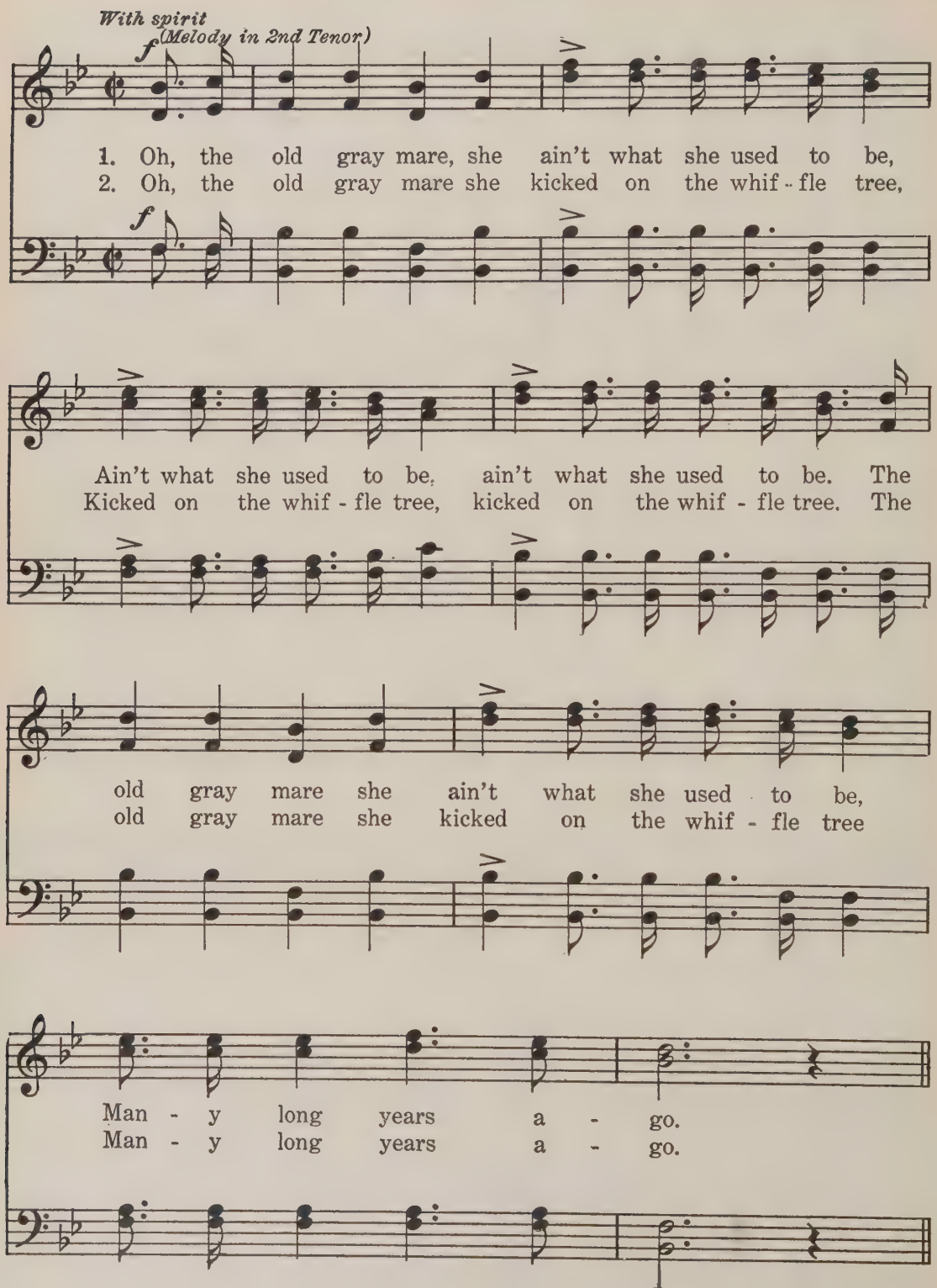


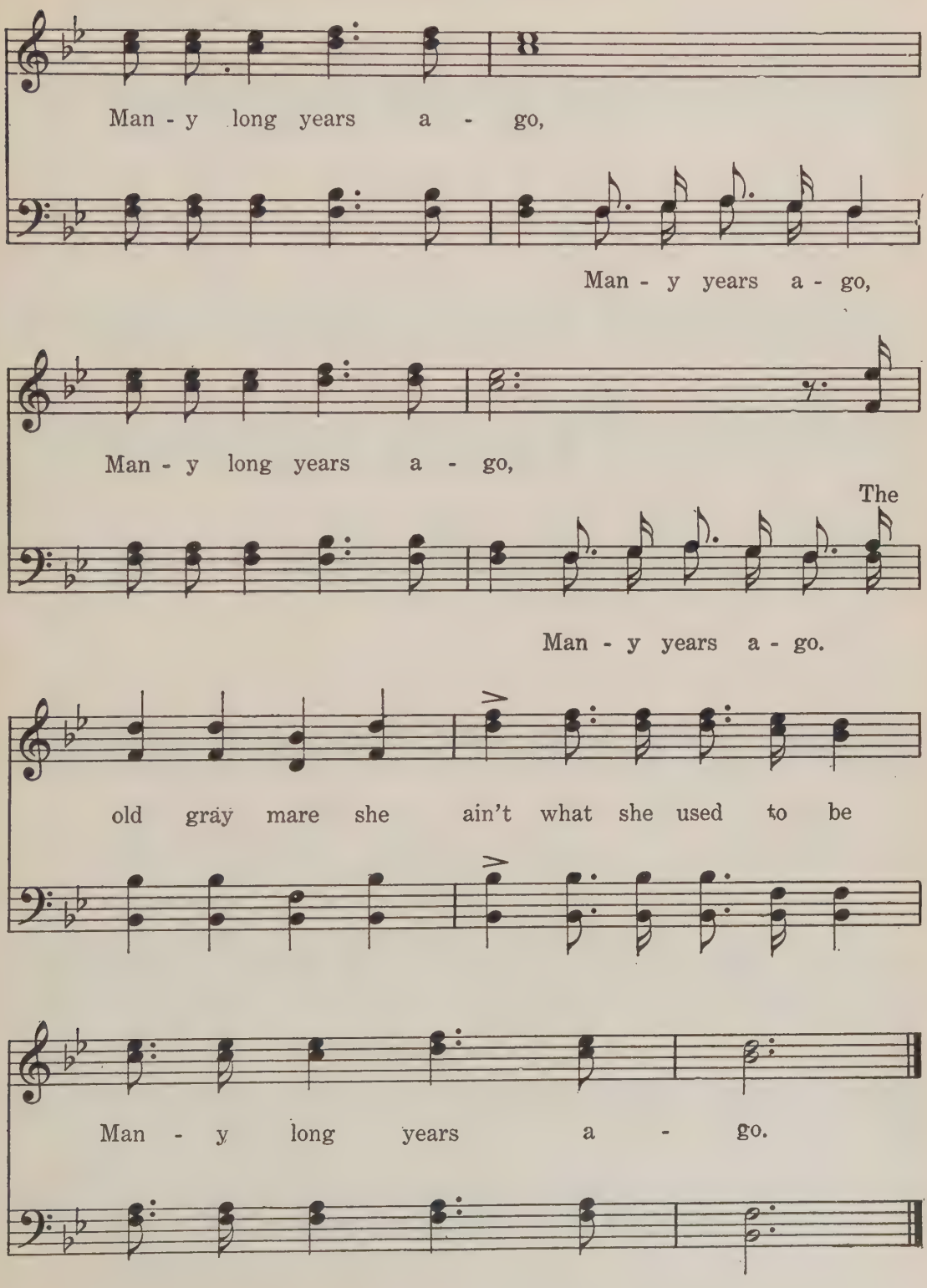


*Singing *hinnies* are a kind of pancakes.

THE OLD GRAY MARE

American Folk Song



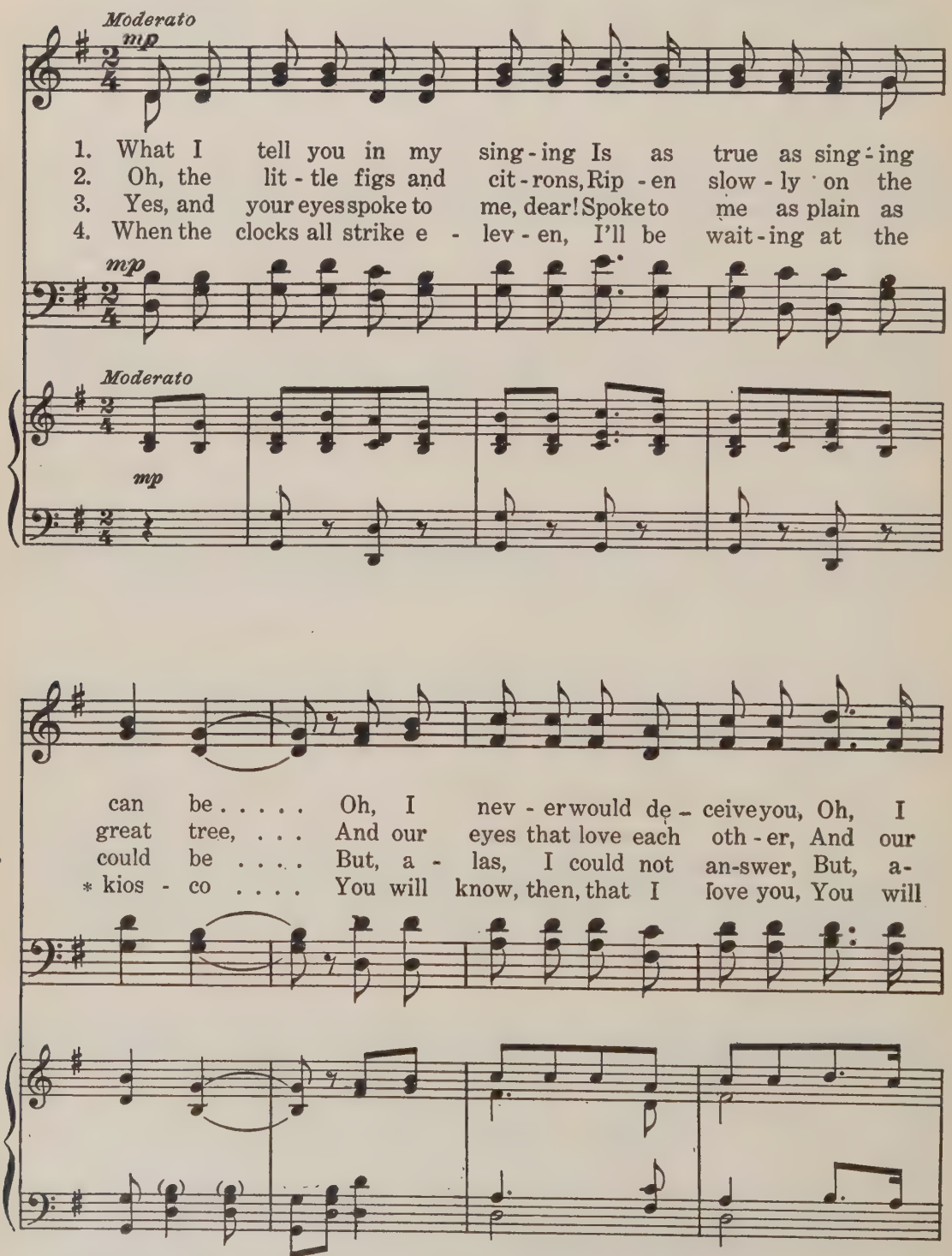

Man - y long years a - go,
Man - y years a - go,
Man - y long years a - go,
The
Man - y years a - go.
old gray mare she ain't what she used to be
Man - y long years a - go.

WHAT I TELL YOU IN MY SINGING

Words Adapted
from the Spanish text

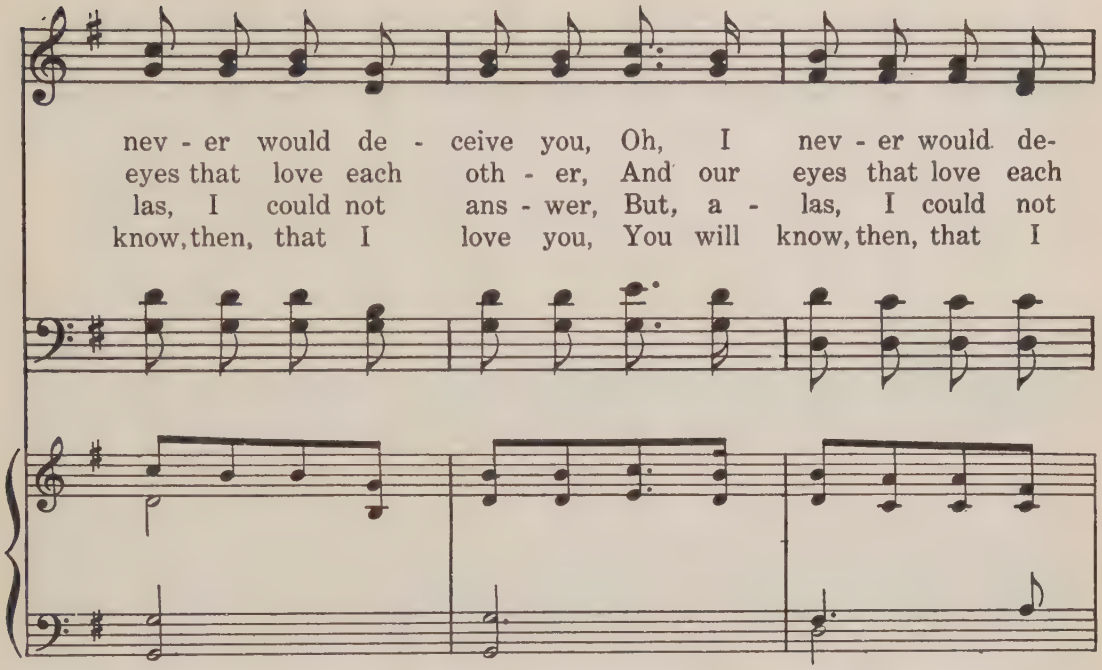
LO QUE DIGO

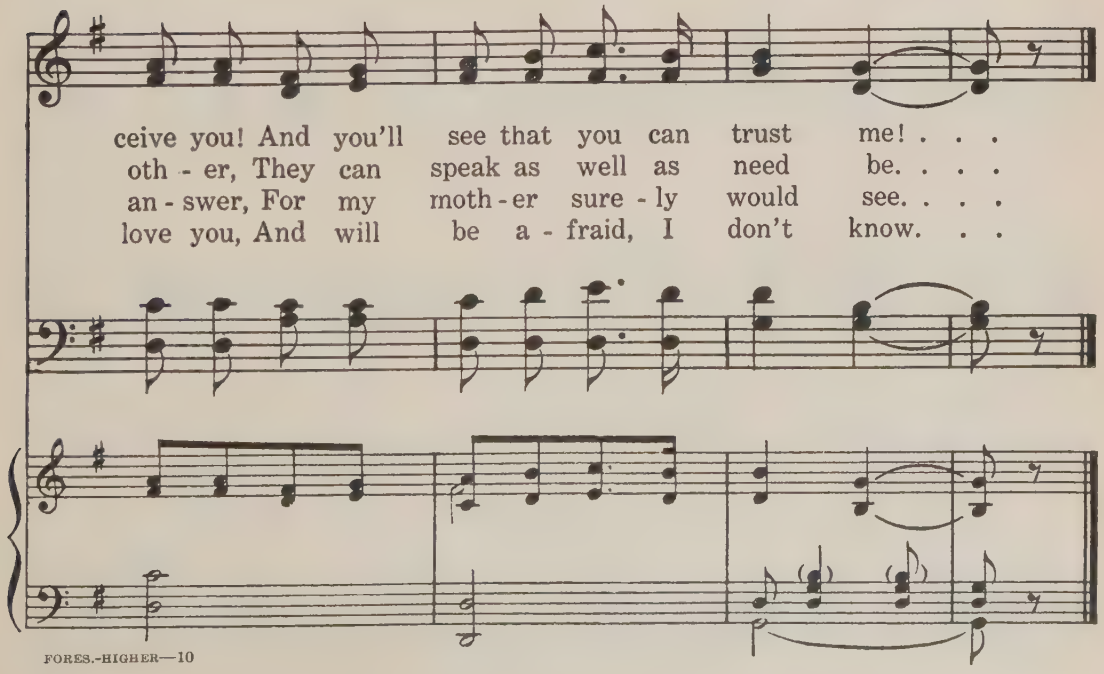
Mexican Folk Song



Melody reprinted from *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1927, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

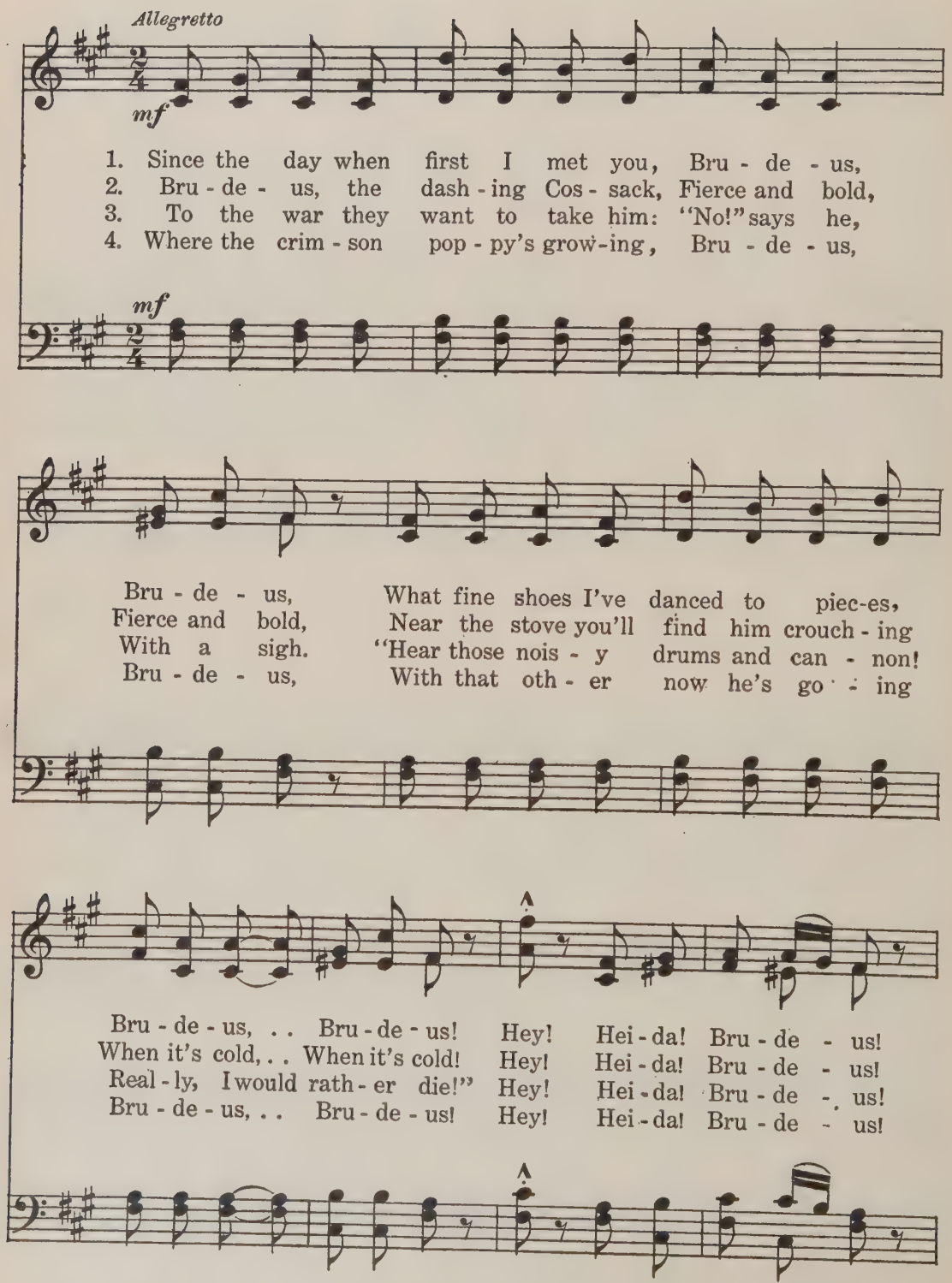
* Pronounced Kyo's co

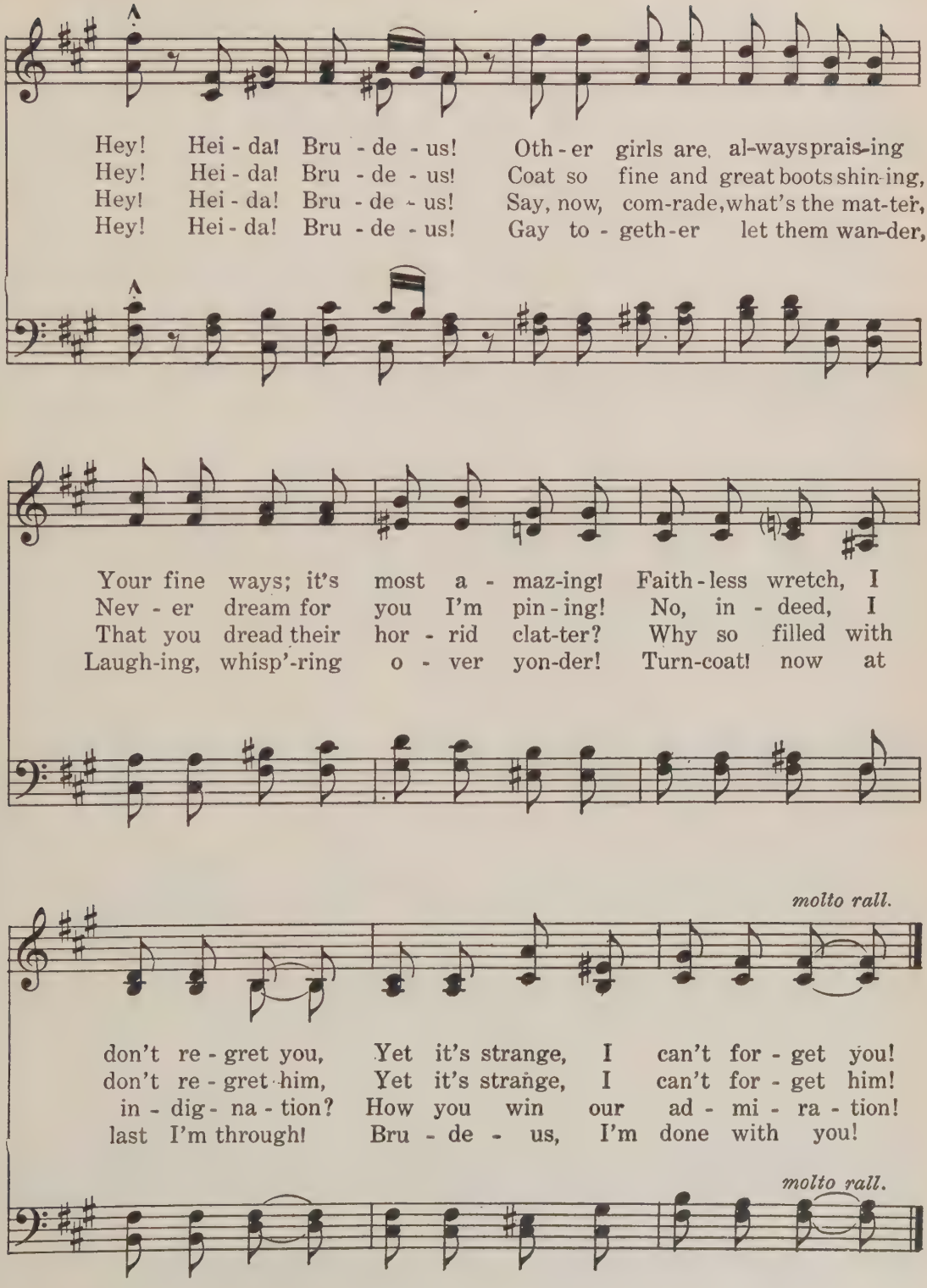

nev - er would de - ceive you, Oh, I nev - er would de-
eyes that love each oth - er, And our eyes that love each
las, I could not ans - wer, But, a - las, I could not
know, then, that I love you, You will know, then, that I


ceive you! And you'll see that you can trust me! . . .
oth - er, They can speak as well as need be. . . .
an - swer, For my moth - er sure - ly would see. . . .
love you, And will be a - fraid, I don't know. . .

BRUDEUS

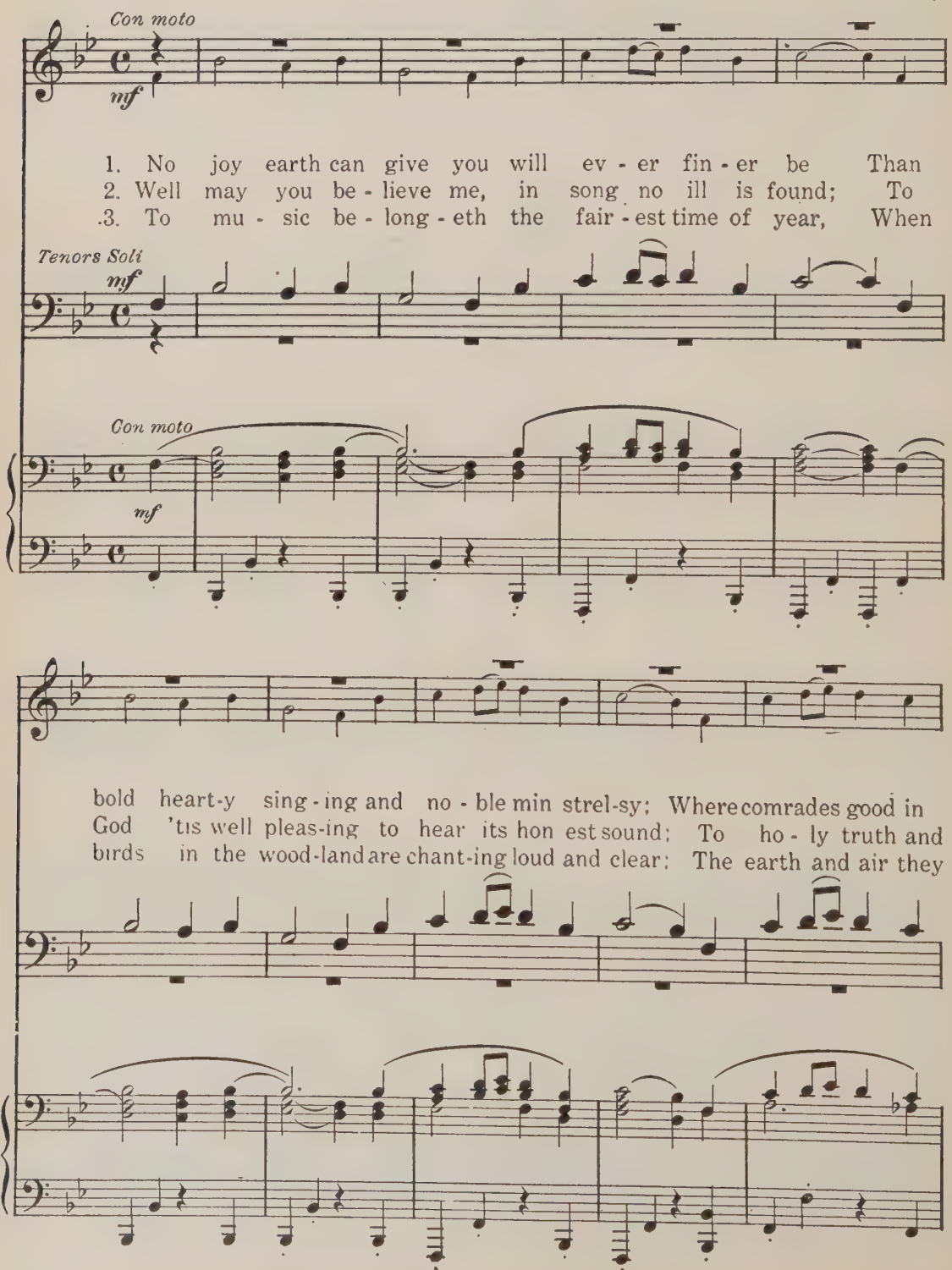
Modest Moussorgsky

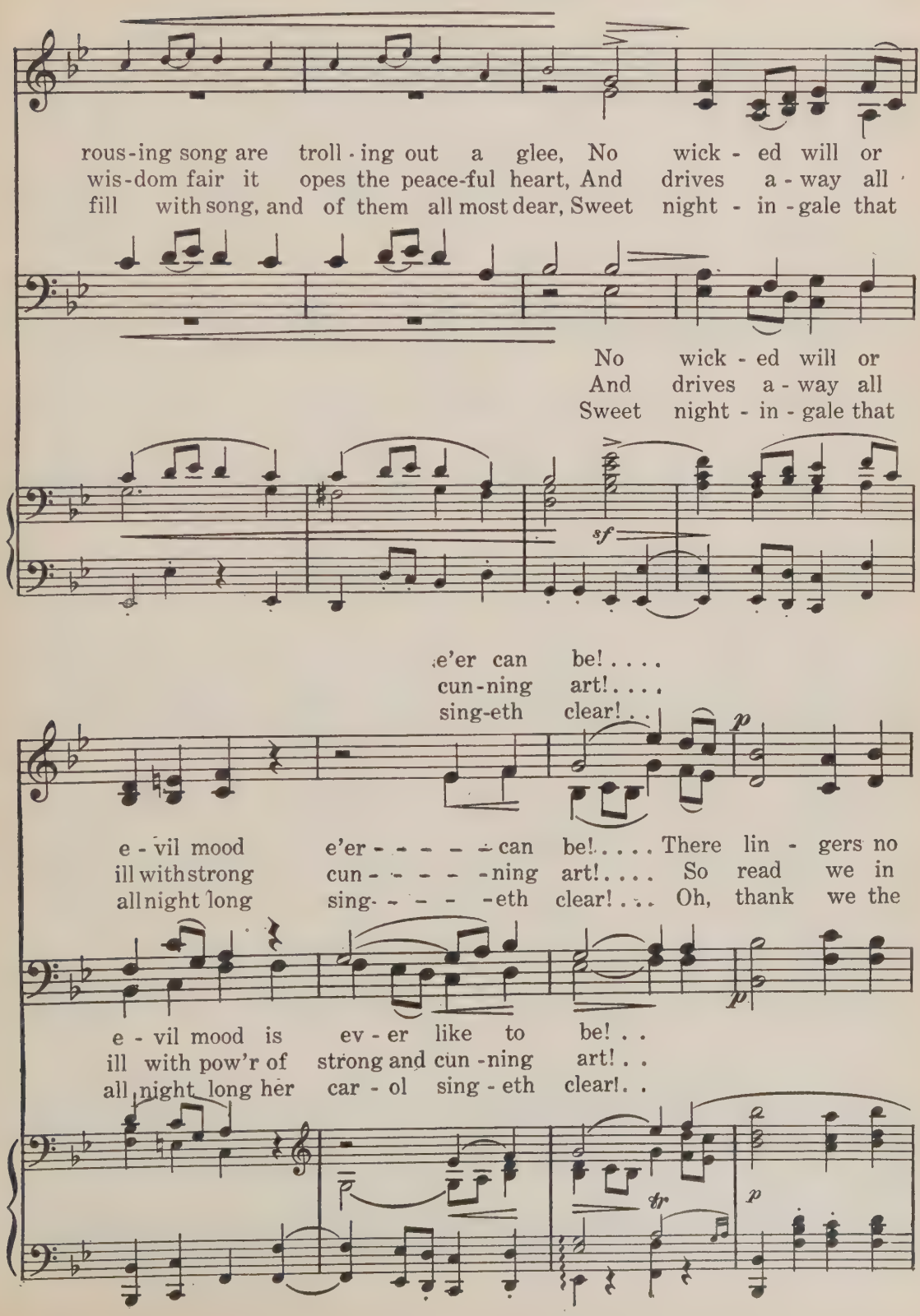


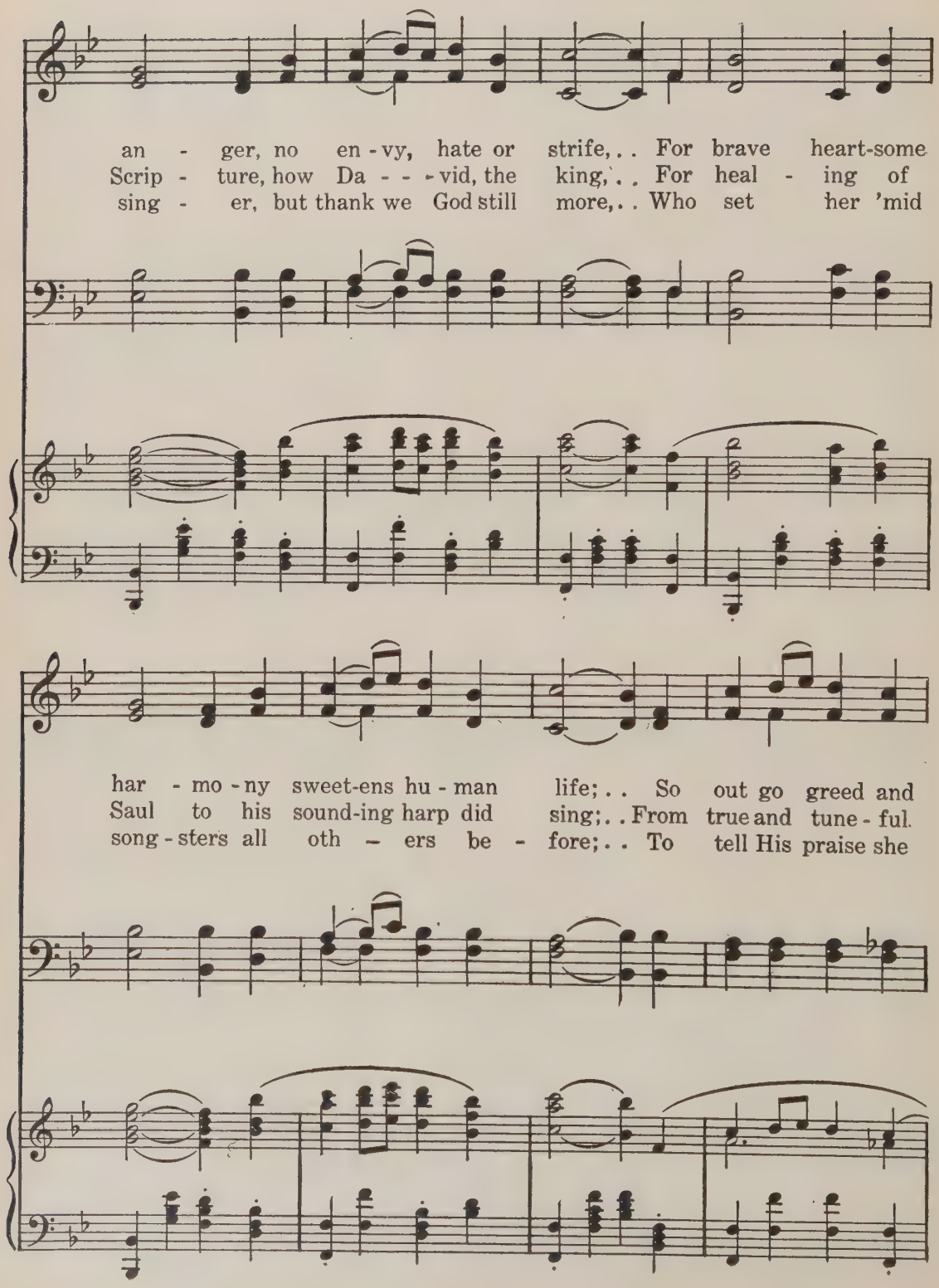

Hey! Hei - da! Bru - de - us! Oth - er girls are al-ways prais-ing
Hey! Hei - da! Bru - de - us! Coat so fine and great boots shin-ing,
Hey! Hei - da! Bru - de - us! Say, now, com-rade, what's the mat-ter,
Hey! Hei - da! Bru - de - us! Gay to - geth-er let them wan-der,
Your fine ways; it's most a - maz-ing! Faith - less wretch, I
Nev - er dream for you I'm pin - ing! No, in - deed, I
That you dread their hor - rid clat-ter? Why so filled with
Laugh-ing, whisp'-ring o - ver yon-der! Turn-coat! now at
molto rall.
don't re - gret you, Yet it's strange, I can't for - get you!
don't re - gret him, Yet it's strange, I can't for - get him!
in - dig - na - tion? How you win our ad - mi - ra - tion!
last I'm through! Bru - de - us, I'm done with you!
molto rall.

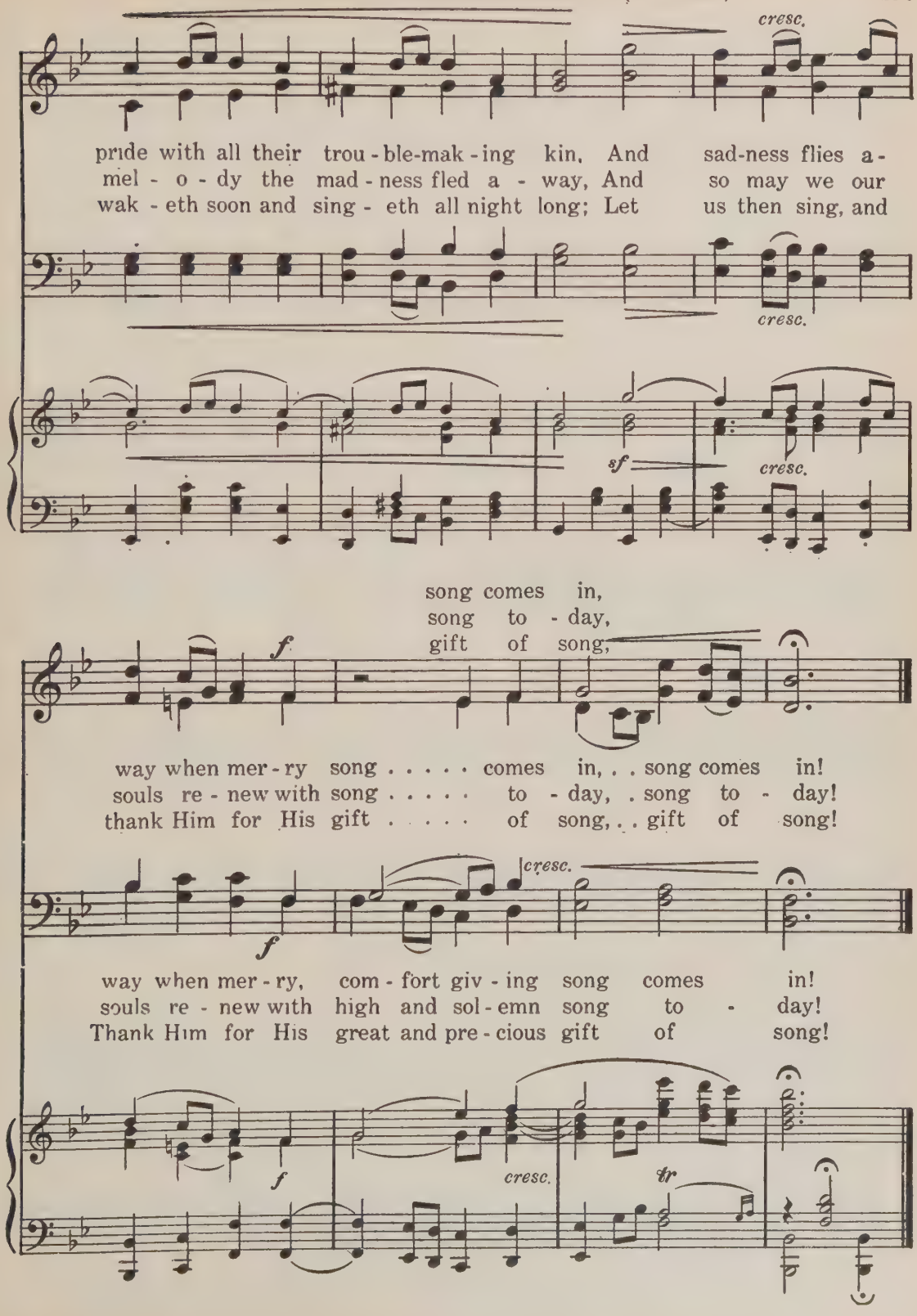
From the German
of Martin Luther

Johannes Brahms
Adapted from the C *Minor* Symphony




rous-ing song are troll-ing out a glee, No wick-ed will or
wis-dom fair it opes the peace-ful heart, And drives a-way all
fill with song, and of them all most dear, Sweet night-in-gale that
No wick-ed will or
And drives a-way all
Sweet night-in-gale that
sf
e'er can be!....
cun-ning art!....
sing-eth clear!...
p
e-vil mood e'er-----can be!.... There lin-gers no
ill with strong cun-----ning art!.... So read we in
all night long sing-----eth clear!.... Oh, thank we the
p
e-vil mood is ev-er like to be!..
ill with pow'r of strong and cun-ning art!..
all night long her car-ol sing-eth clear!..
p
tr
p

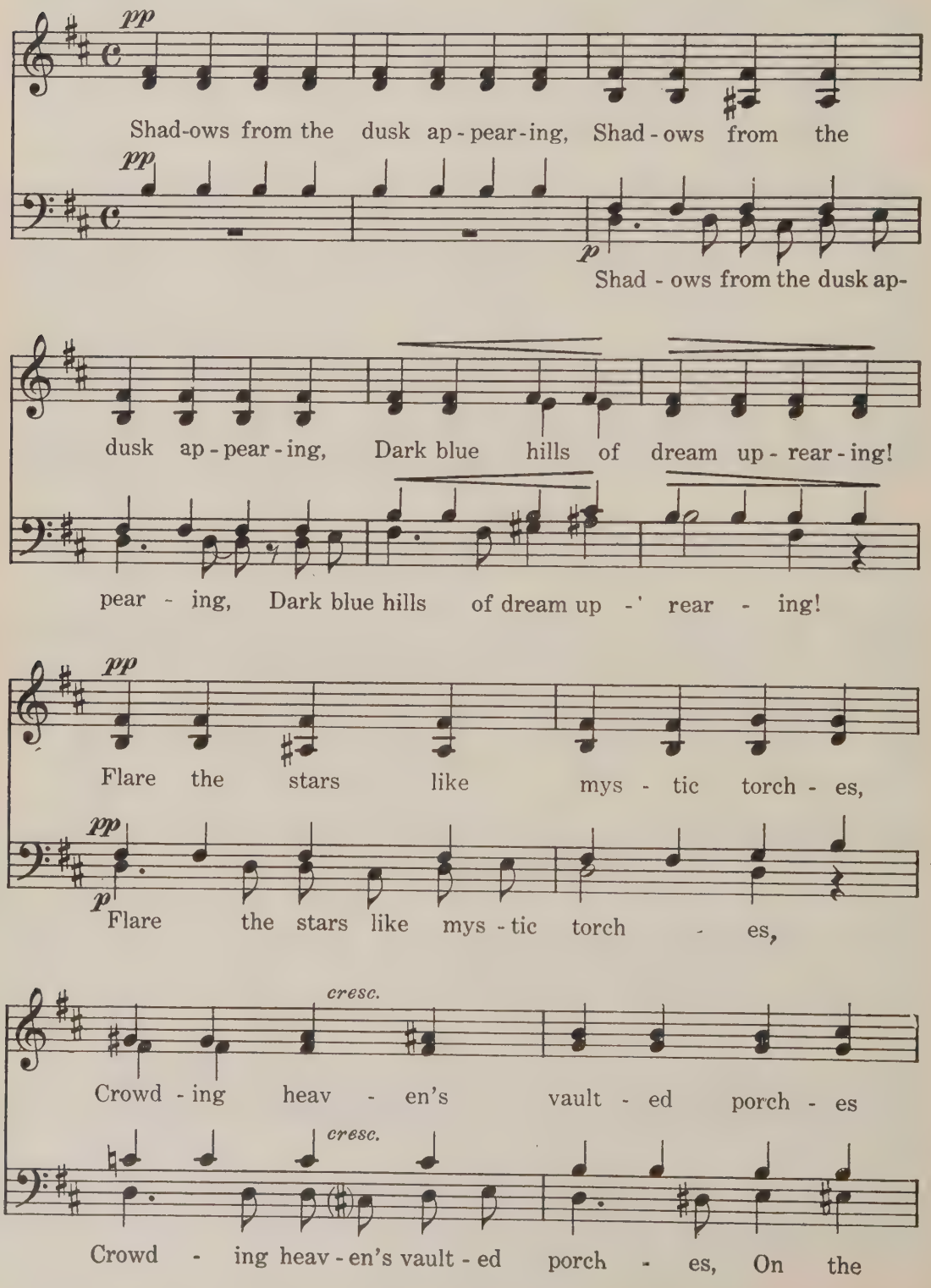

an - ger, no en - vy, hate or strife, . . For brave heart-some
Scrip - ture, how Da - - - vid, the king, . . For heal - ing of
sing - er, but thank we God still more, . . Who set her 'mid
har - mo - ny sweet-ens hu - man life; . . So out go greed and
Saul to his sound-ing harp did sing; . . From true and tune - ful
song - sters all oth - ers be - fore; . . To tell His praise she

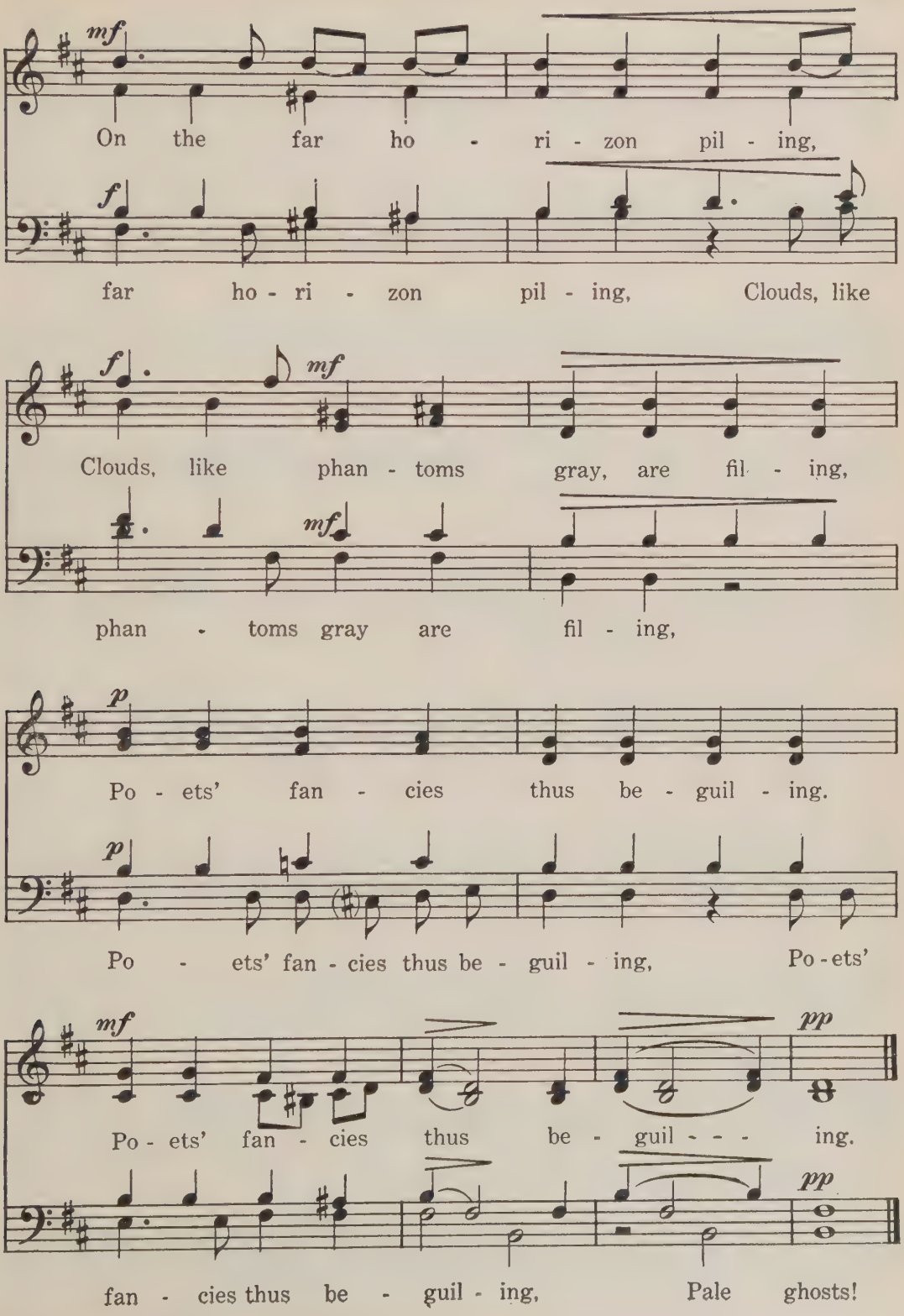

cresc.
pride with all their trou - ble-mak - ing kin, And sad-ness flies a -
mel - o - dy the mad - ness fled a - way, And so may we our
wak - eth soon and sing - eth all night long; Let us then sing, and
cresc.
sf
cresc.
song comes in,
song to - day,
gift of song;
f
way when mer - ry song . . . . . comes in, . . song comes in!
souls re - new with song . . . . . to - day, . song to - day!
thank Him for His gift . . . . . of song, . . gift of song!
cresc.
f
way when mer - ry, com - fort giv - ing song comes in!
souls re - new with high and sol - emn song to - day!
Thank Him for His great and pre - cious gift of song!
f
cresc.
tr

A NIGHT PICTURE

Adapted from the Russian

Cesar Cui

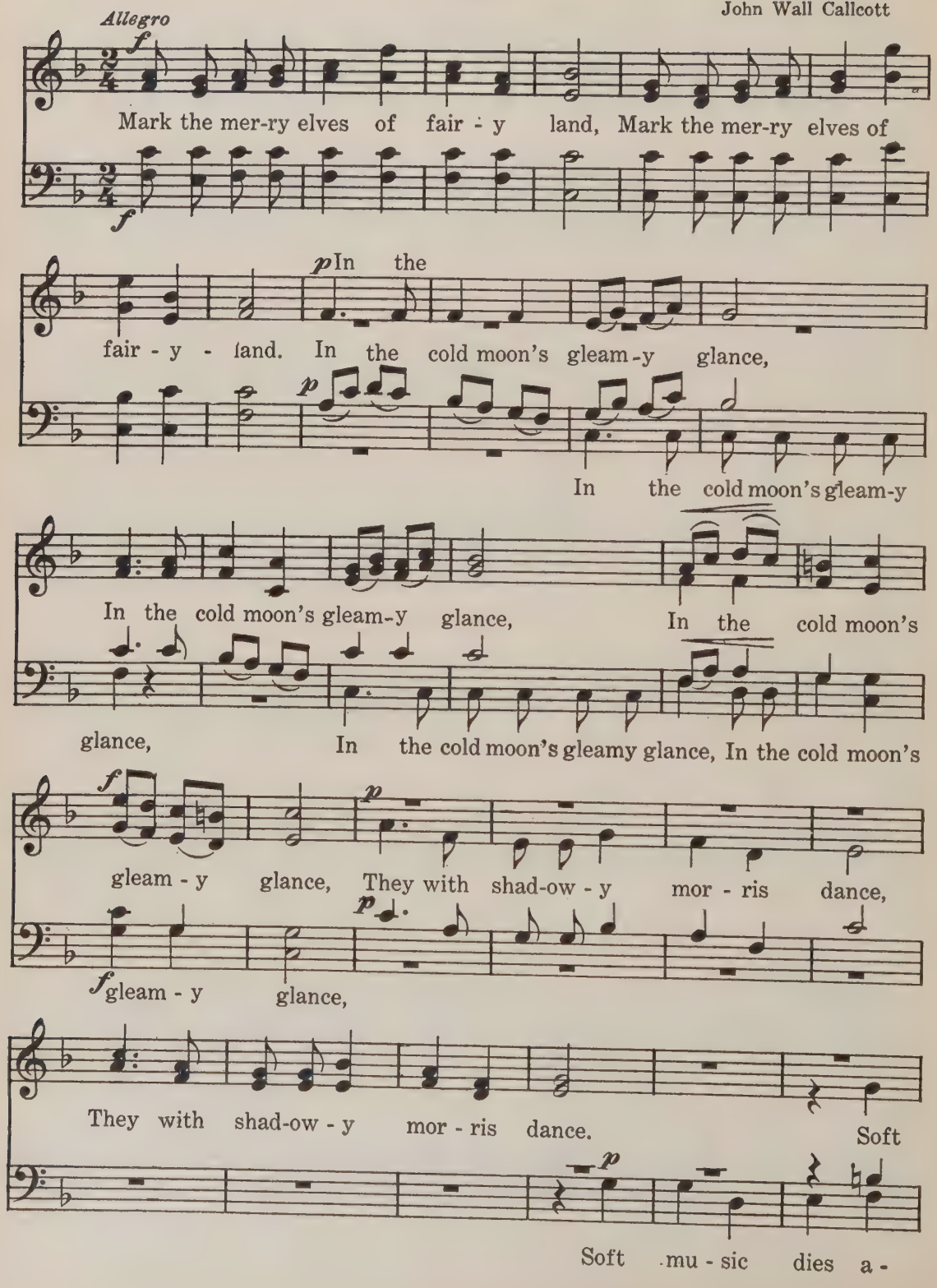


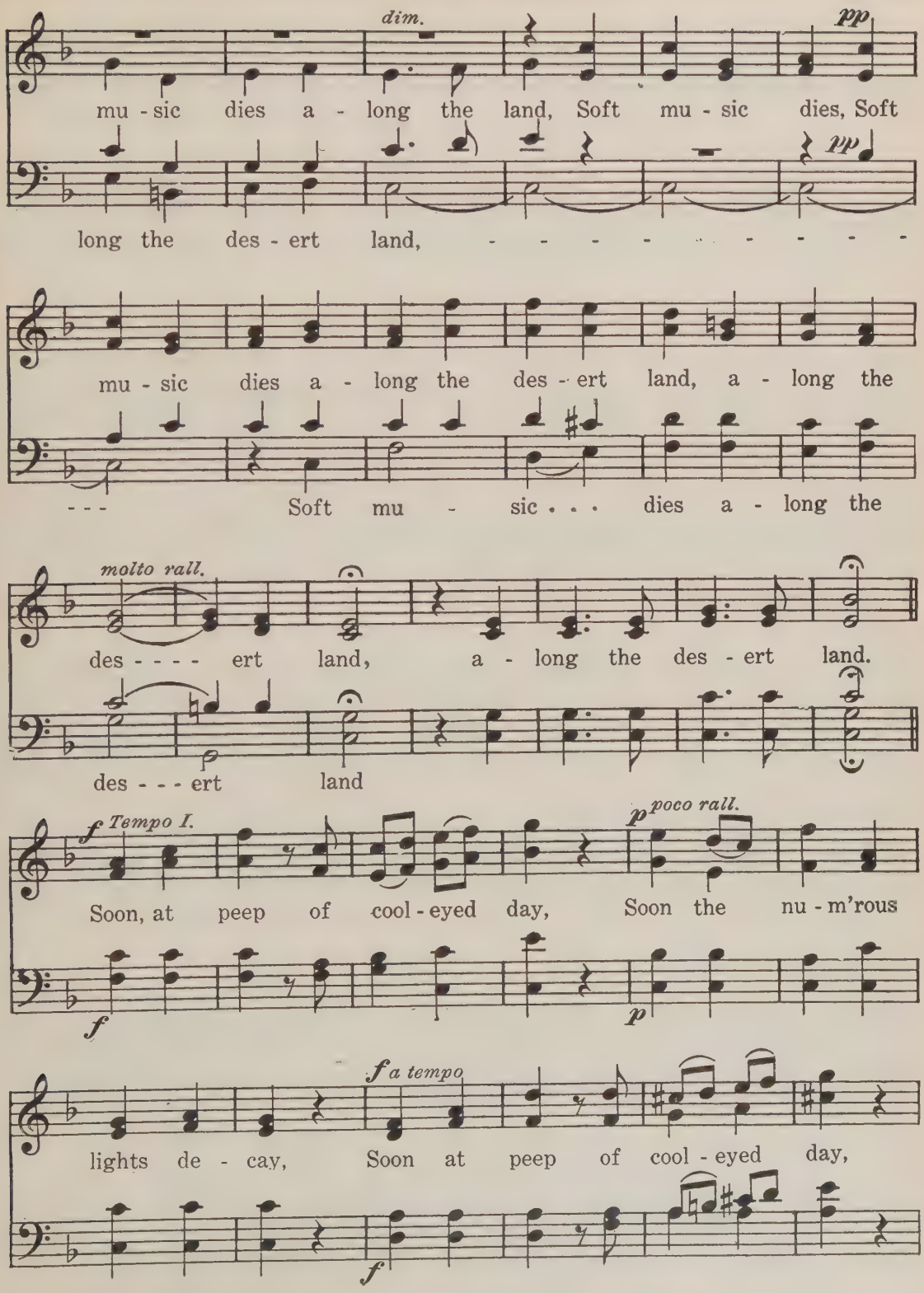

mf
On the far ho - ri - zon pil - ing,
f
far ho - ri - zon pil - ing, Clouds, like
f
mf
Clouds, like phan - toms gray, are fil - ing,
mf
phan - toms gray are fil - ing,
p
Po - ets' fan - cies thus be - guil - ing.
p
Po - ets' fan - cies thus be - guil - ing, Po - ets'
mf
Po - ets' fan - cies thus be - guil - - - ing.
pp
pp
fan - cies thus be - guil - ing, Pale ghosts!

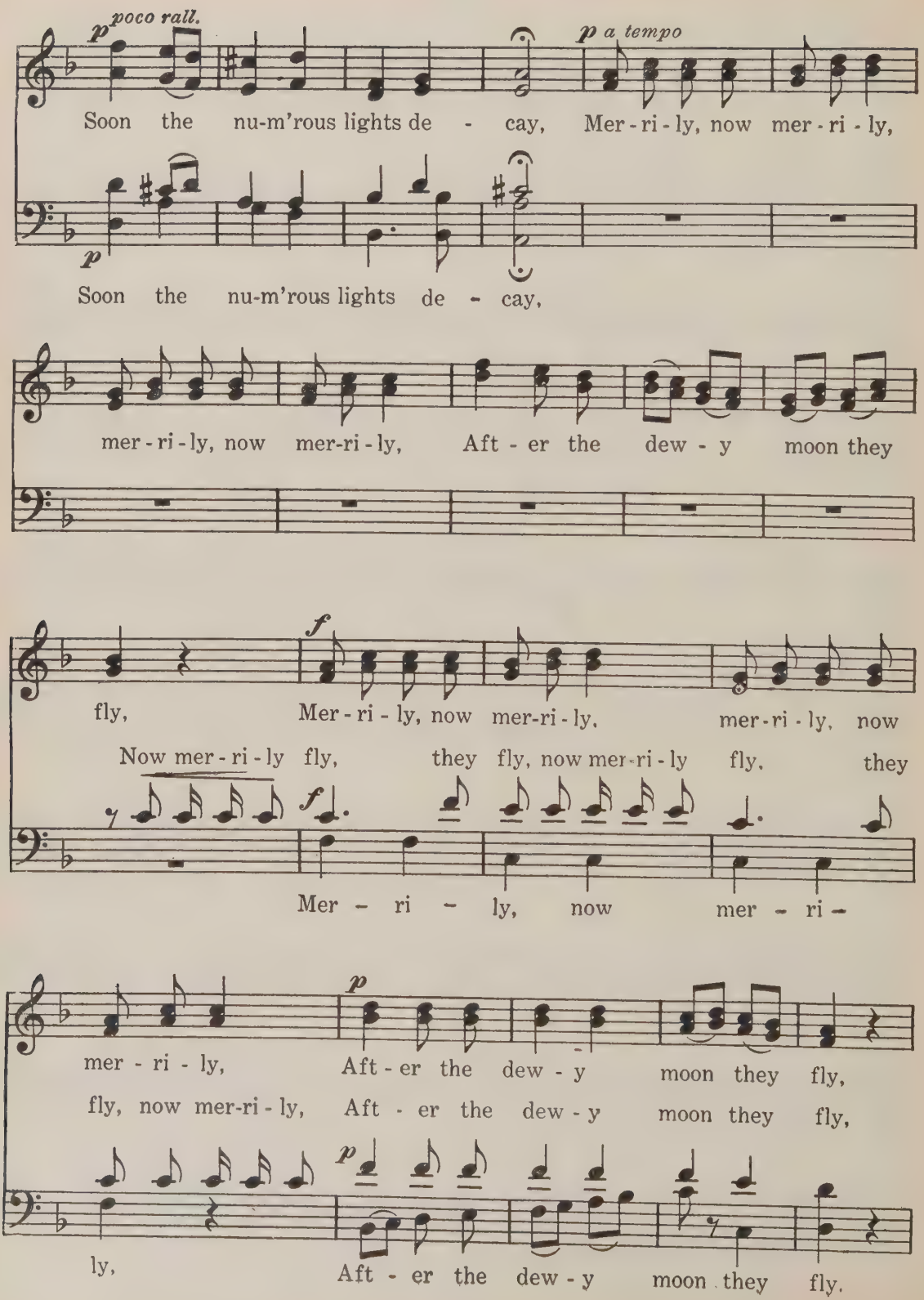
THE ELVES

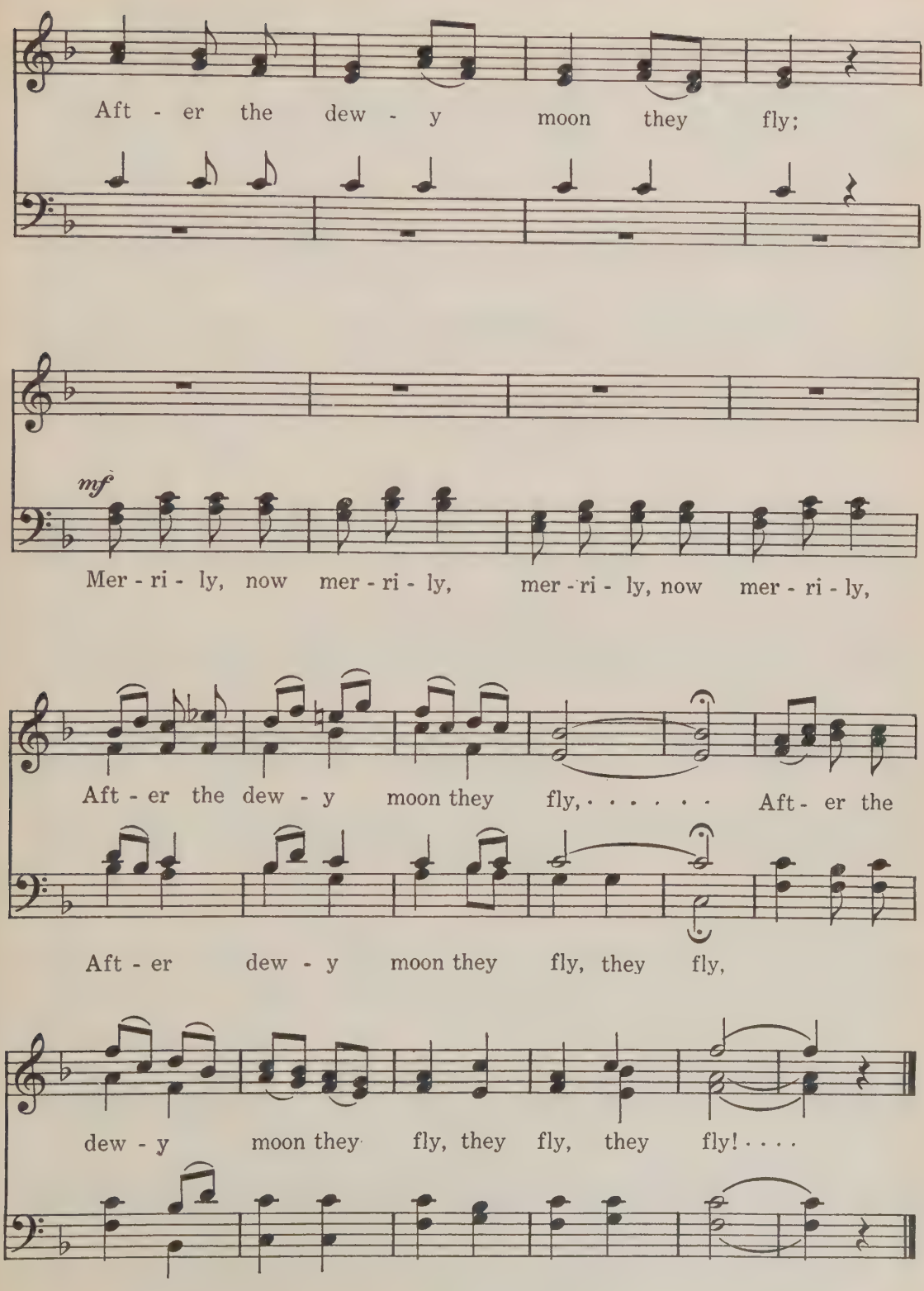
GLEE

John Wall Callcott




dim.
pp
mu - sic dies a - long the land, Soft mu - sic dies, Soft
pp
long the des - ert land, - - - - - - - - - -
mu - sic dies a - long the des - ert land, a - long the
- - - Soft mu - sic . . . dies a - long the
molto rall.
des - - - - ert land, a - long the des - ert land.
des - - - ert land
f Tempo I.
p poco rall.
Soon, at peep of cool - eyed day, Soon the nu - m'rous
f
p
f a tempo
lights de - cay, Soon at peep of cool - eyed day,
f

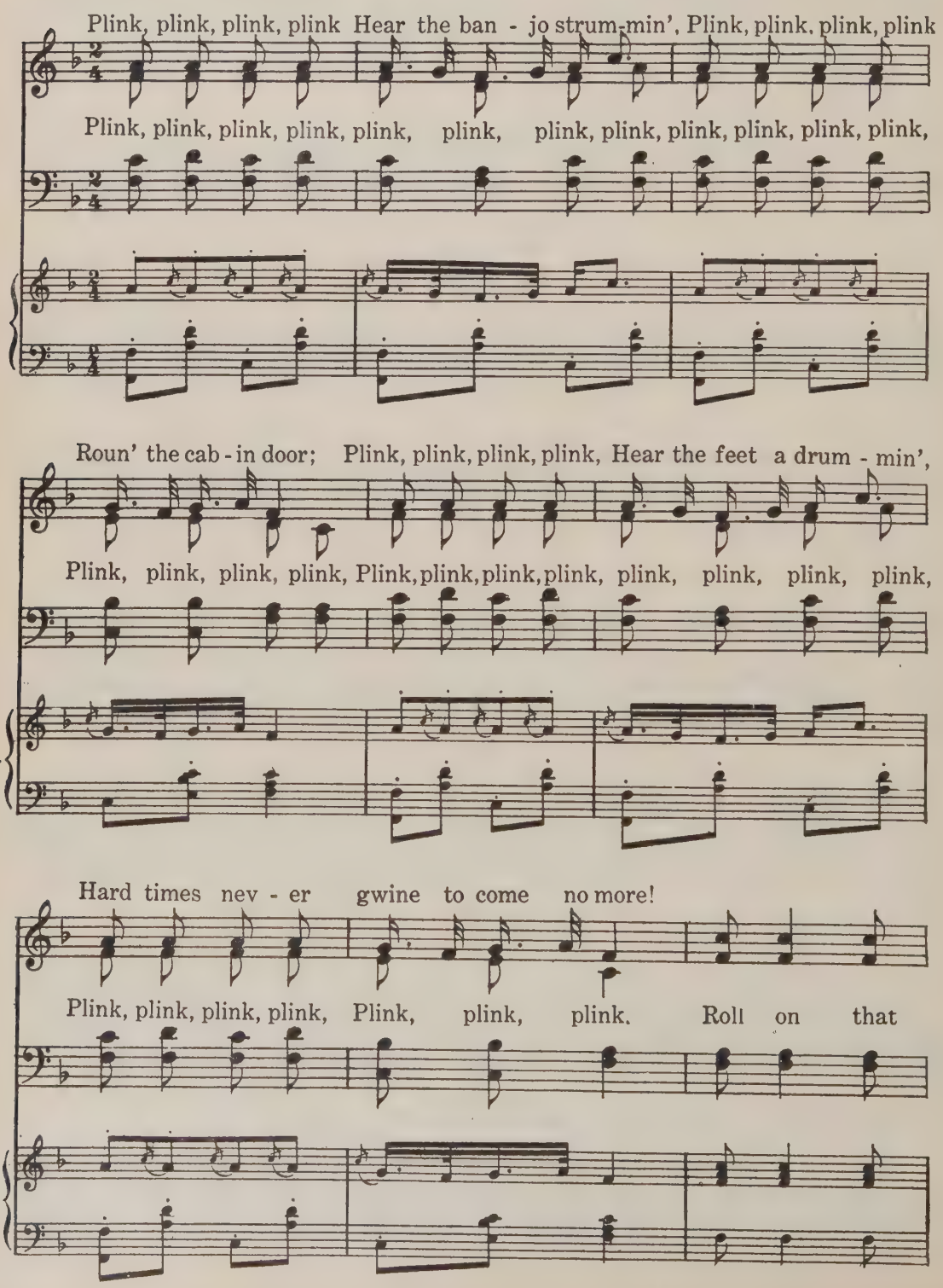

p poco rall.
p a tempo
Soon the nu-m'rous lights de - cay, Mer-ri-ly, now mer-ri-ly,
p
Soon the nu-m'rous lights de - cay,
mer-ri-ly, now mer-ri-ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they
f
fly, Mer-ri-ly, now mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, now
Now mer-ri-ly fly, they fly, now mer-ri-ly fly, they
f
Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri -
p
mer-ri-ly, Aft-er the dew-y moon they fly,
fly, now mer-ri-ly, Aft - er the dew-y moon they fly,
p
ly, Aft - er the dew-y moon they fly.

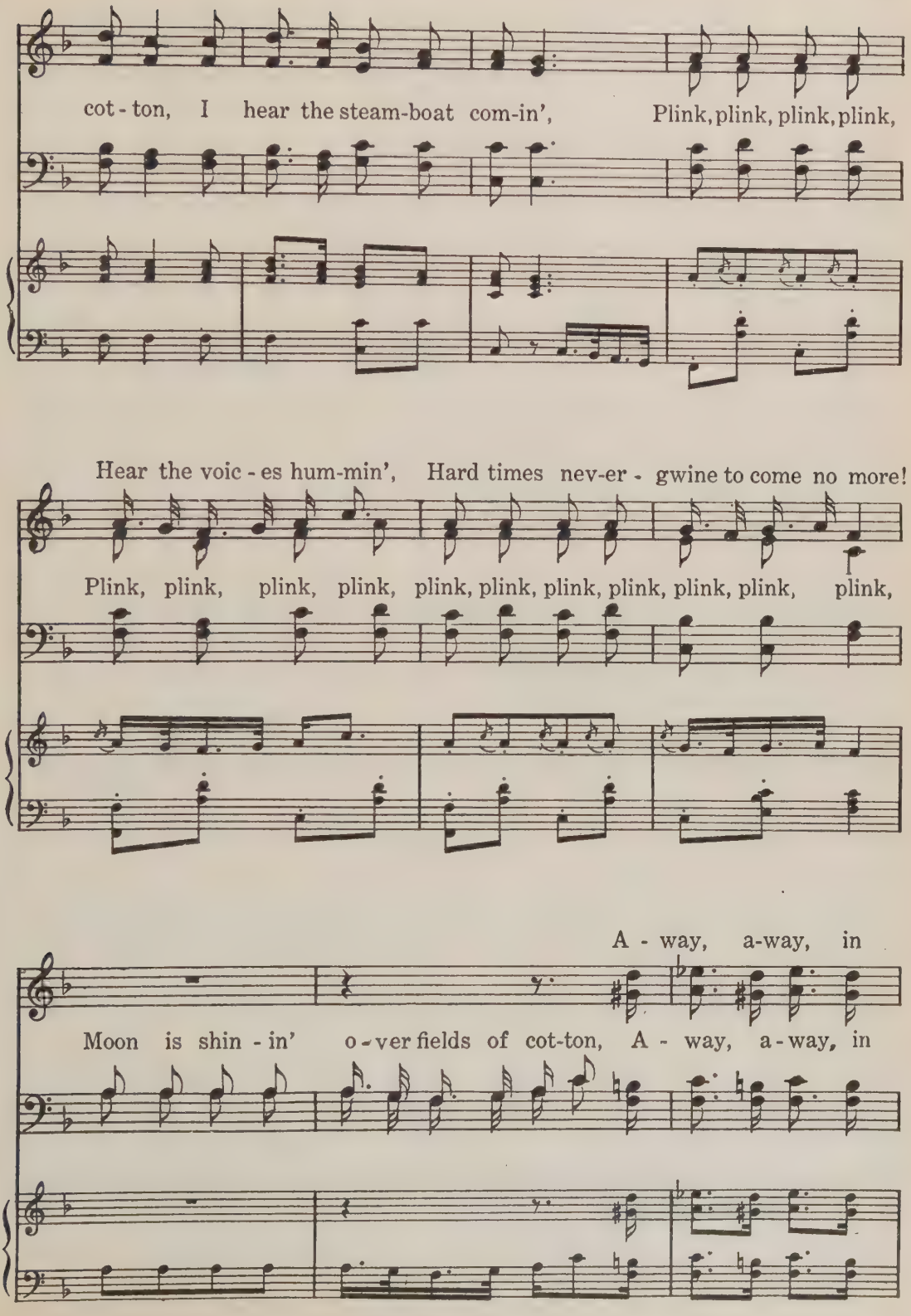

Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly;
mf
Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, ... Aft - er the
Aft - er dew - y moon they fly, they fly,
dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly! . . . .

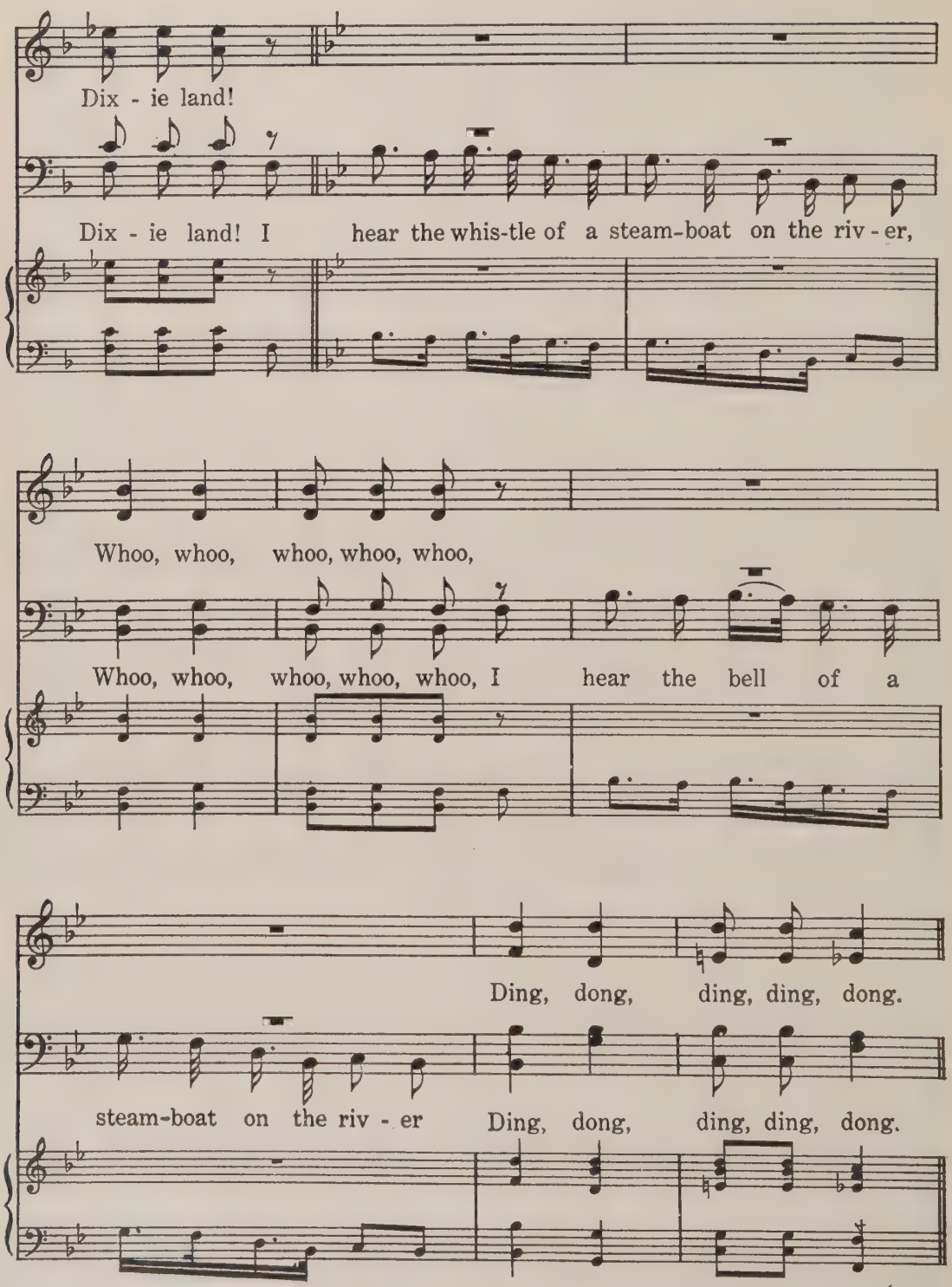
ON THE LEVEE

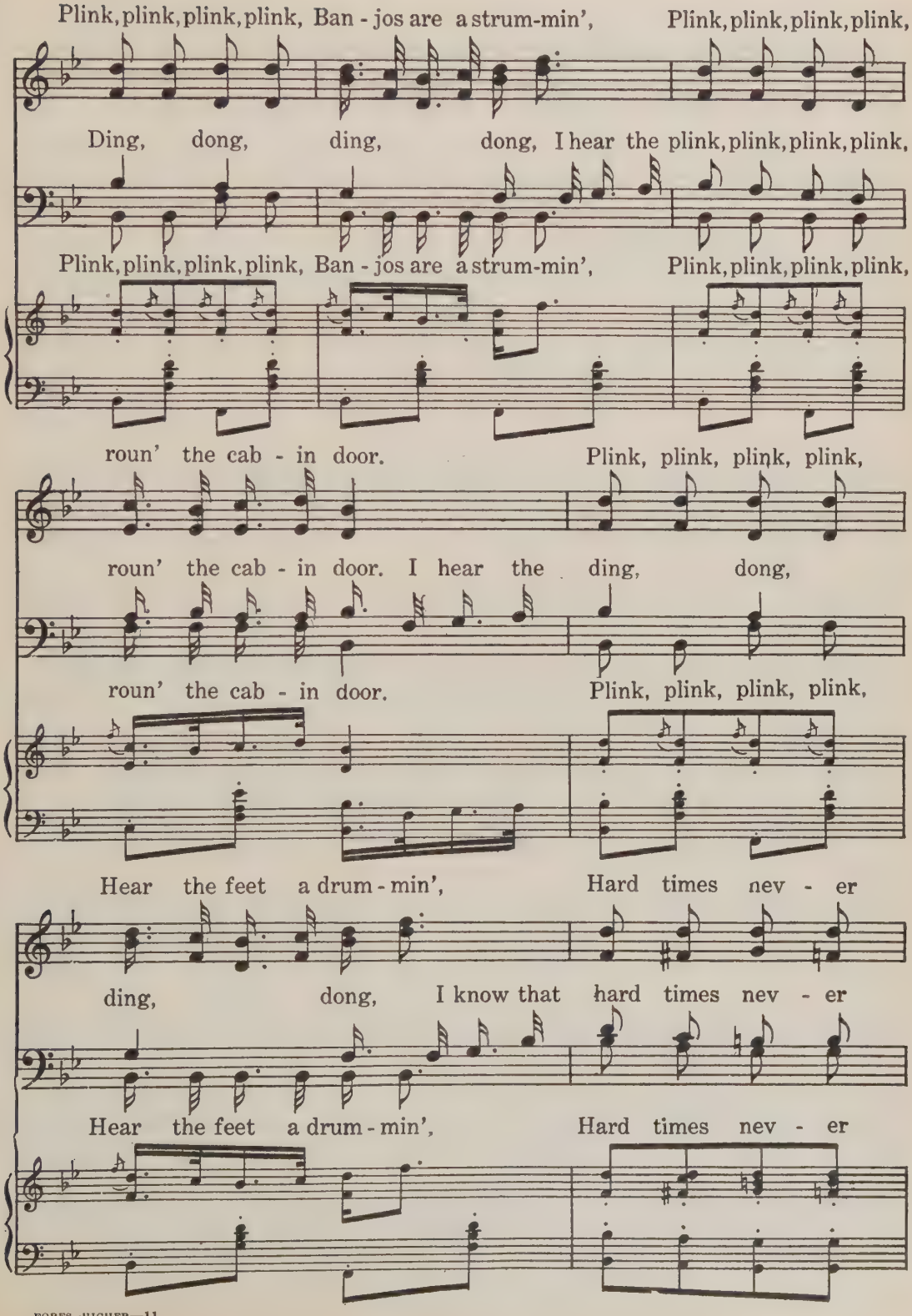
American Folk Tune
Adapted by Mayhew L. Lake

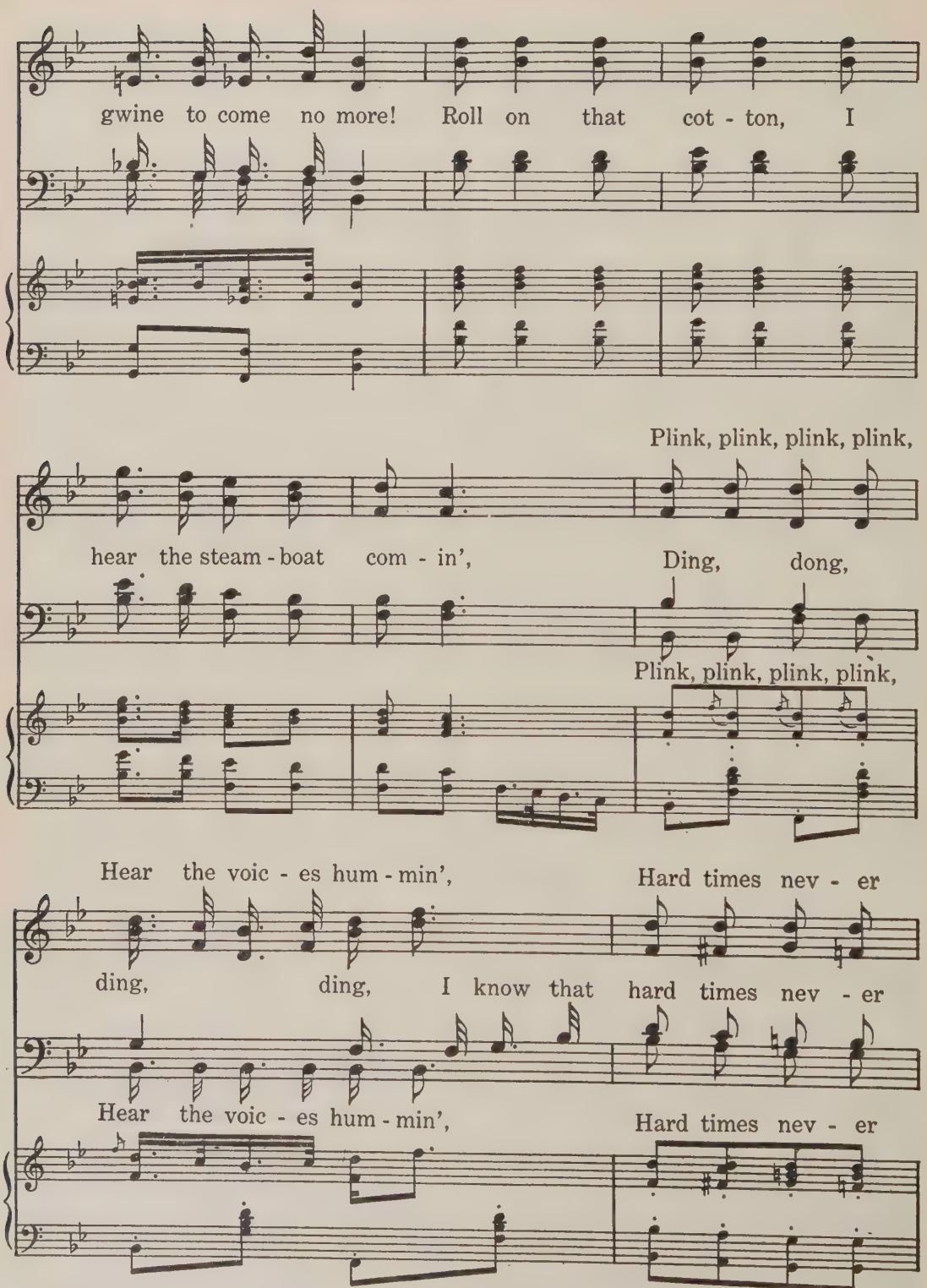
Moderately, but with marked rythm

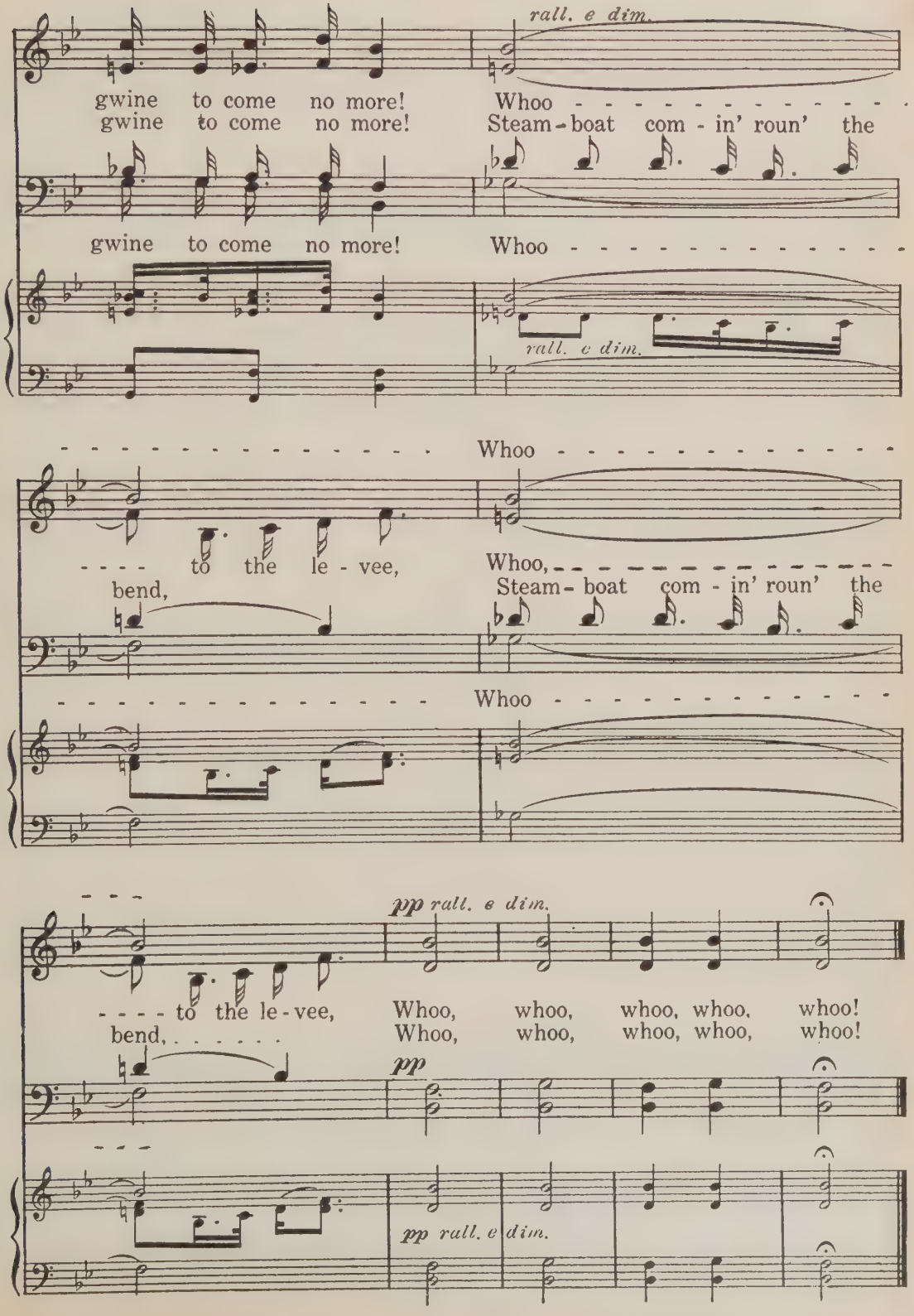



cot - ton, I hear the steam-boat com-in', Plink, plink, plink, plink,
Hear the voic - es hum-min', Hard times nev-er - gwine to come no more!
Plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink, plink,
A - way, a-way, in
Moon is shin - in' o - ver fields of cot-ton, A - way, a - way, in


Dix - ie land!
Dix - ie land! I hear the whis-tle of a steam-boat on the riv - er,
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo,
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, I hear the bell of a
Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.
steam-boat on the riv - er Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.


Plink, plink, plink, plink, Ban - jos are a strum-min', Plink, plink, plink, plink,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, I hear the plink, plink, plink, plink,
Plink, plink, plink, plink, Ban - jos are a strum-min', Plink, plink, plink, plink,
roun' the cab - in door. Plink, plink, plink, plink,
roun' the cab - in door. I hear the ding, dong,
roun' the cab - in door. Plink, plink, plink, plink,
Hear the feet a drum - min', Hard times nev - er
ding, dong, I know that hard times nev - er
Hear the feet a drum - min', Hard times nev - er

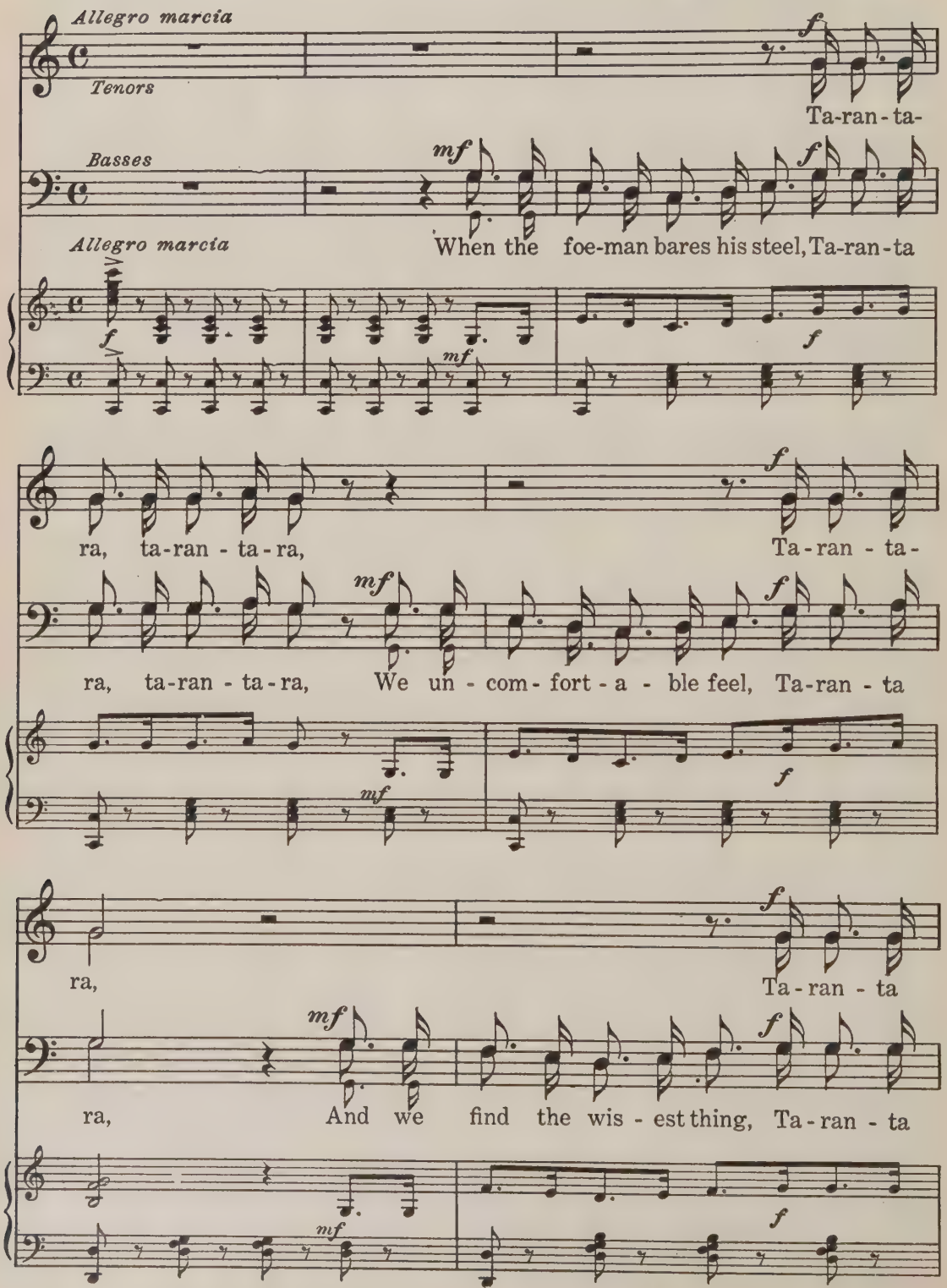

gwine to come no more! Roll on that cot - ton, I
Plink, plink, plink, plink,
hear the steam - boat com - in', Ding, dong,
Plink, plink, plink, plink,
Hear the voic - es hum - min', Hard times nev - er
ding, ding, I know that hard times nev - er
Hear the voic - es hum - min', Hard times nev - er

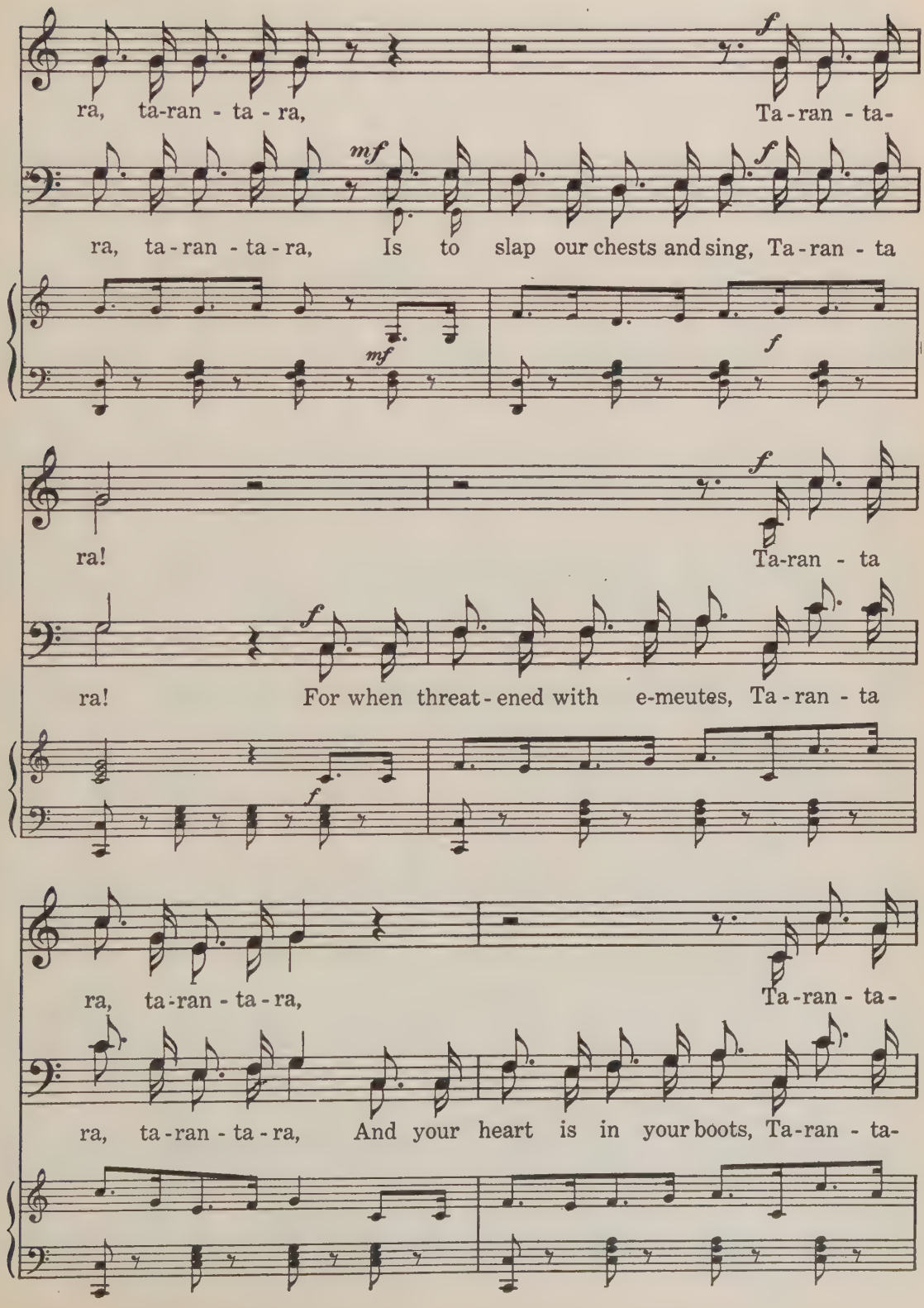

rall. e dim.
gwine to come no more!
gwine to come no more!
Whoo
Steam-boat com-in' roun' the
gwine to come no more!
Whoo
rall. e dim.
Whoo
to the le-vee,
bend,
Whoo,
Steam-boat com-in' roun' the
Whoo
pp rall. e dim.
to the le-vee,
bend,
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo!
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo!
pp
pp rall. e dim.

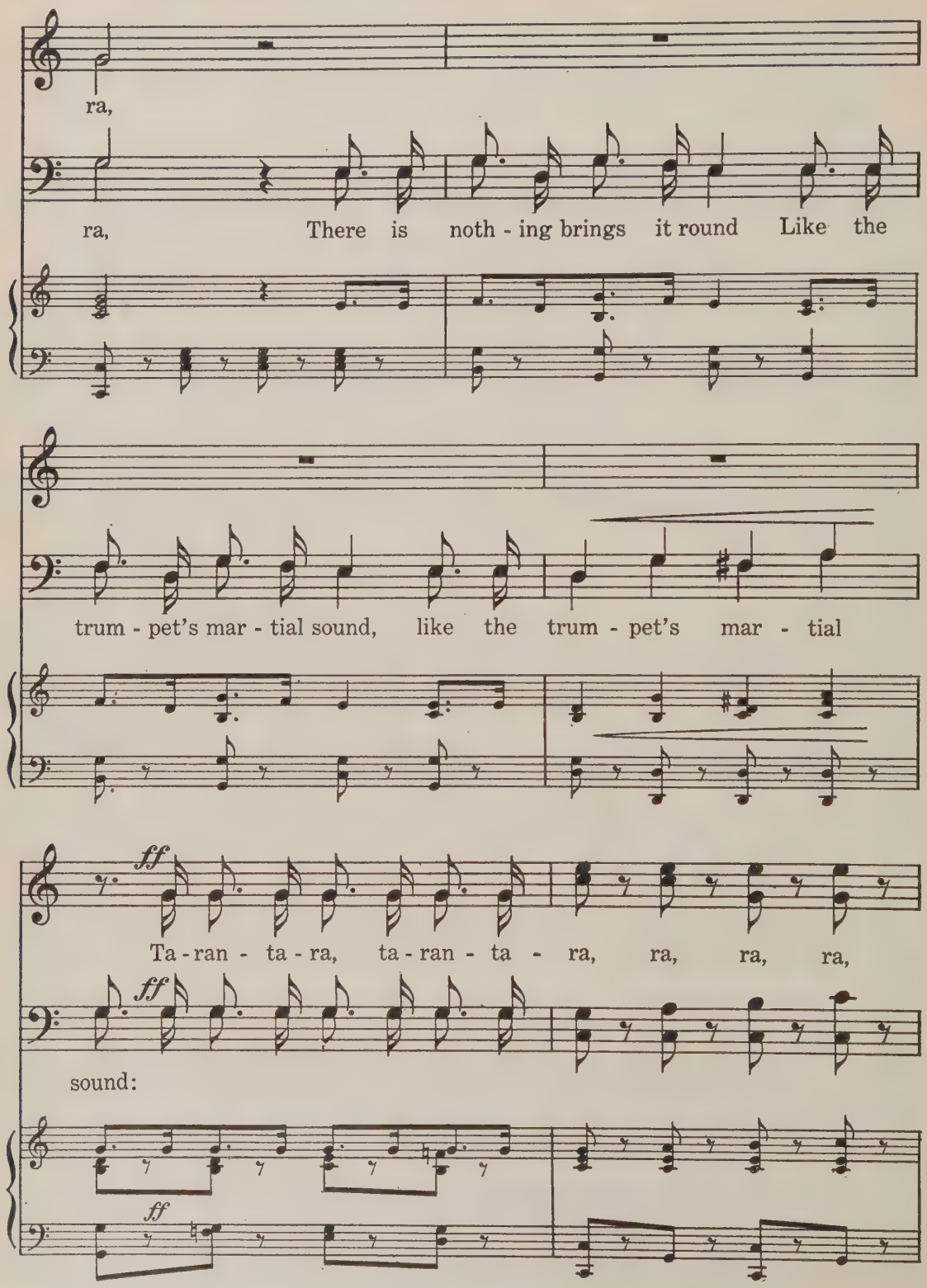
WHEN THE FOEMAN BARES HIS STEEL

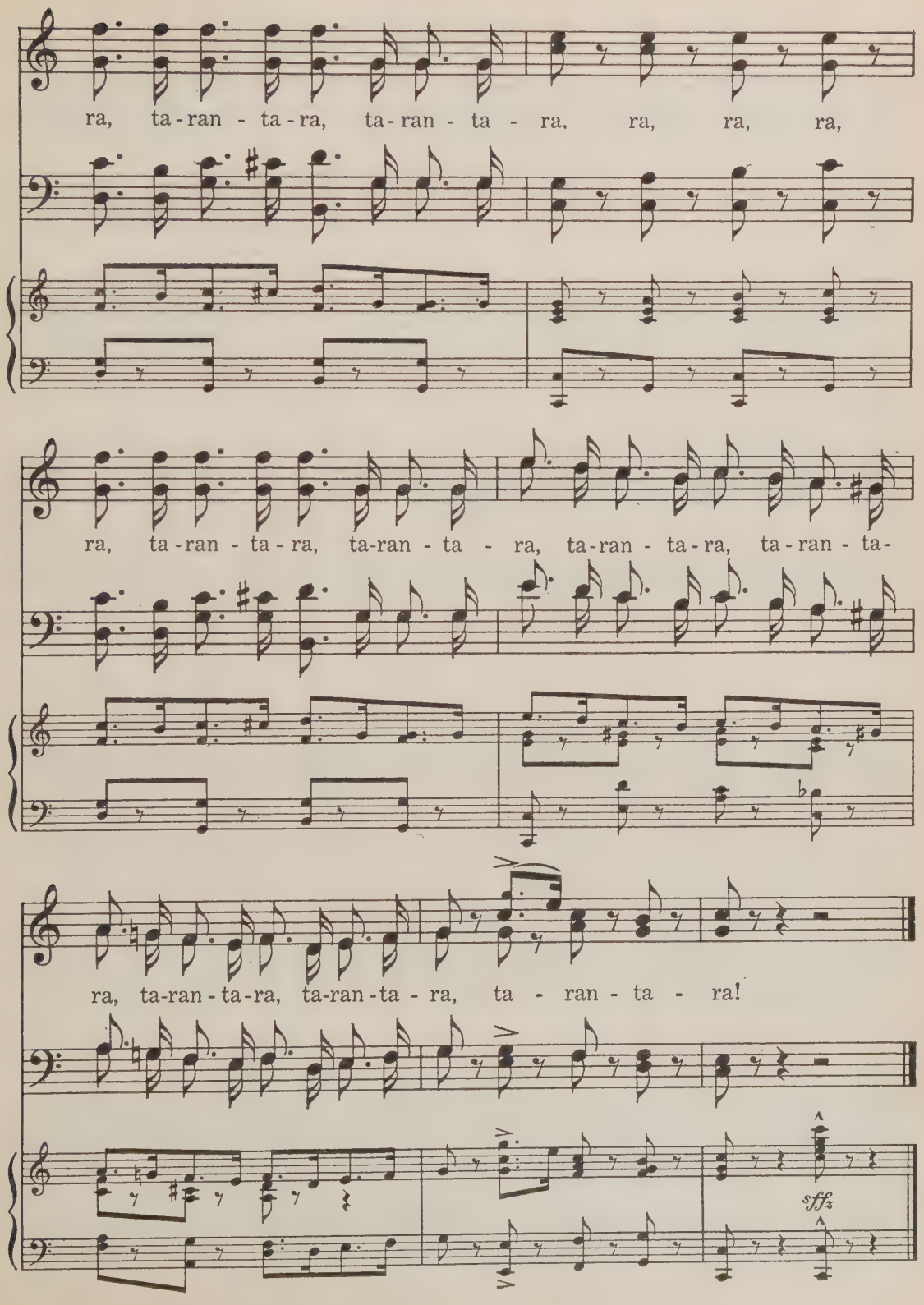
W. S. Gilbert

Sir Arthur Sullivan
From *The Pirates of Penzance*




ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta-
ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Is to slap our chests and sing, Ta - ran - ta
ra! Ta-ran - ta
ra! For when threat - ened with e-meutes, Ta - ran - ta
ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta-
ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, And your heart is in your boots, Ta-ran - ta-

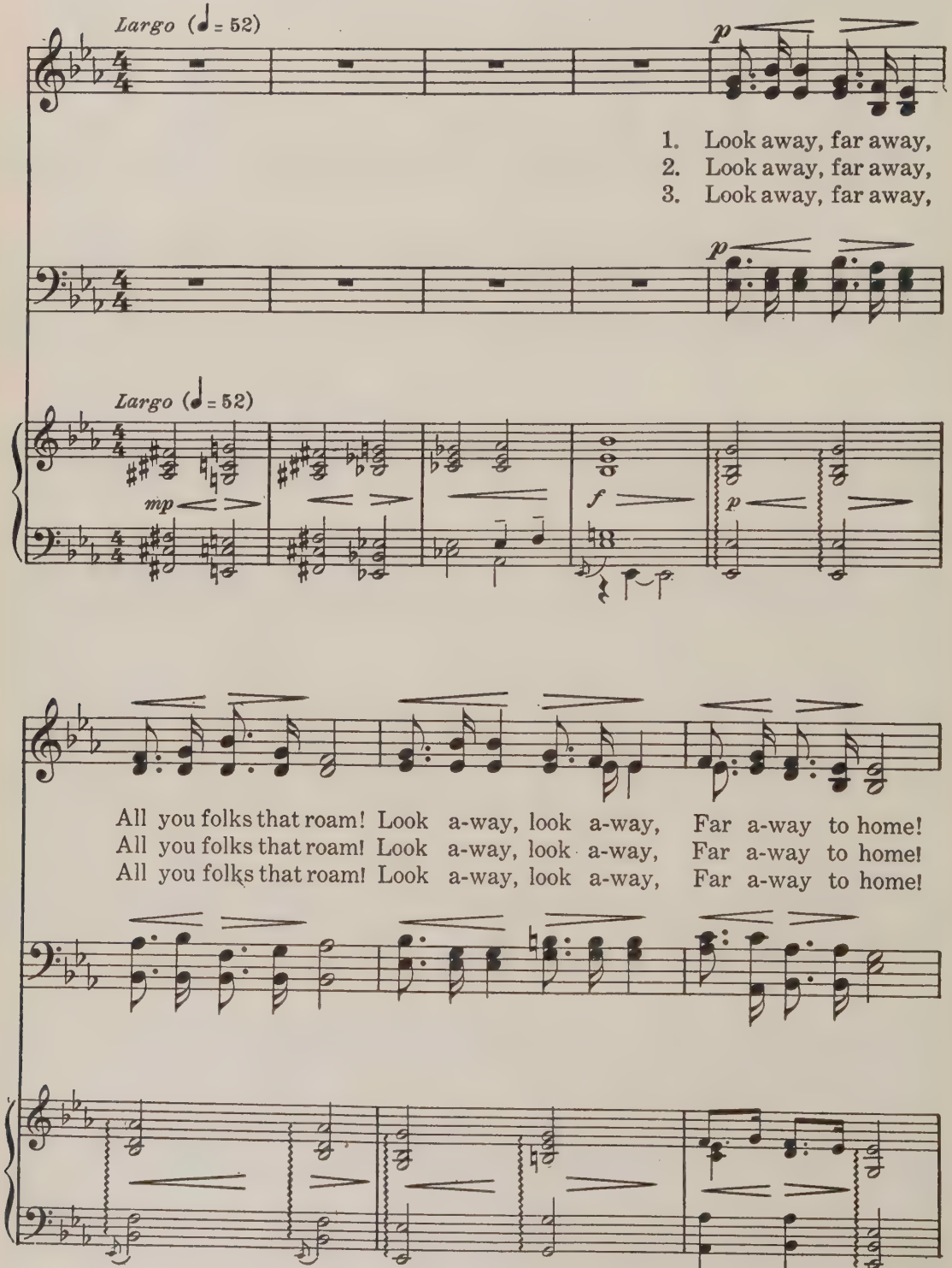

ra,
ra, There is noth - ing brings it round Like the
trum - pet's mar - tial sound, like the trum - pet's mar - tial
ff
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,
ff
sound:
ff

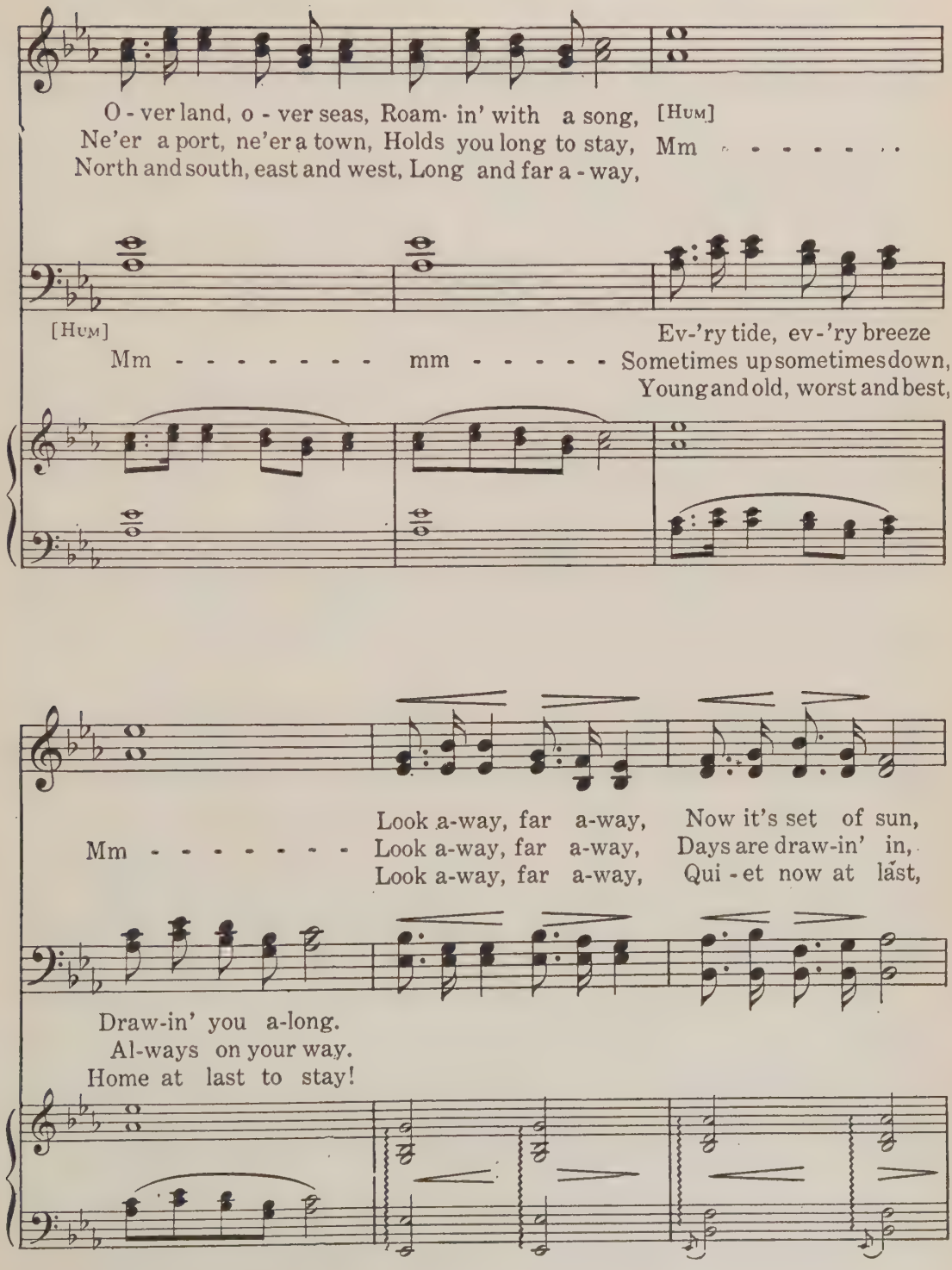

ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra. ra, ra, ra,
ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta-
ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
sffz

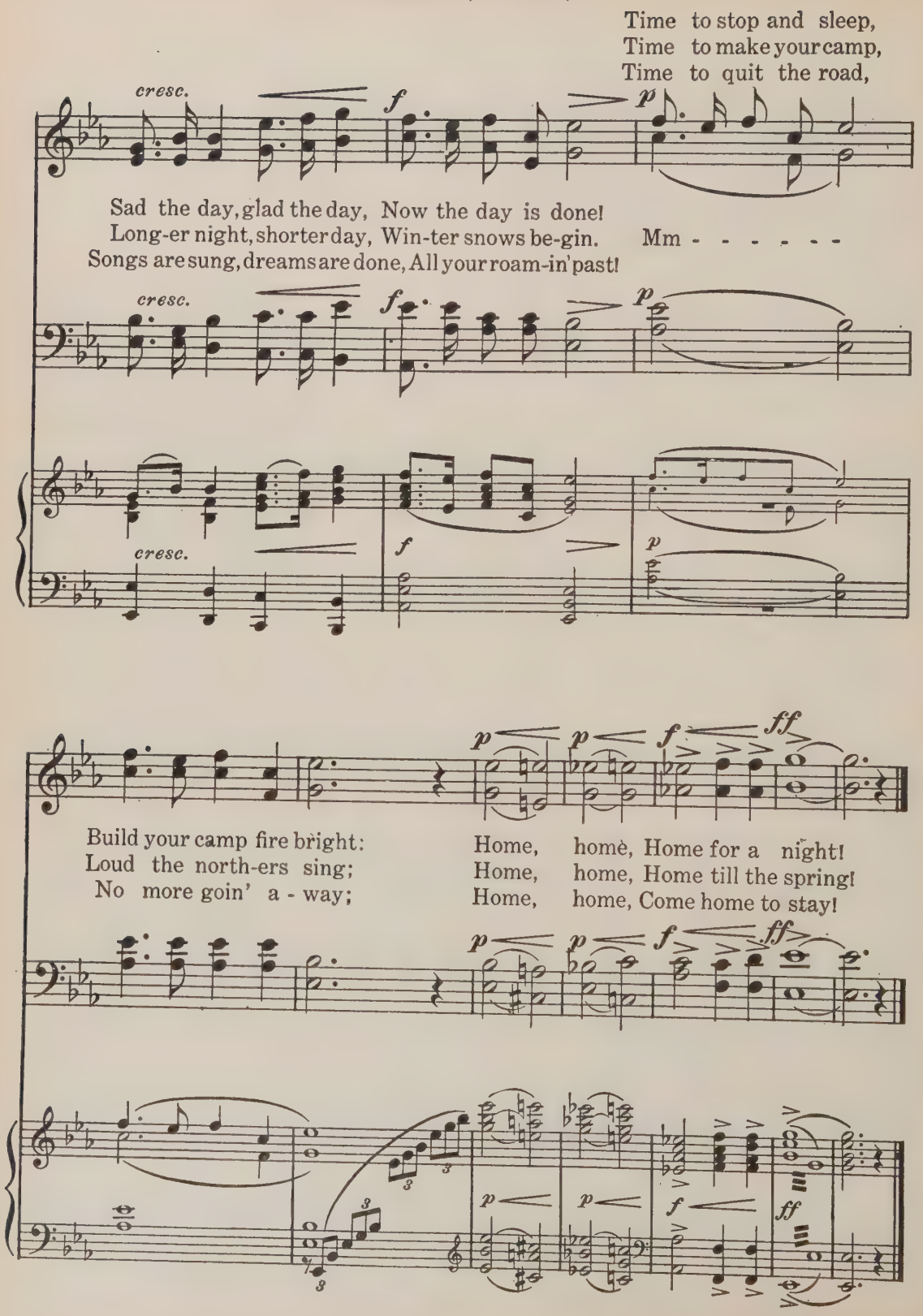
HOME

Clare Giffin

Anton Dvorák
Largo from *New World Symphony*

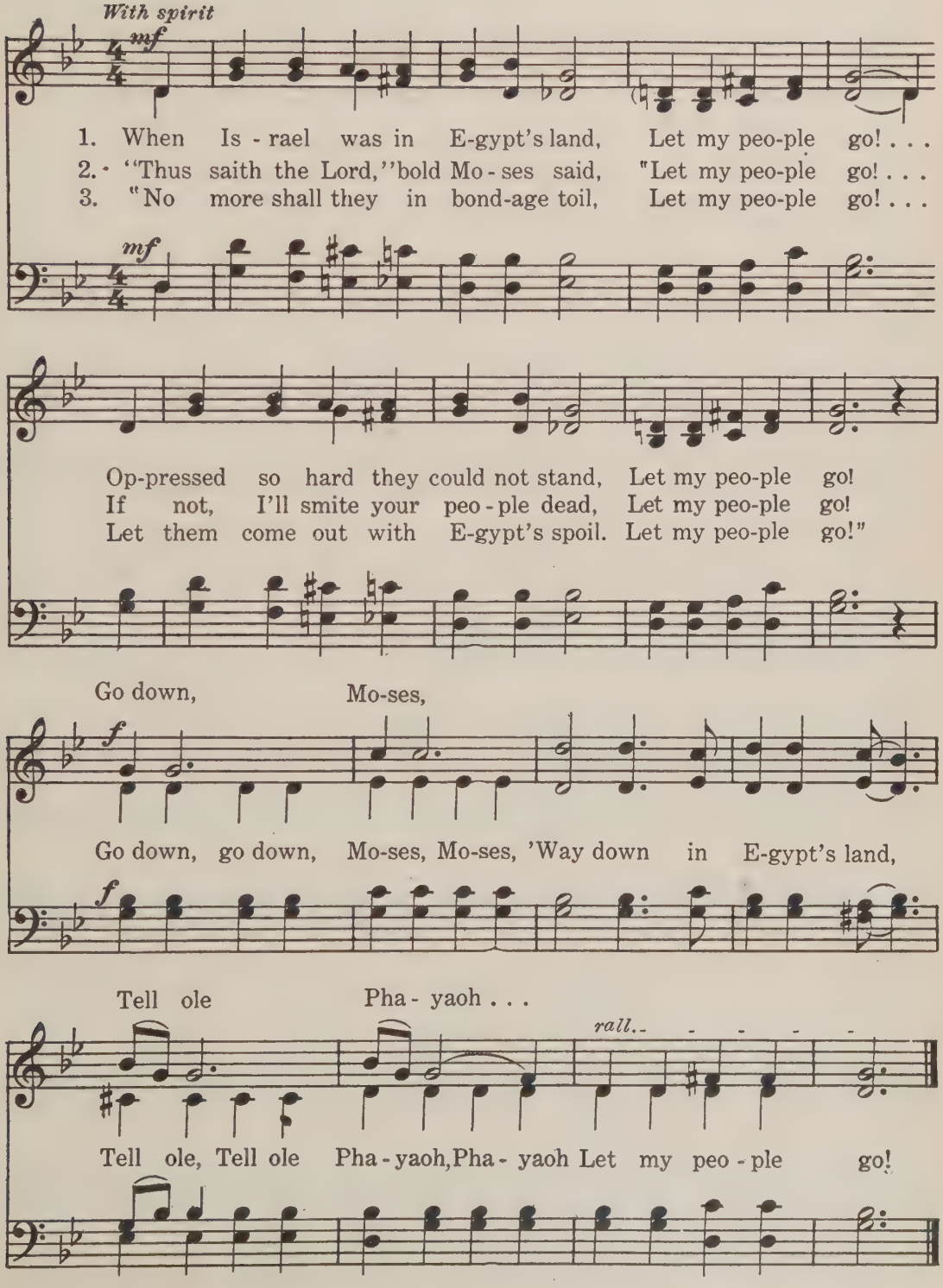



O - ver land, o - ver seas, Roam- in' with a song,
Ne'er a port, ne'er a town, Holds you long to stay,
North and south, east and west, Long and far a - way,
[Hum]
Mm - - - - - -
[Hum]
Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - -
Ev-'ry tide, ev-'ry breeze
Sometimes up sometimes down,
Young and old, worst and best,
Look a-way, far a-way, Now it's set of sun,
Mm - - - - - - - - Look a-way, far a-way, Days are draw-in' in,
Look a-way, far a-way, Qui - et now at last,
Draw-in' you a-long.
Al-ways on your way.
Home at last to stay!


Time to stop and sleep,
Time to make your camp,
Time to quit the road,
cresc.
f
p
Sad the day, glad the day, Now the day is done!
Long-er night, shorter day, Win-ter snows be-gin.
Songs are sung, dreams are done, All your roam-in' past!
Mm - - - - - -
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
p
p
p
f
ff
Build your camp fire bright:
Loud the north-ers sing;
No more goin' a - way;
Home, home, Home for a night!
Home, home, Home till the spring!
Home, home, Come home to stay!
p
p
f
ff
3
3
3
p
p
f
ff

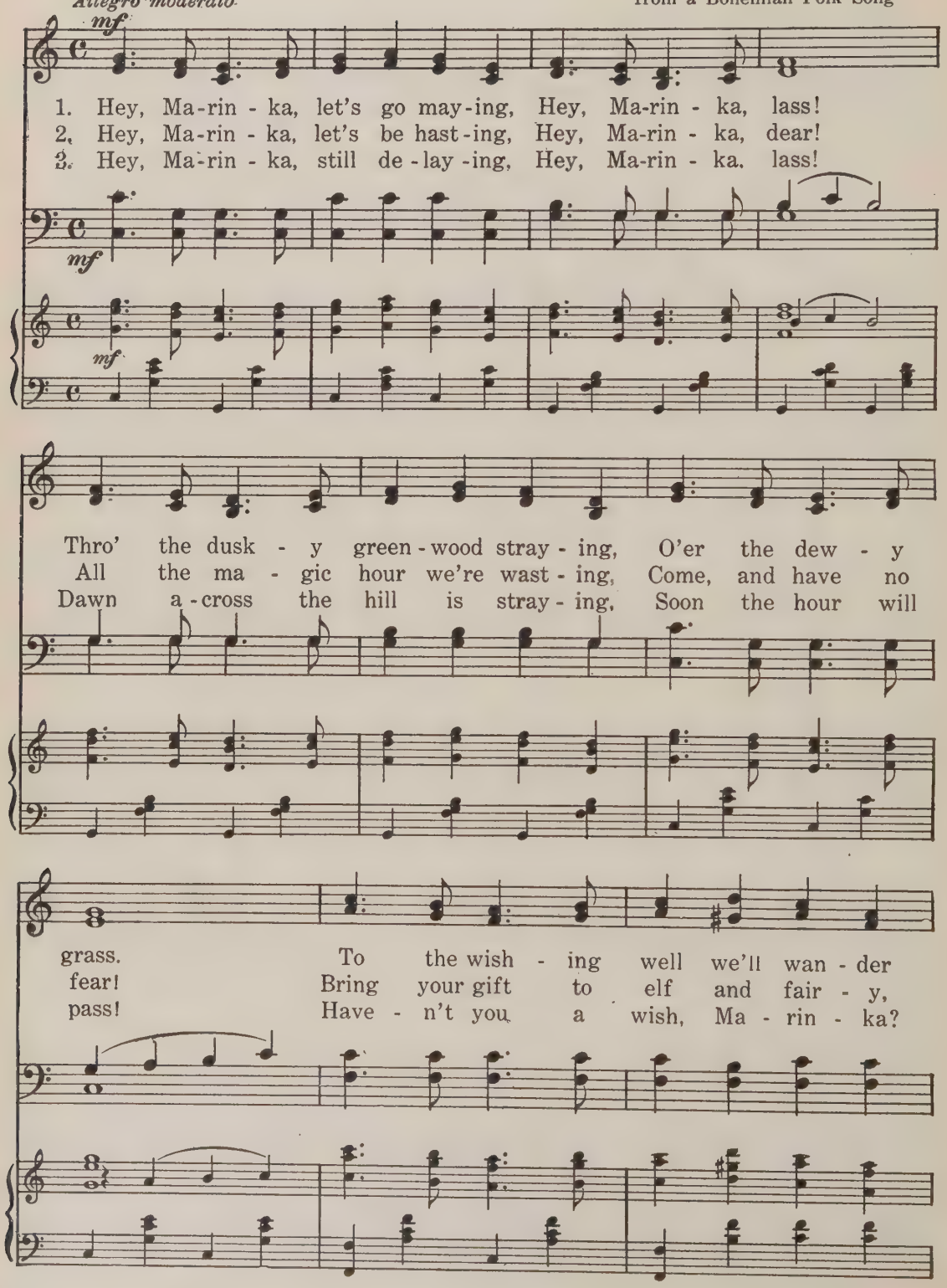
GO DOWN, MOSES

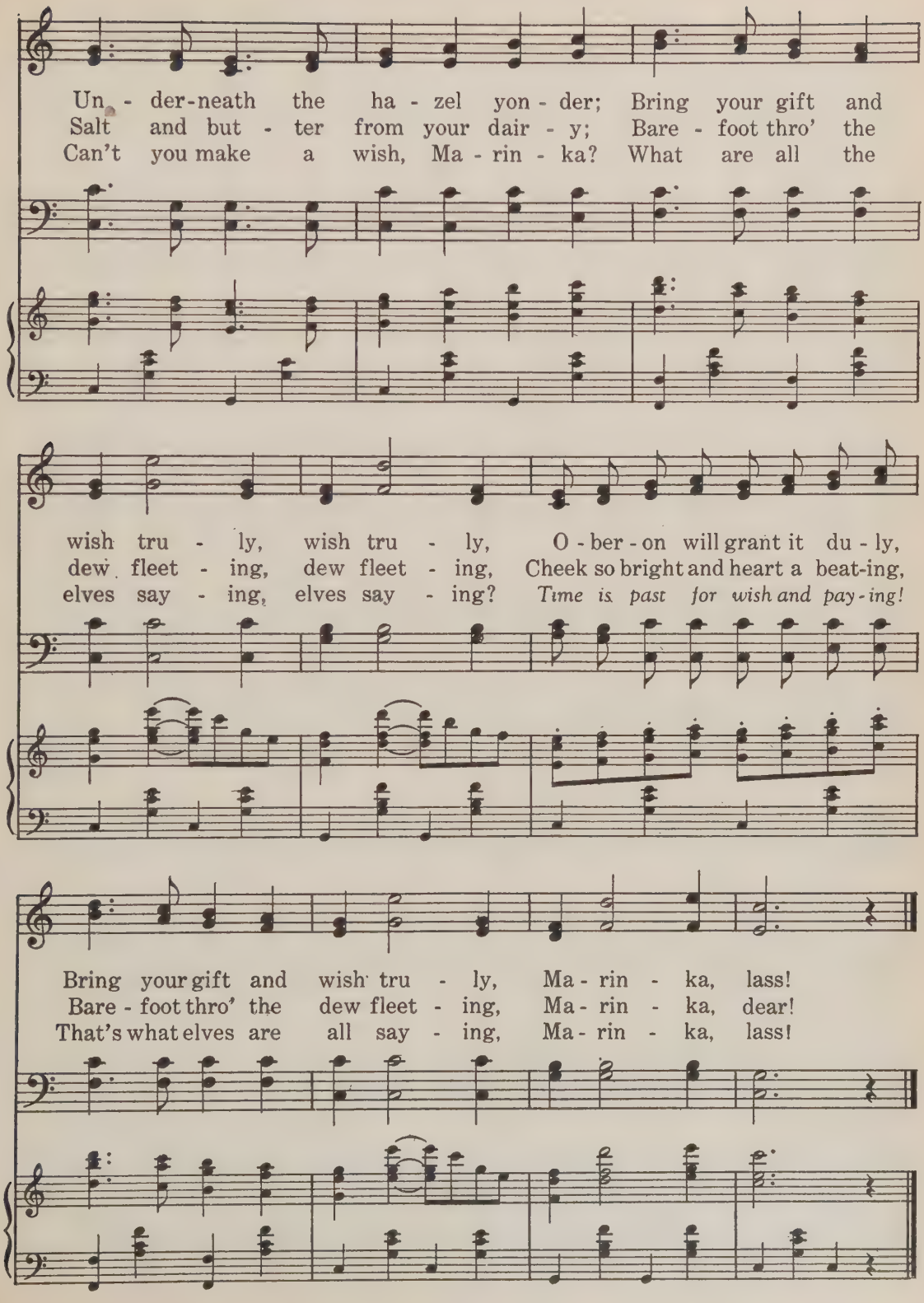
Negro Spiritual



HEY, MARINKA

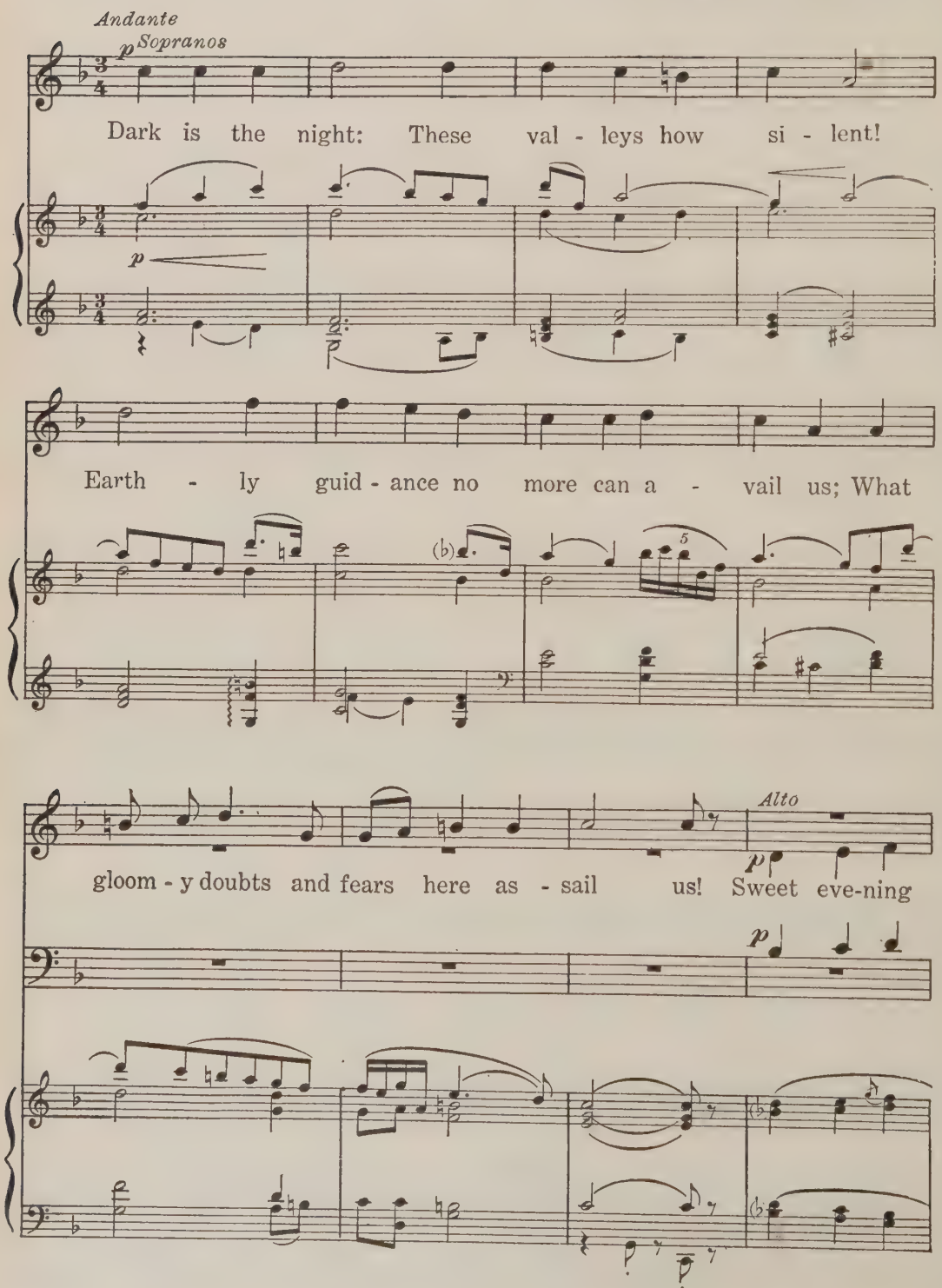
Words and music adapted
from a Bohemian Folk Song

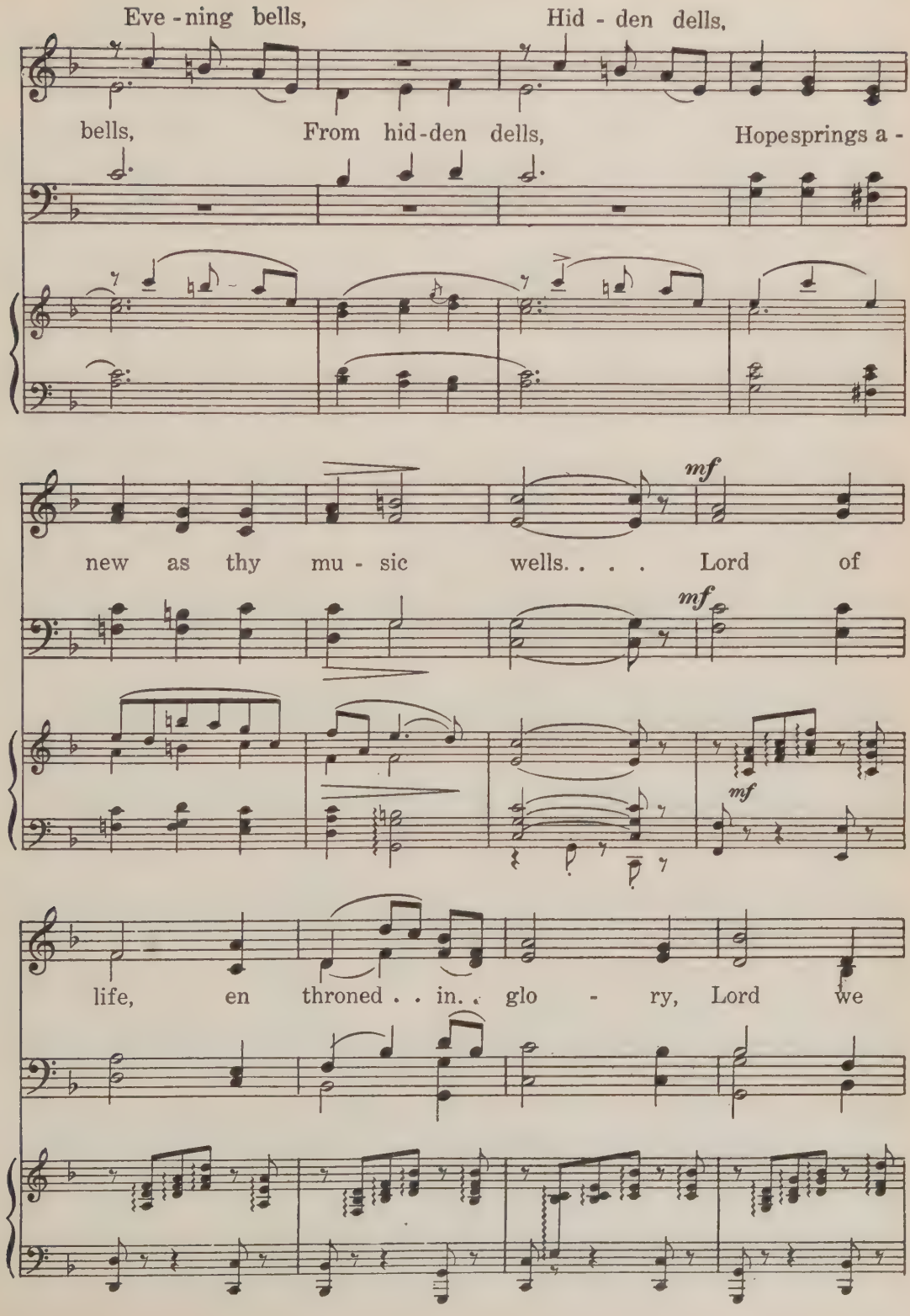


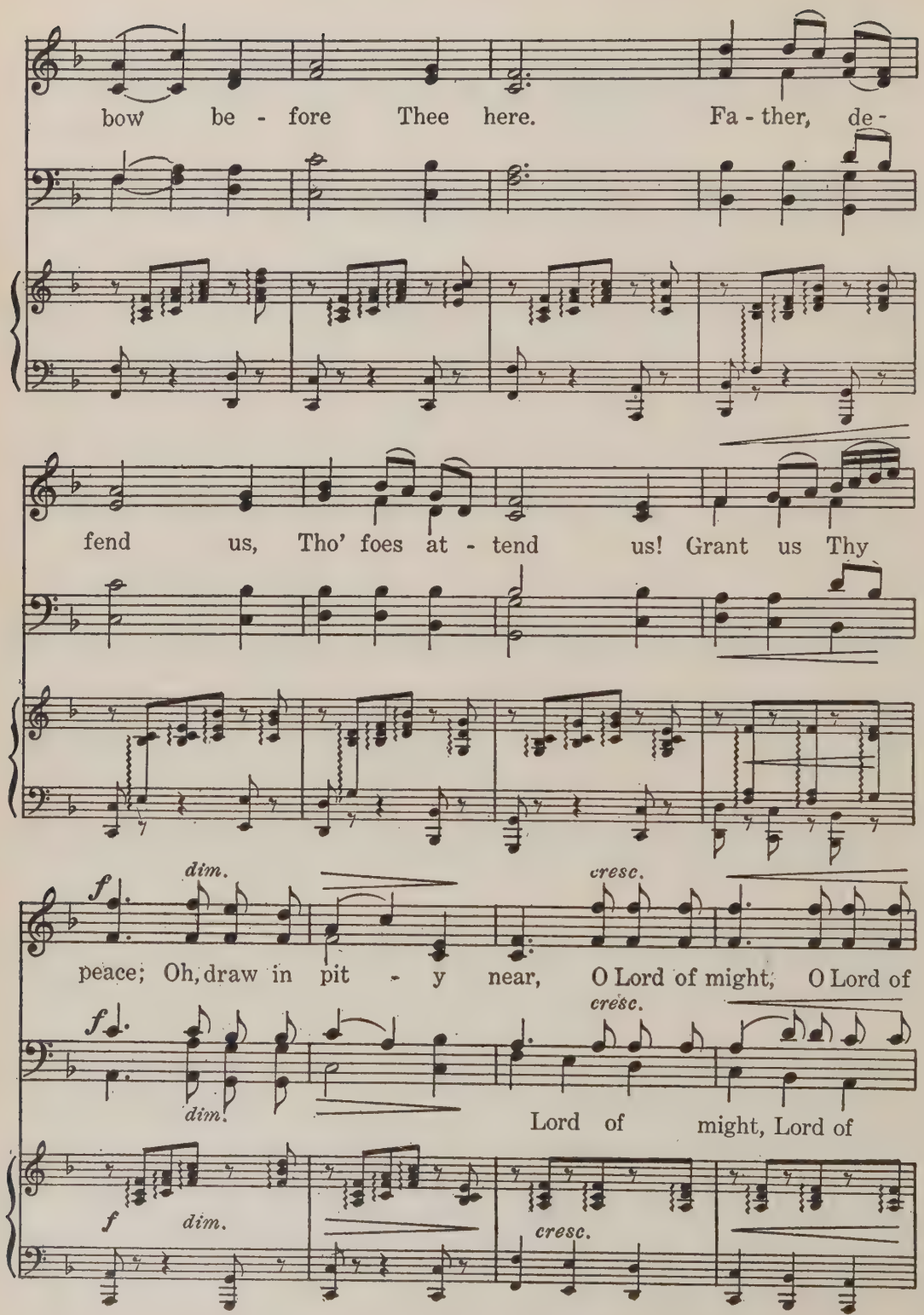

Un - der-neath the ha - zel yon - der; Bring your gift and
Salt and but - ter from your dair - y; Bare - foot thro' the
Can't you make a wish, Ma - rin - ka? What are all the
wish tru - ly, wish tru - ly, O - ber - on will grant it du - ly,
dew fleet - ing, dew fleet - ing, Cheek so bright and heart a beat-ing,
elves say - ing, elves say - ing? *Time is past for wish and pay-ing!*
Bring your gift and wish tru - ly, Ma - rin - ka, lass!
Bare - foot thro' the dew fleet - ing, Ma - rin - ka, dear!
That's what elves are all say - ing, Ma - rin - ka, lass!

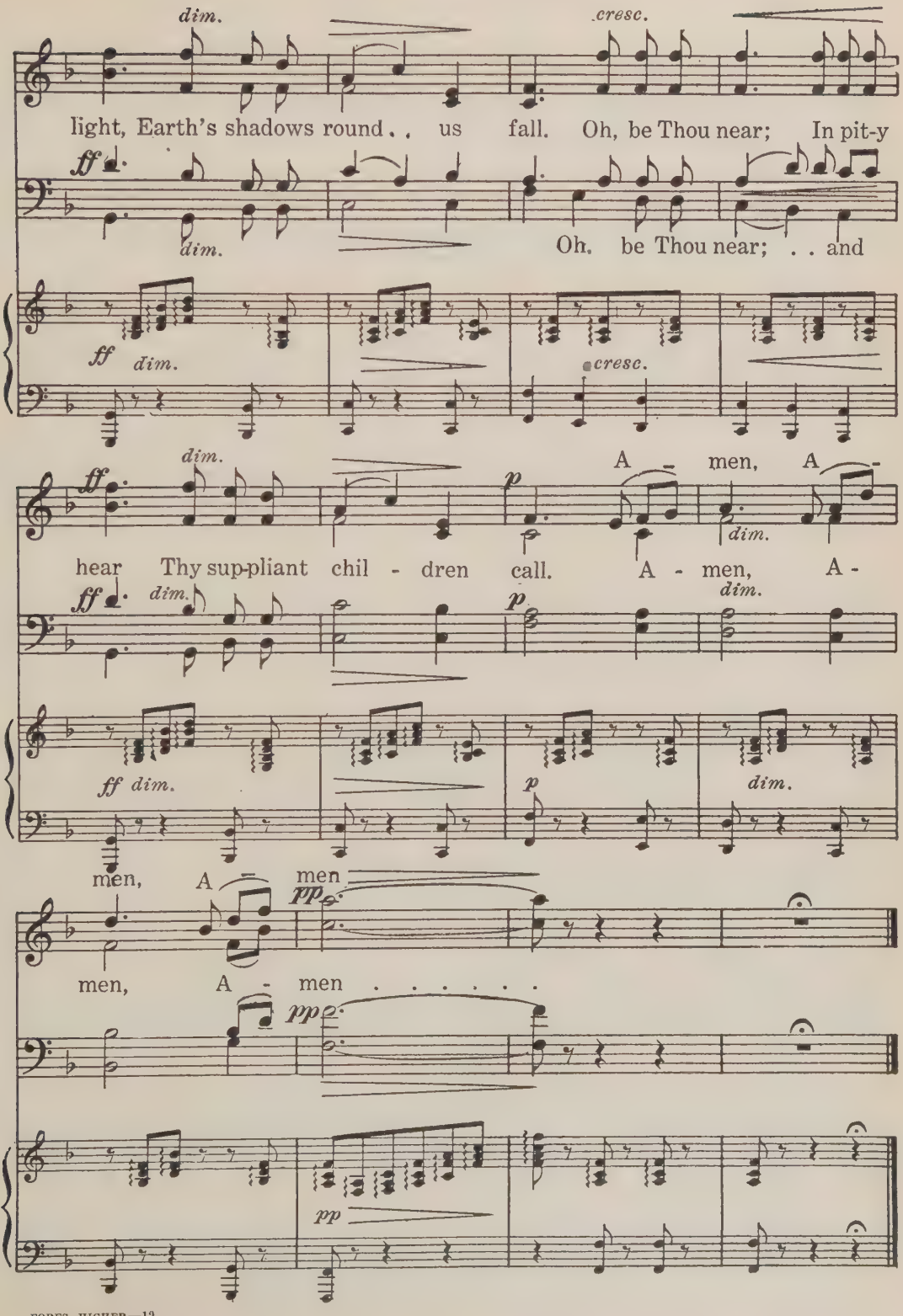
DARK IS THE NIGHT

Pietro Mascagni
Adapted from the "Intermezzo"
in *Cavalleria Rusticana*



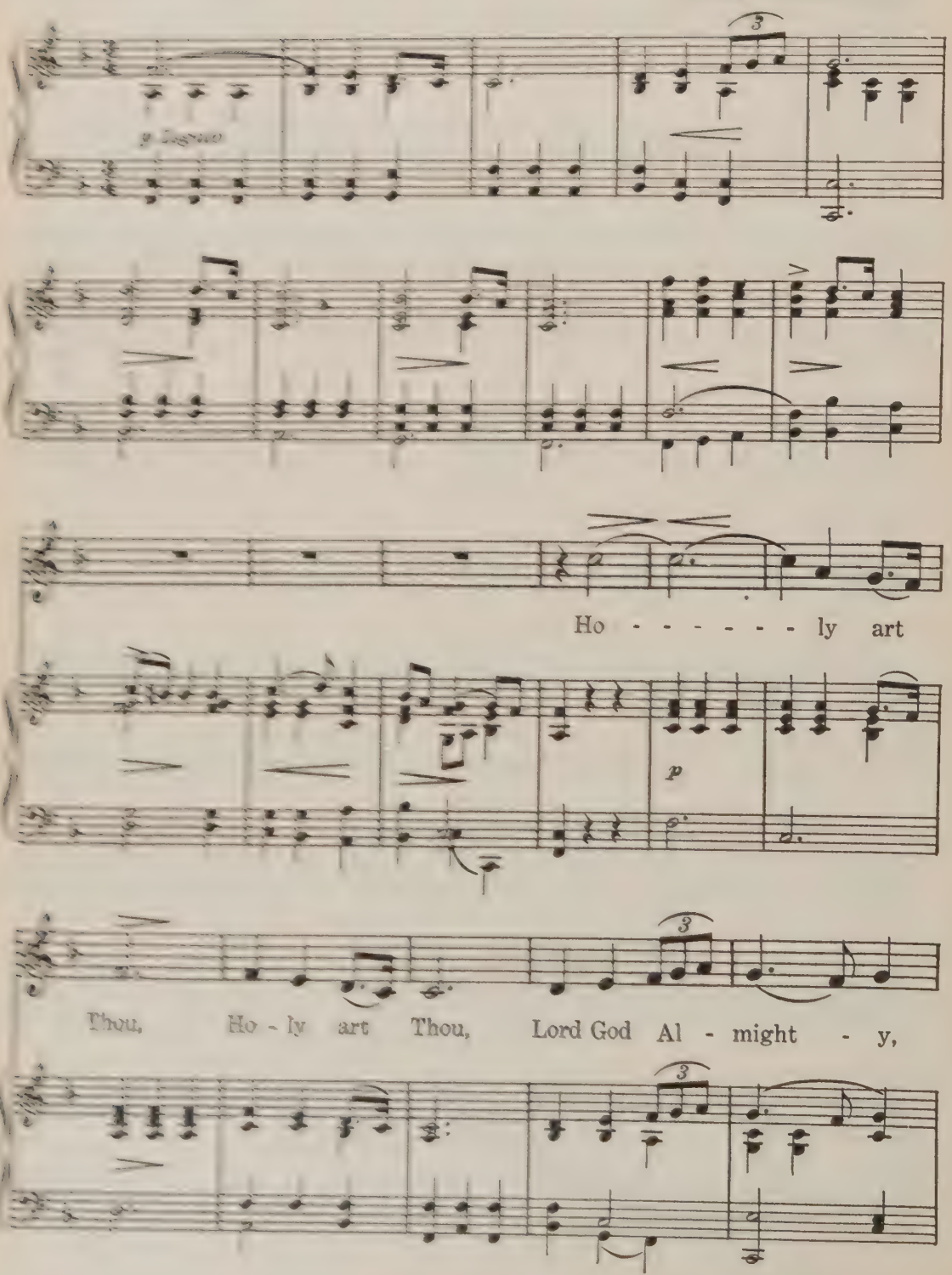

Eve - ning bells,
Hid - den dells,
bells,
From hid-den dells,
Hopesprings a -
mf
new as thy mu - sic wells. . . .
Lord of
mf
mf
life, en throned . . in. . glo - ry,
Lord we

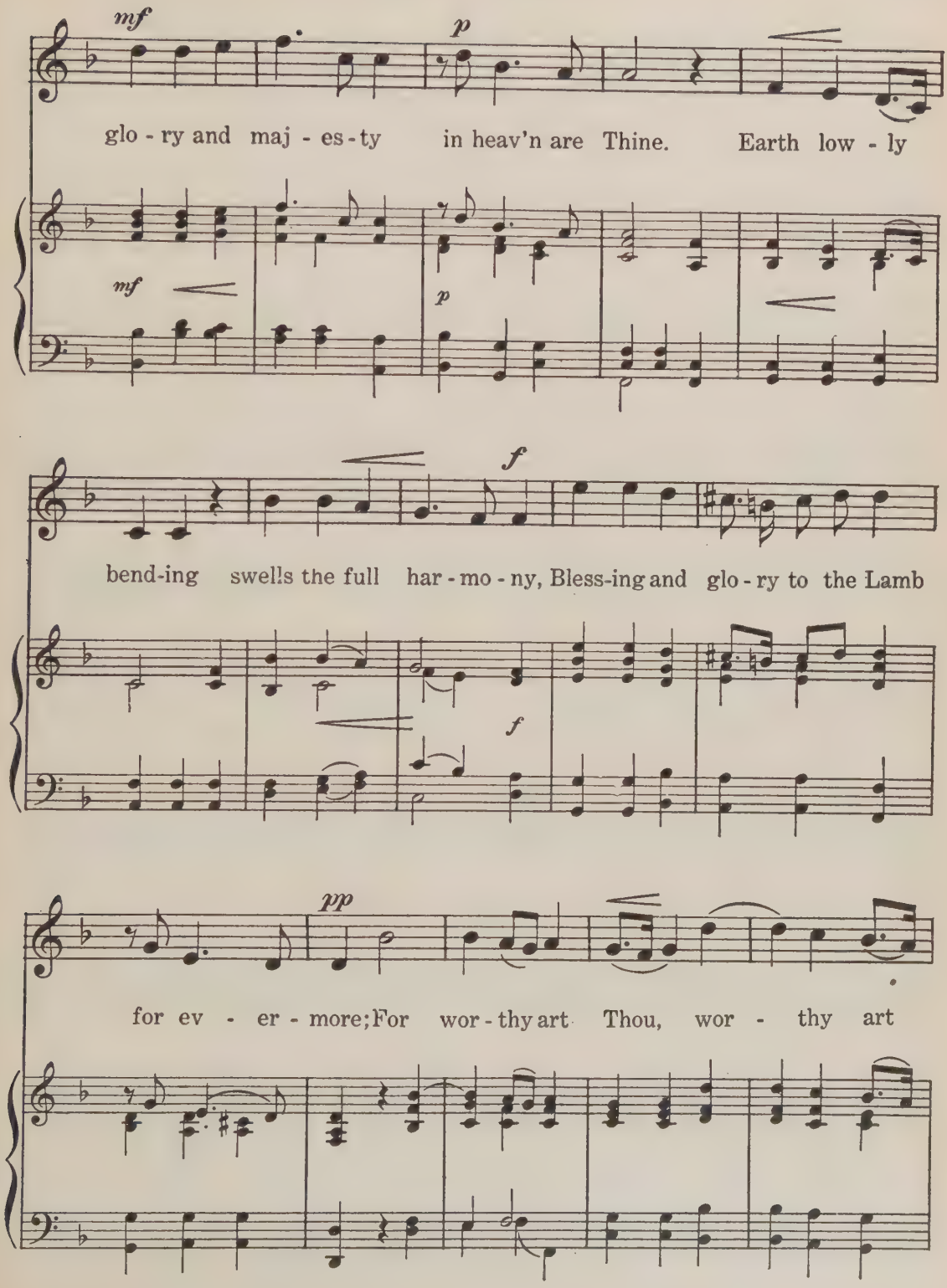

bow be - fore Thee here. Fa - ther, de -
fend us, Tho' foes at - tend us! Grant us Thy
f dim. cresc.
peace; Oh, draw in pit - y near, O Lord of might, O Lord of
f dim. cresc.
Lord of might, Lord of
f dim. cresc.

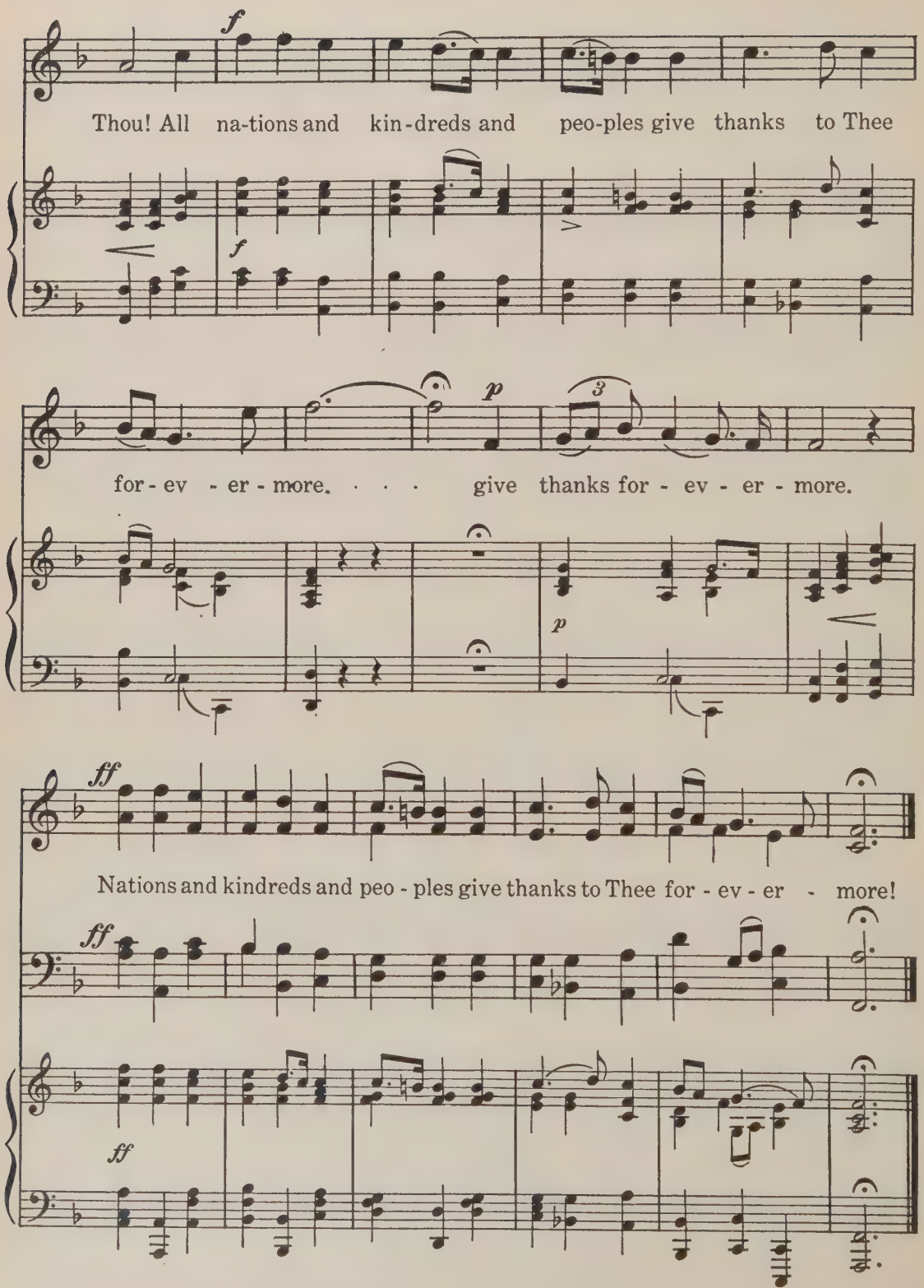

dim.
cresc.
light, Earth's shadows round . . us fall. Oh, be Thou near; In pit-y
ff
dim.
Oh, be Thou near; . . and
ff dim.
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
A - men, A -
hear Thy sup-pliant chil - dren call. A - men, A -
dim.
ff dim.
p
dim.
men, A - men
pp
men, A - men . . . . . .
pp
pp

LARGO

Georg Friedrich Händel



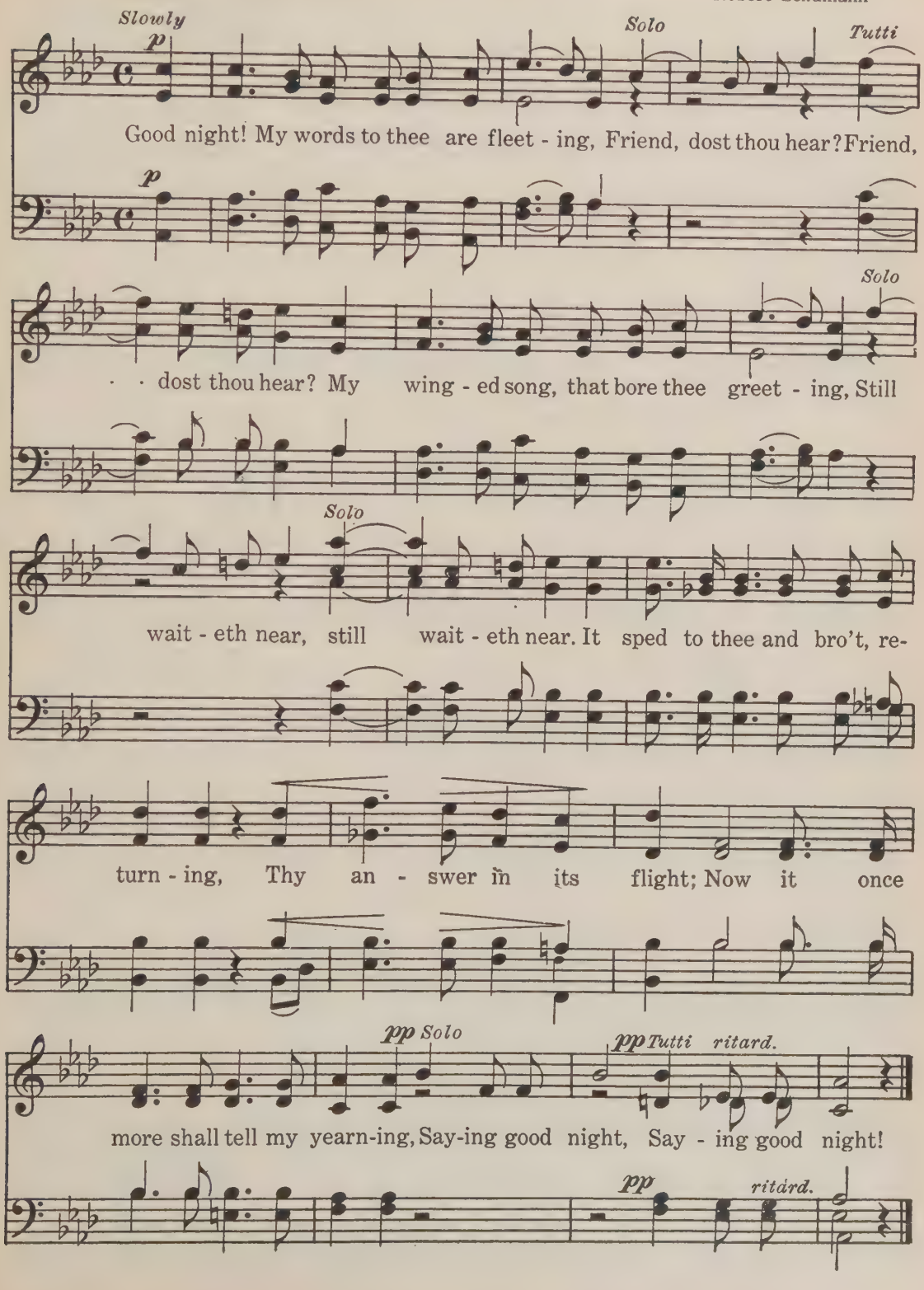

mf
p
glo - ry and maj - es - ty in heav'n are Thine. Earth low - ly
mf
p
f
bend-ing swells the full har - mo - ny, Bless-ing and glo - ry to the Lamb
f
pp
for ev - er - more; For wor - thy art Thou, wor - thy art


f
Thou! All na-tions and kin-dreds and peo-ples give thanks to Thee
f
p
3
for-ev-er-more. . . . give thanks for-ev-er-more.
p
ff
Nations and kindreds and peo-ples give thanks to Thee for-ev-er-more!
ff
ff

GOOD NIGHT

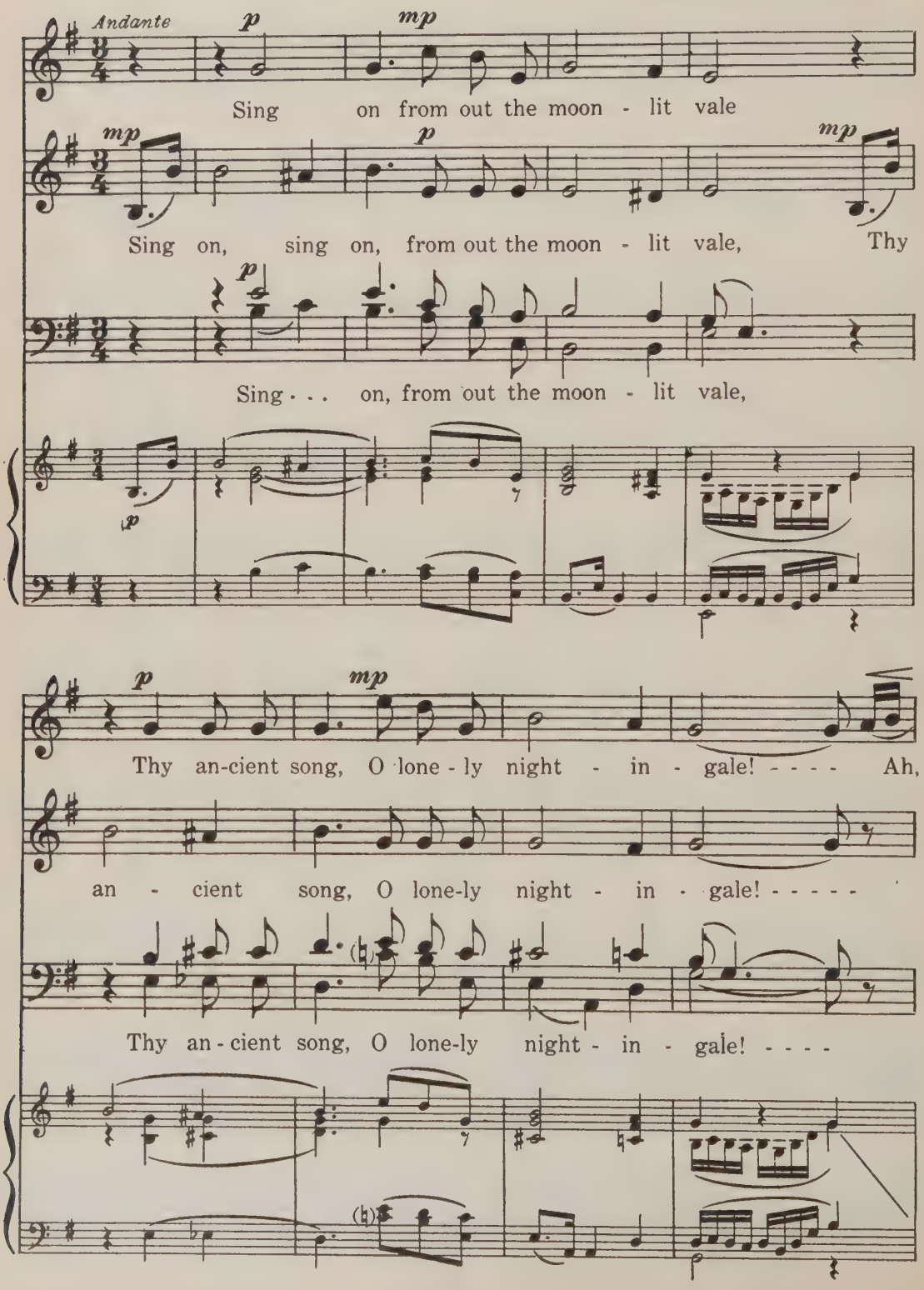
From the German of Friedrich Rückert

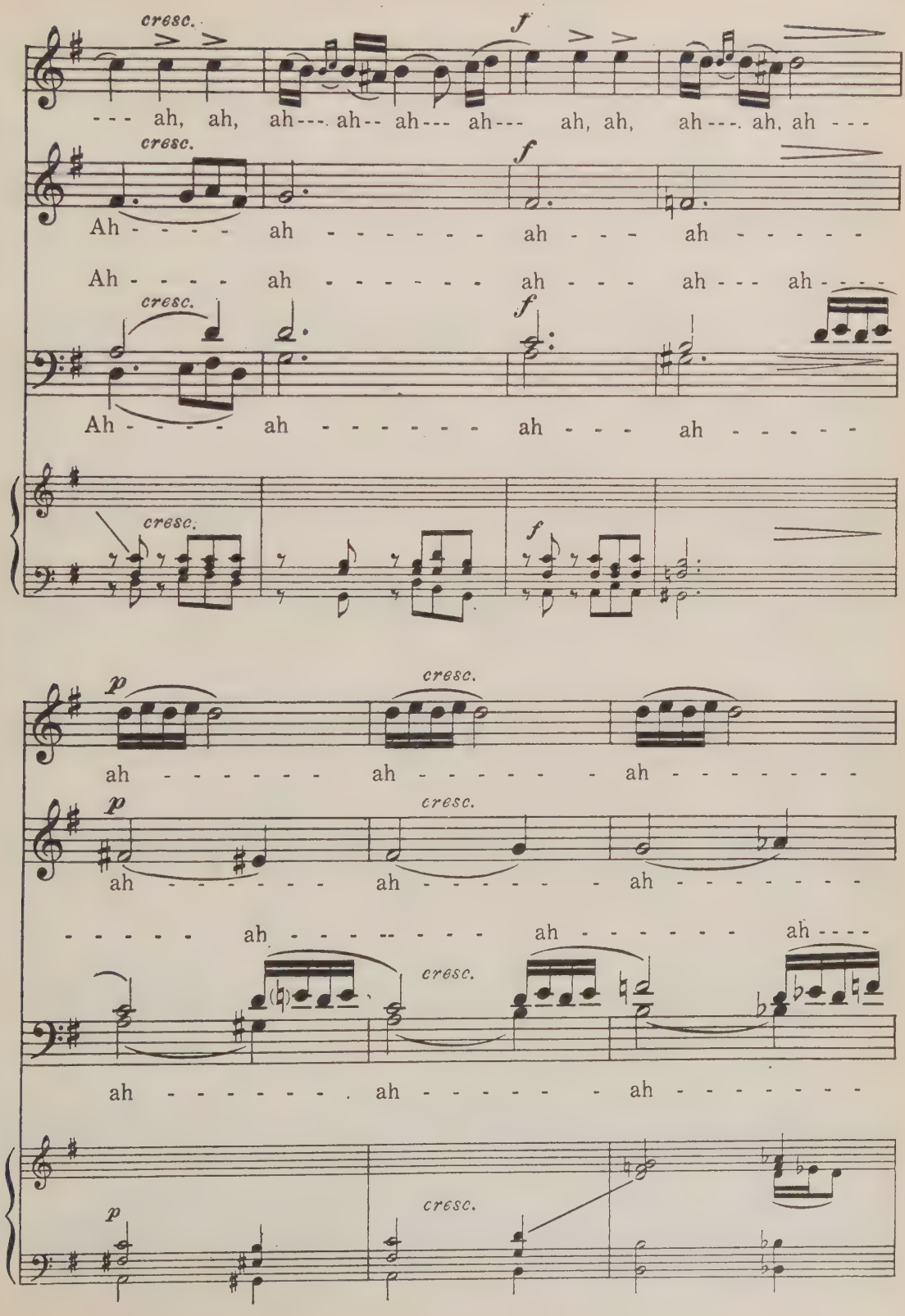
Robert Schumann

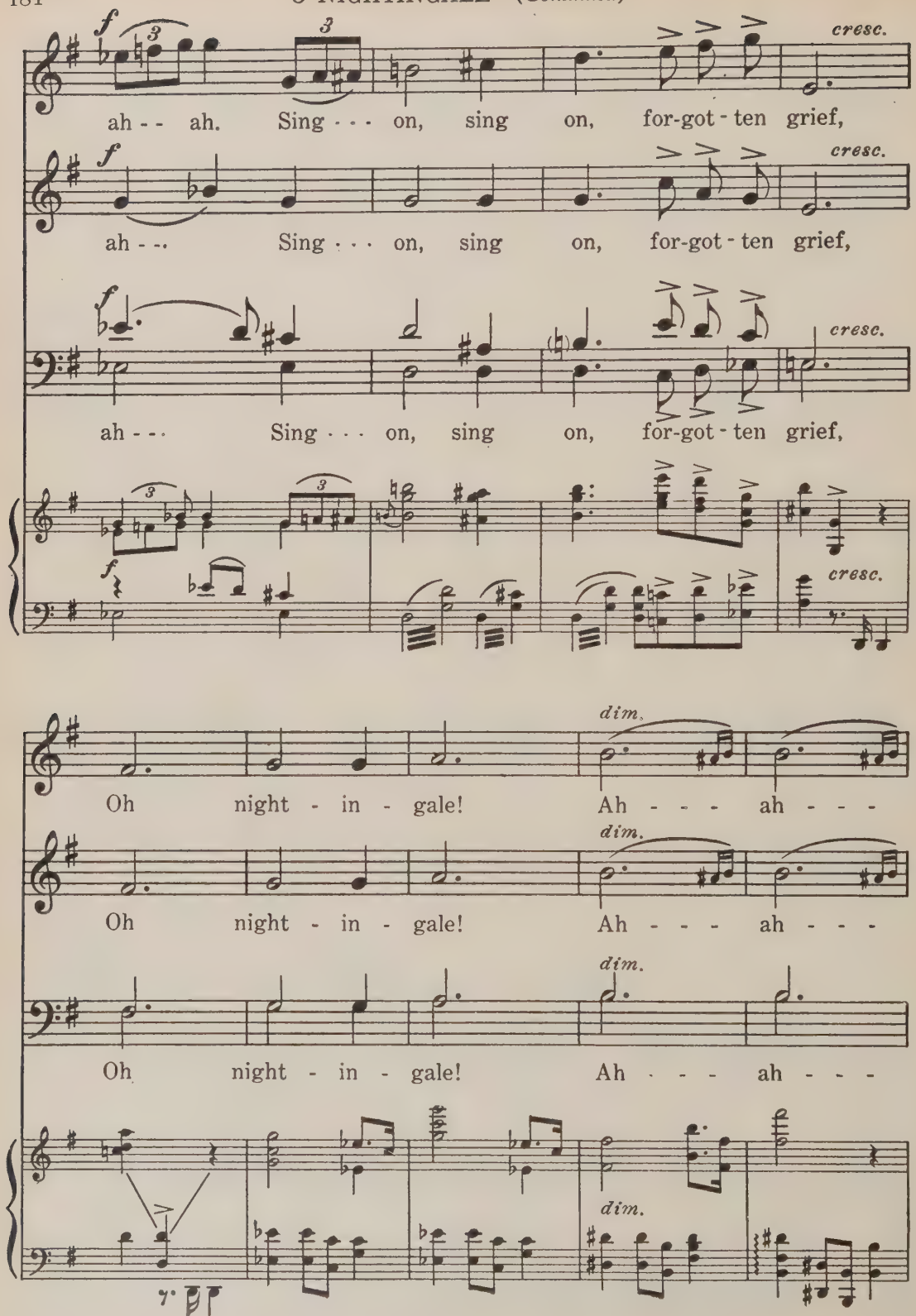


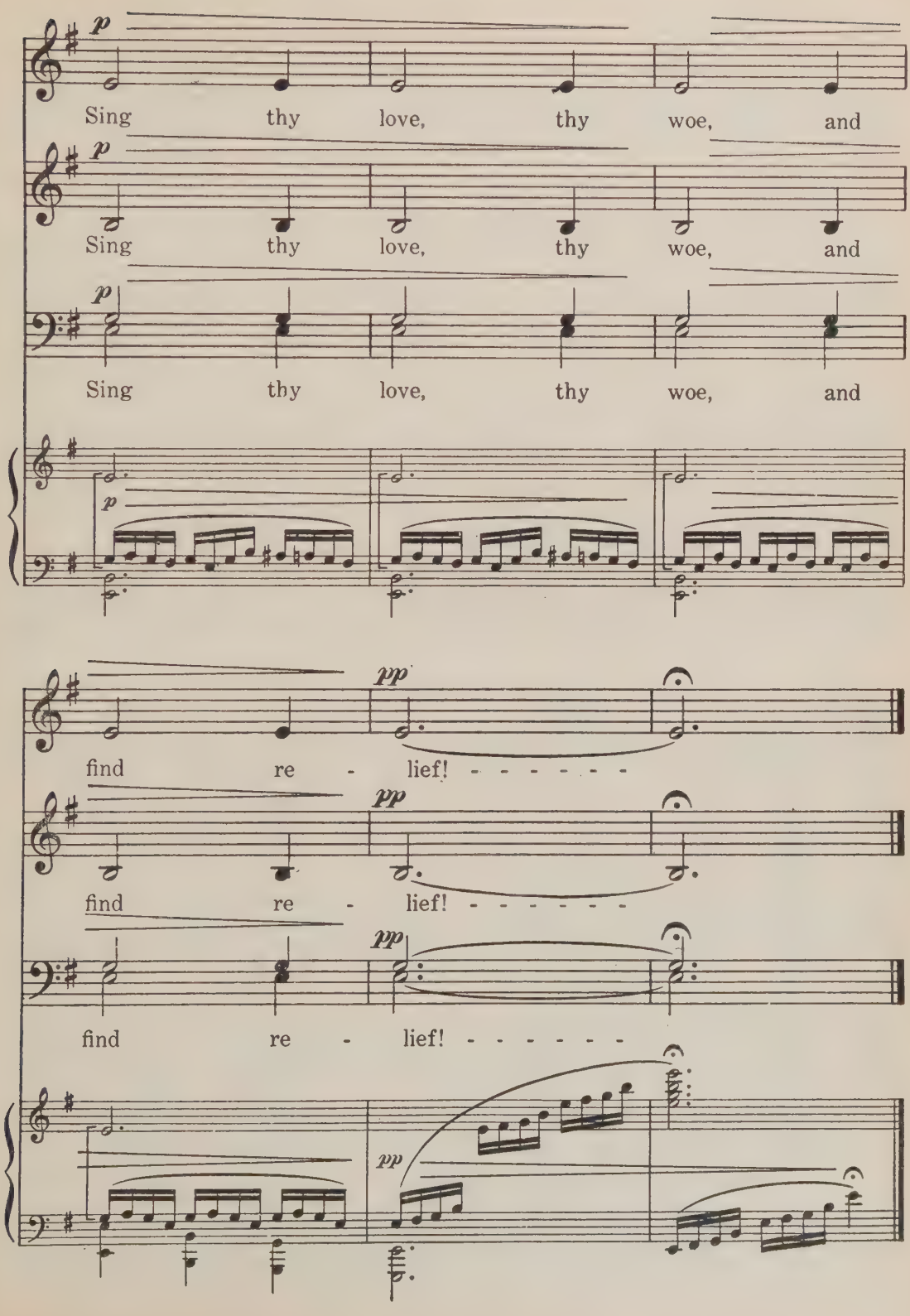
O NIGHTINGALE

Adapted by Mayhew L. Lake
from Wieniawski's *Legende*




cresc.
f
--- ah, ah, ah--- ah-- ah--- ah--- ah, ah, ah--- ah, ah ---
Ah - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - ah - - - - - -
Ah - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - ah - - - ah - - - -
Ah - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - ah - - - - -
p
ah - - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - - - - -
ah - - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - - - - -
- - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - - - - ah - - - -
ah - - - - - - - ah - - - - - - - ah - - - - - - -

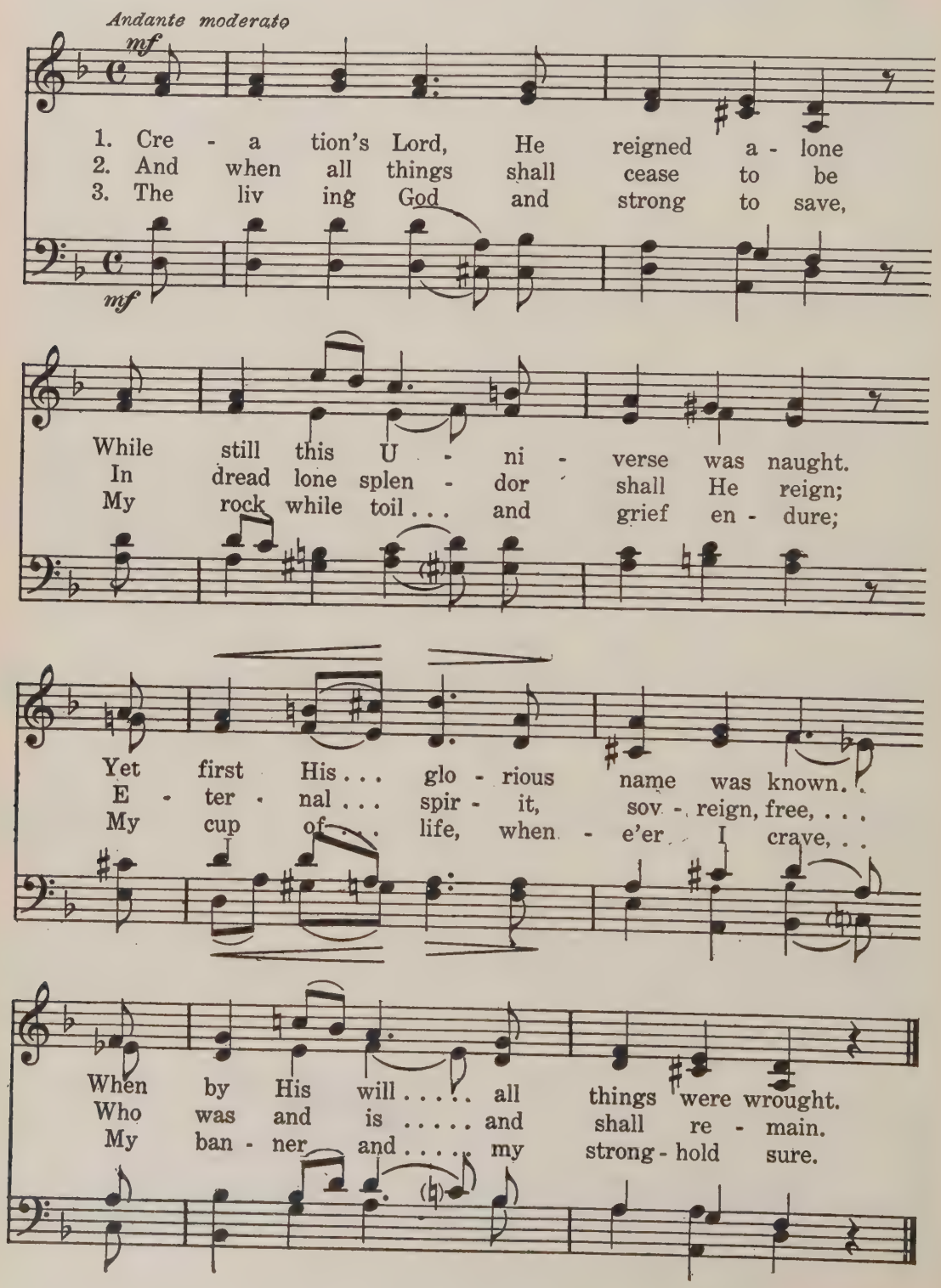

f
cresc.
ah - - ah. Sing - - - on, sing on, for-got - ten grief,
ah - - - Sing - - - on, sing on, for-got - ten grief,
ah - - - Sing - - - on, sing on, for-got - ten grief,
dim.
Oh night - in - gale! Ah - - - ah - - -


p
Sing thy love, thy woe, and
p
Sing thy love, thy woe, and
p
Sing thy love, thy woe, and
p
pp
find re - lief! - - - - - -
pp
find re - lief! - - - - - -
pp
find re - lief! - - - - - -
pp

CREATION'S LORD

From the Hebrew

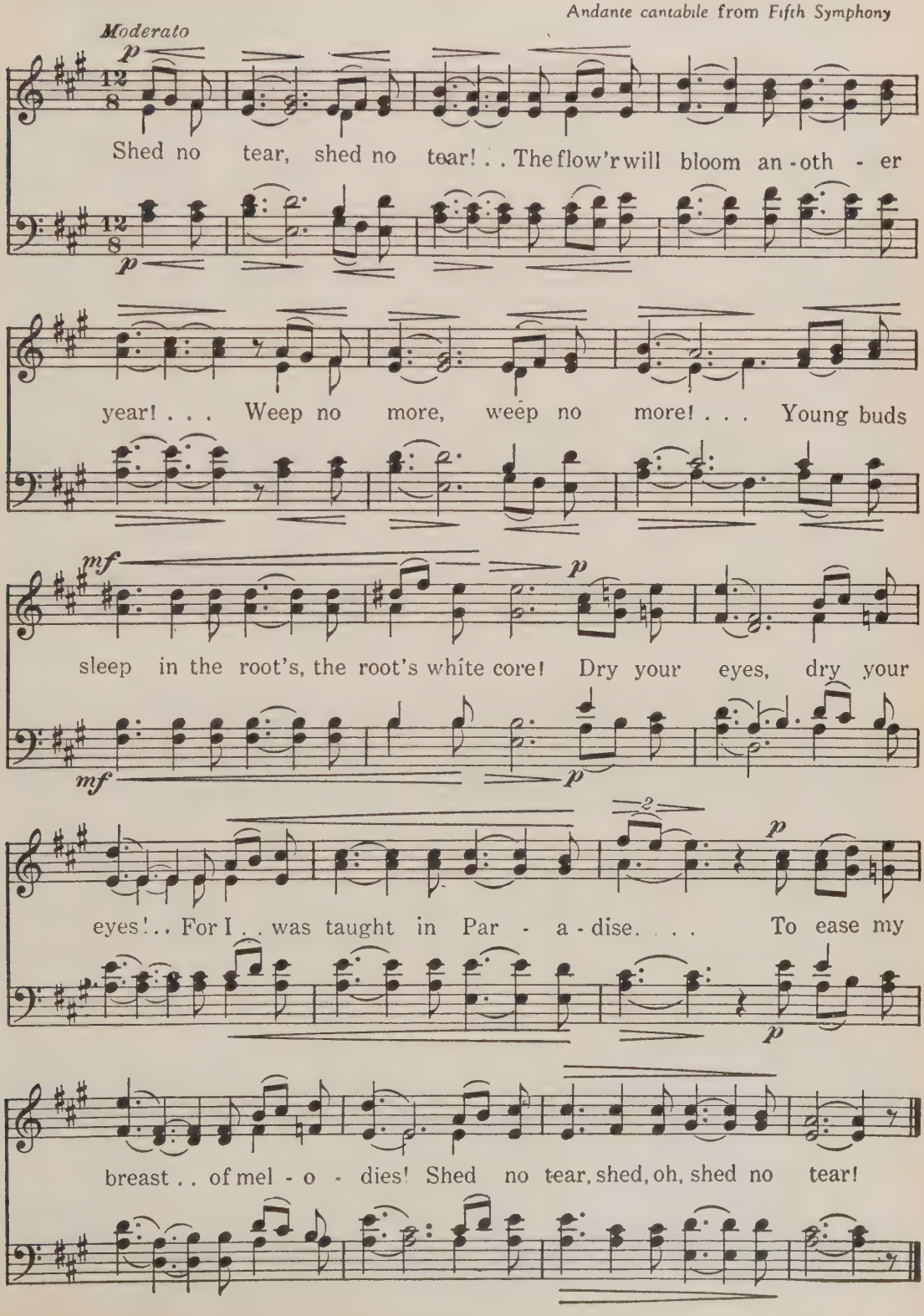
Traditional Hebrew Melody



SHED NO TEAR

John Keats

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky
Andante cantabile from *Fifth Symphony*

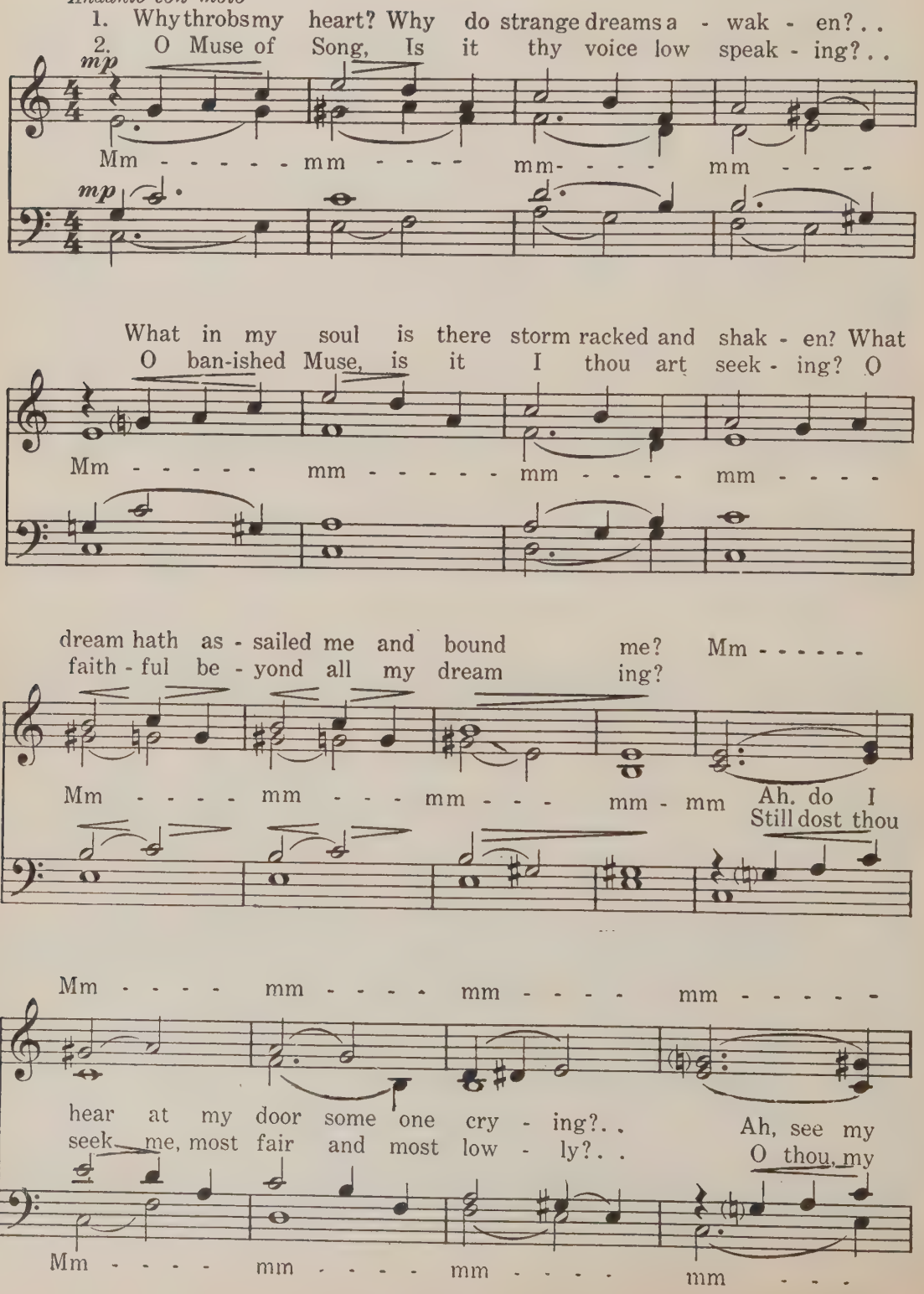


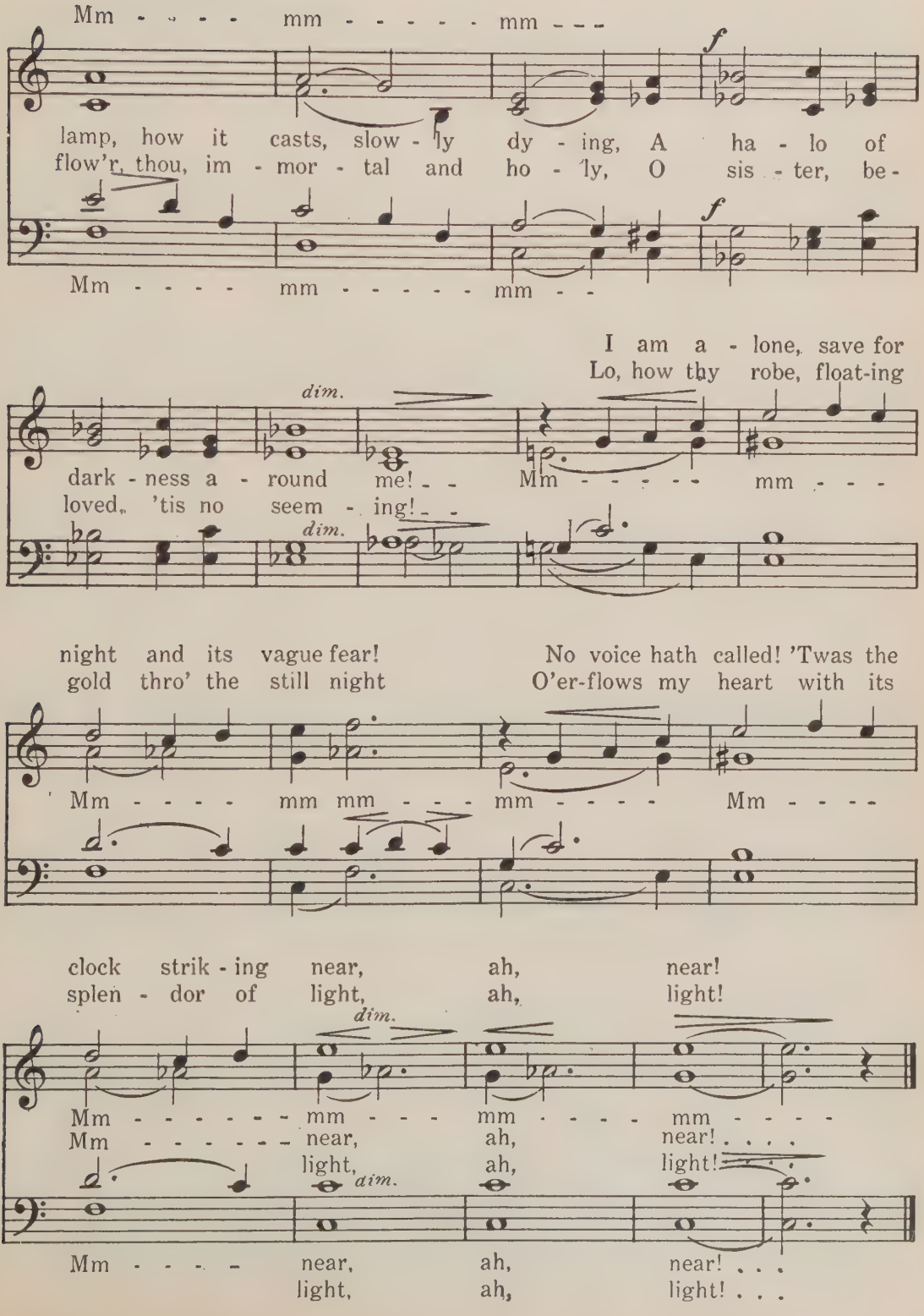
NIGHT OF MAY

From the French
of Alfred de Musset

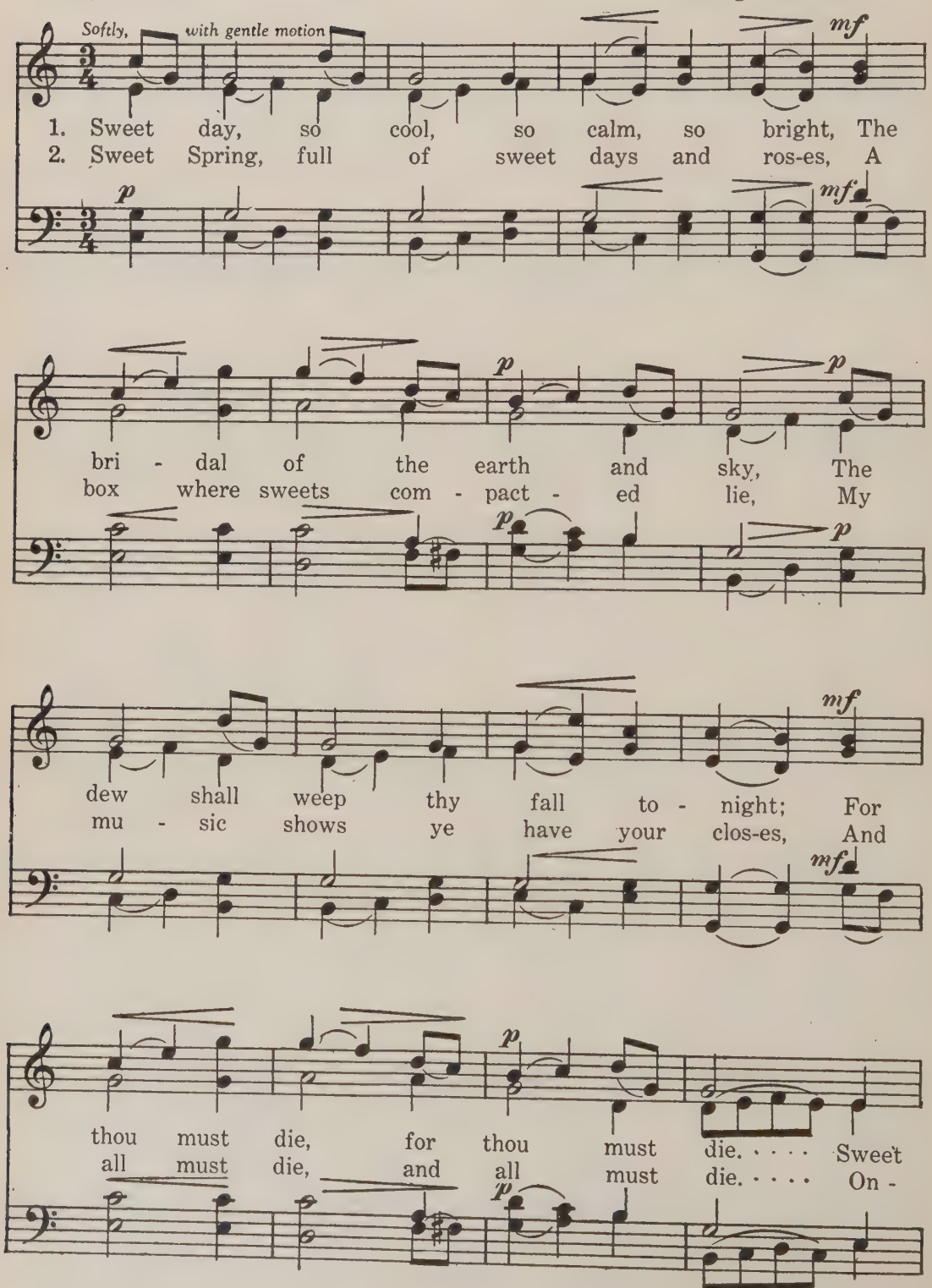
Adapted by M. L. Lake
from *Polichinelle*
by Sergeï Rachmaninoff

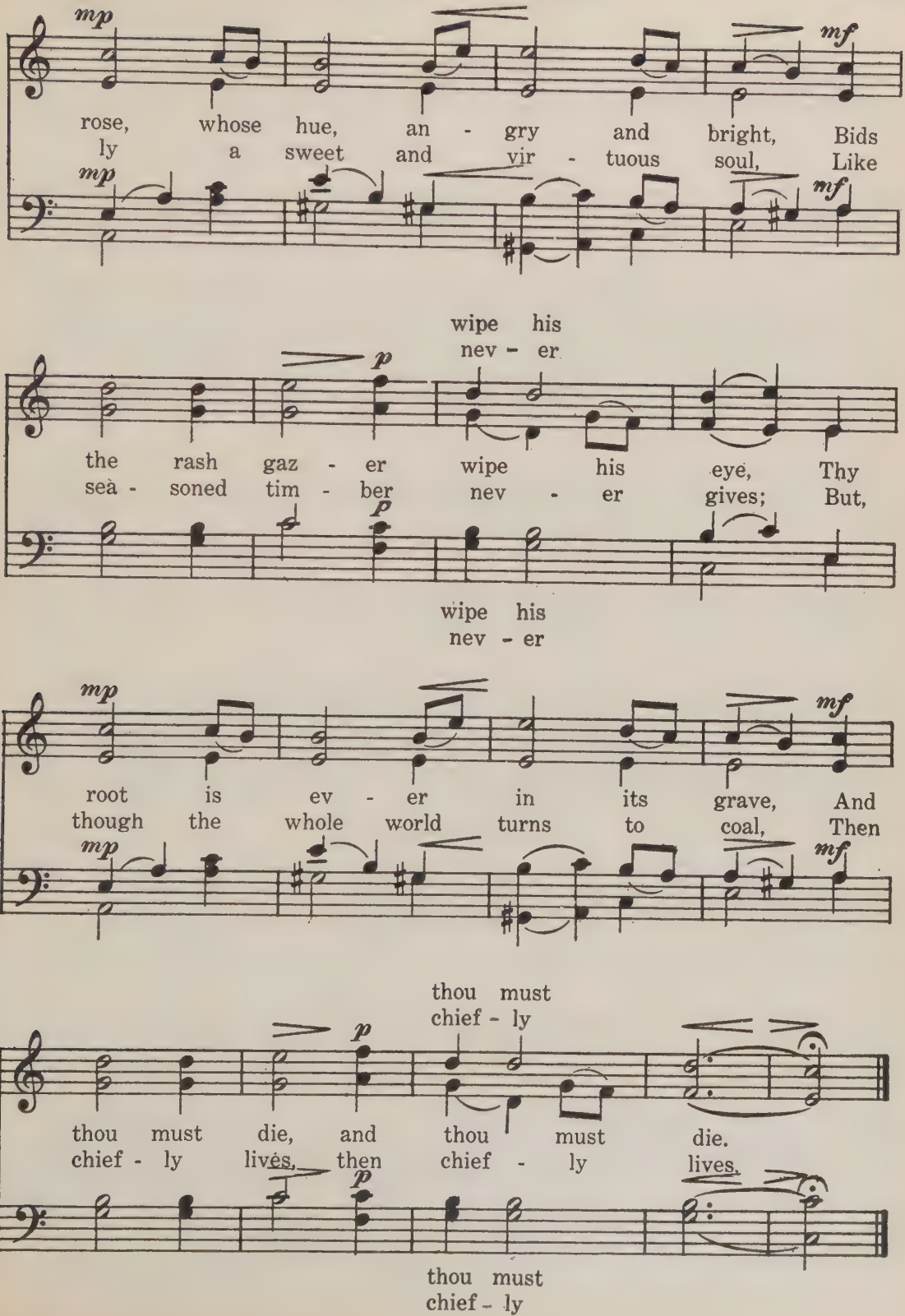
Andante con moto




Mm - - - - mm - - - - - mm - - -
lamp, how it casts, slow - ly dy - ing, A ha - lo of
flow'r, thou, im - mor - tal and ho - ly, O sis - ter, be -
f
f
Mm - - - - mm - - - - - mm - -
I am a - lone, save for
Lo, how thy robe, float-ing
dim.
dark - ness a - round me! - -
loved, 'tis no seem - ing! - -
dim.
Mm - - - - - mm - - -
night and its vague fear!
gold thro' the still night
No voice hath called! 'Twas the
O'er-flows my heart with its
Mm - - - - mm mm - - - mm - - - - Mm - - - -
clock strik - ing near, ah, near!
splen - dor of light, ah, light!
dim.
Mm - - - - - - mm - - - mm - - - - mm - - - -
Mm - - - - - - near, ah, near! . . . .
light, ah, light!
dim.
Mm - - - - near, ah, near! . . .
light, ah, light! . . .

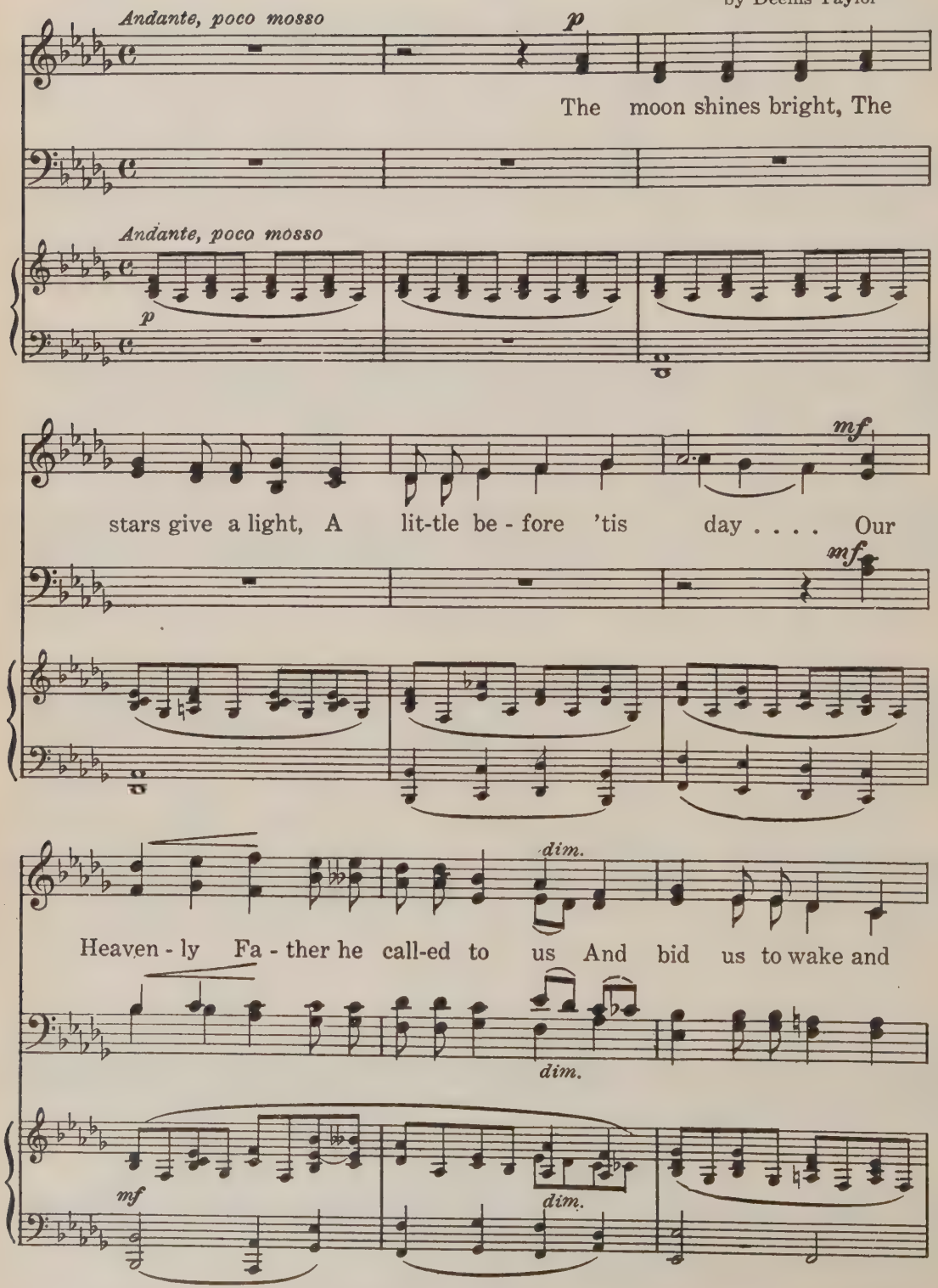
George Herbert — Ludwig van Beethoven




mp
mf
rose, whose hue, an - gry and bright, Bids
ly a sweet and vir - tuous soul, Like
mp
mf
wipe his
nev - er
p
the rash gaz - er wipe his eye, Thy
sea - soned tim - ber nev - er gives; But,
p
wipe his
nev - er
mp
mf
root is ev - er in its grave, And
though the whole world turns to coal, Then
mp
mf
thou must
chief - ly
p
thou must die, and thou must die.
chief - ly lives, then chief - ly lives.
p
thou must
chief - ly

MAY DAY CAROL

Air from Essex County
Harmonized and arranged
For Chorus of Mixed Voices
by Deems Taylor



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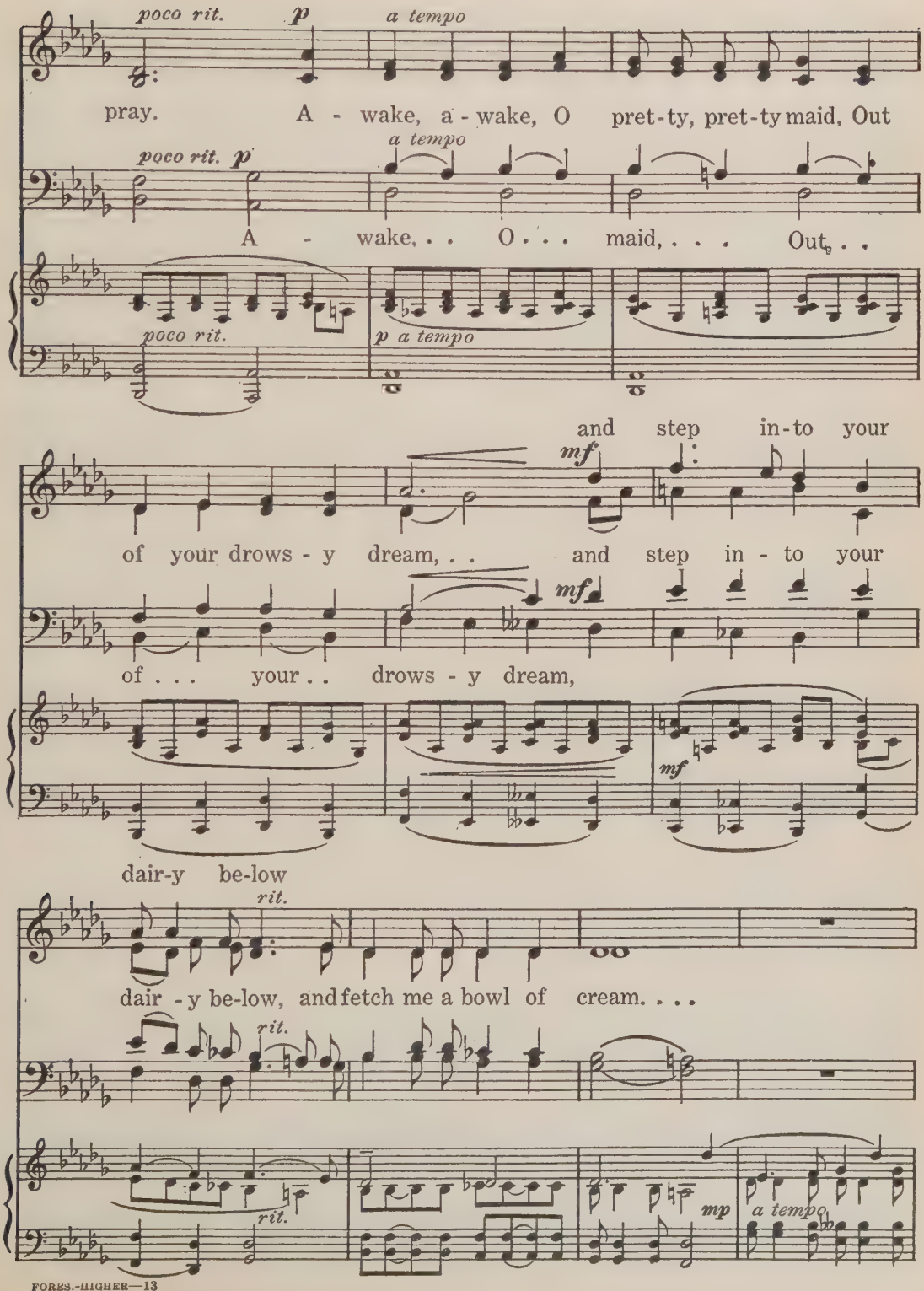
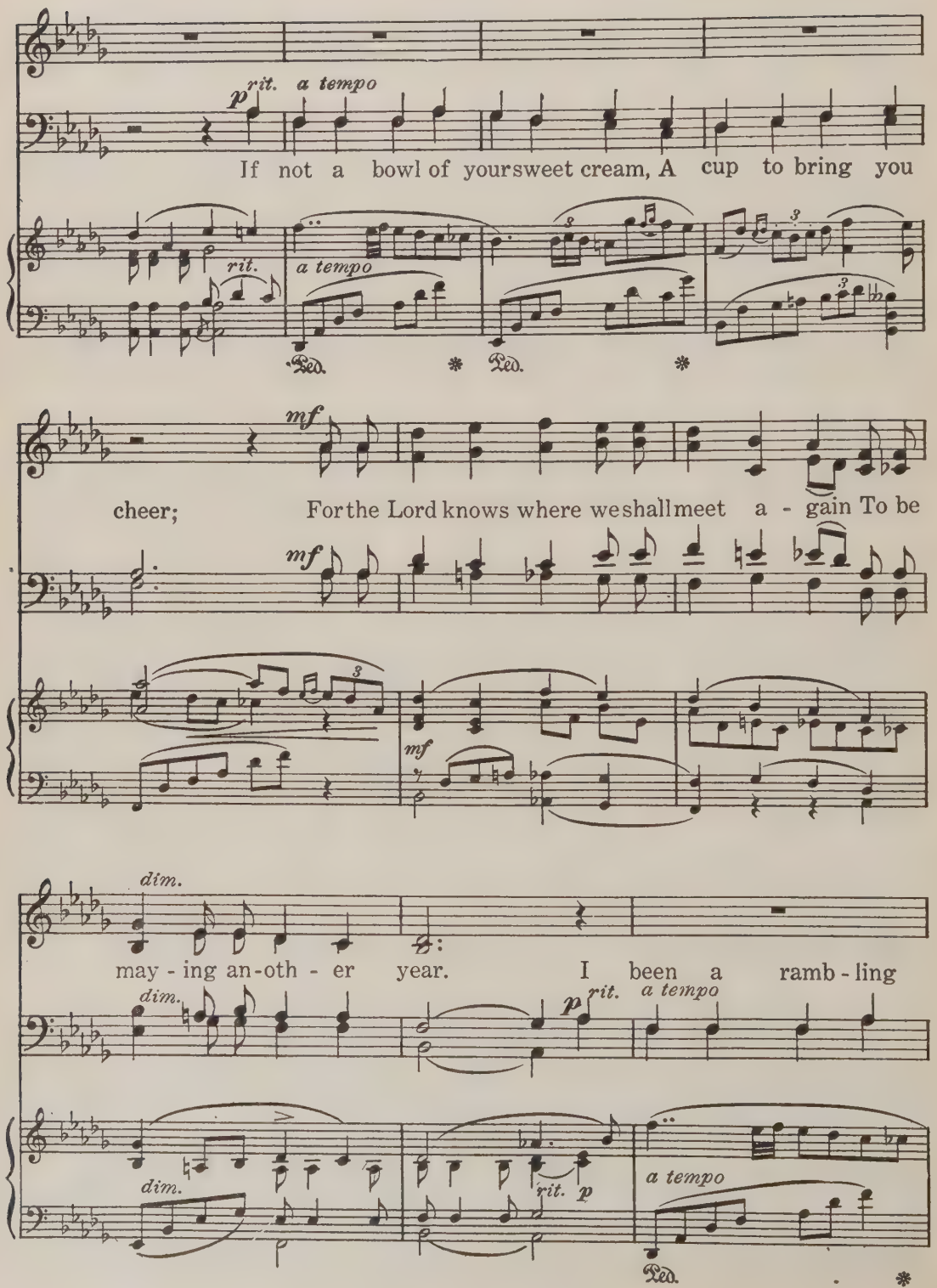
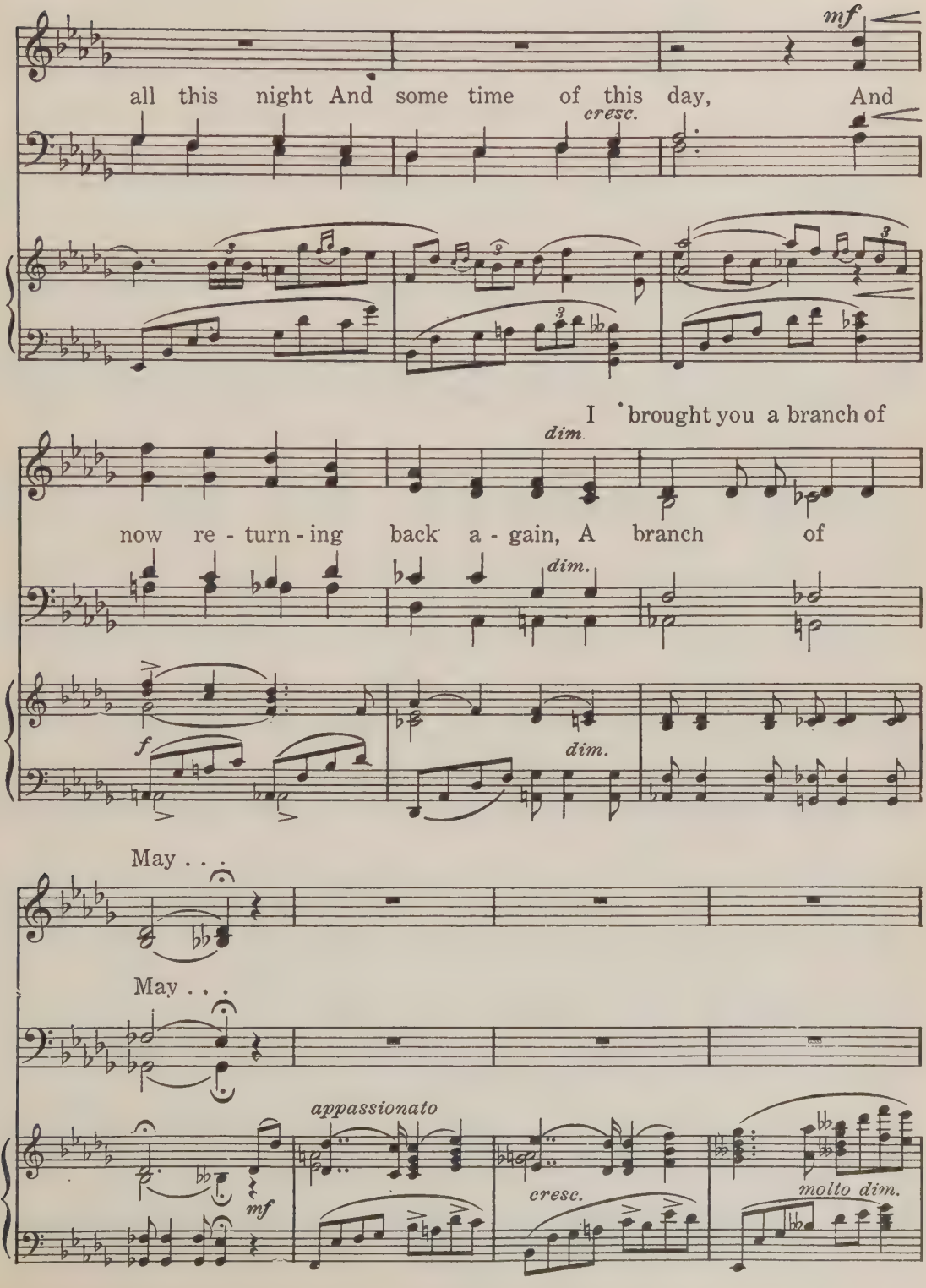
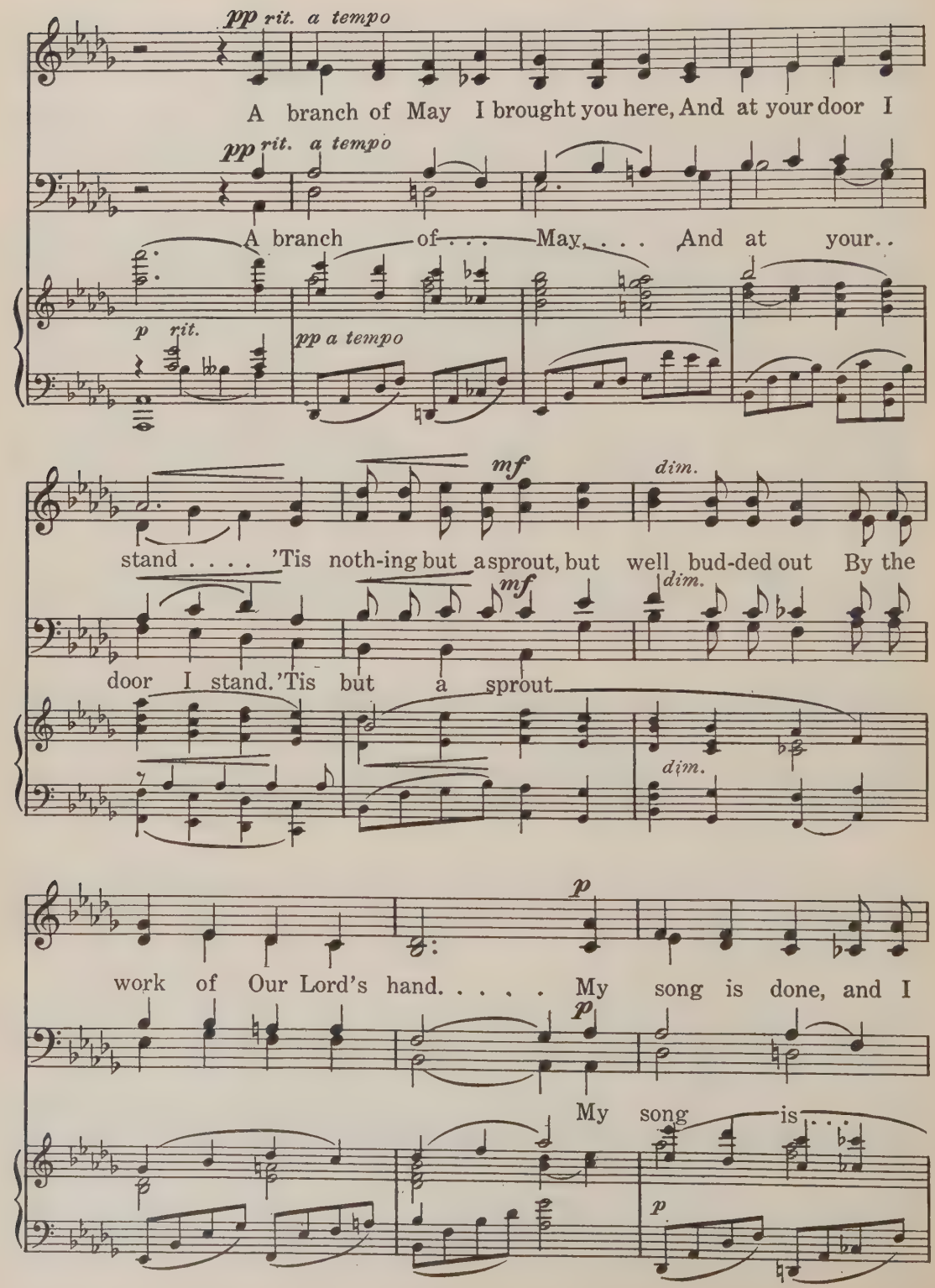
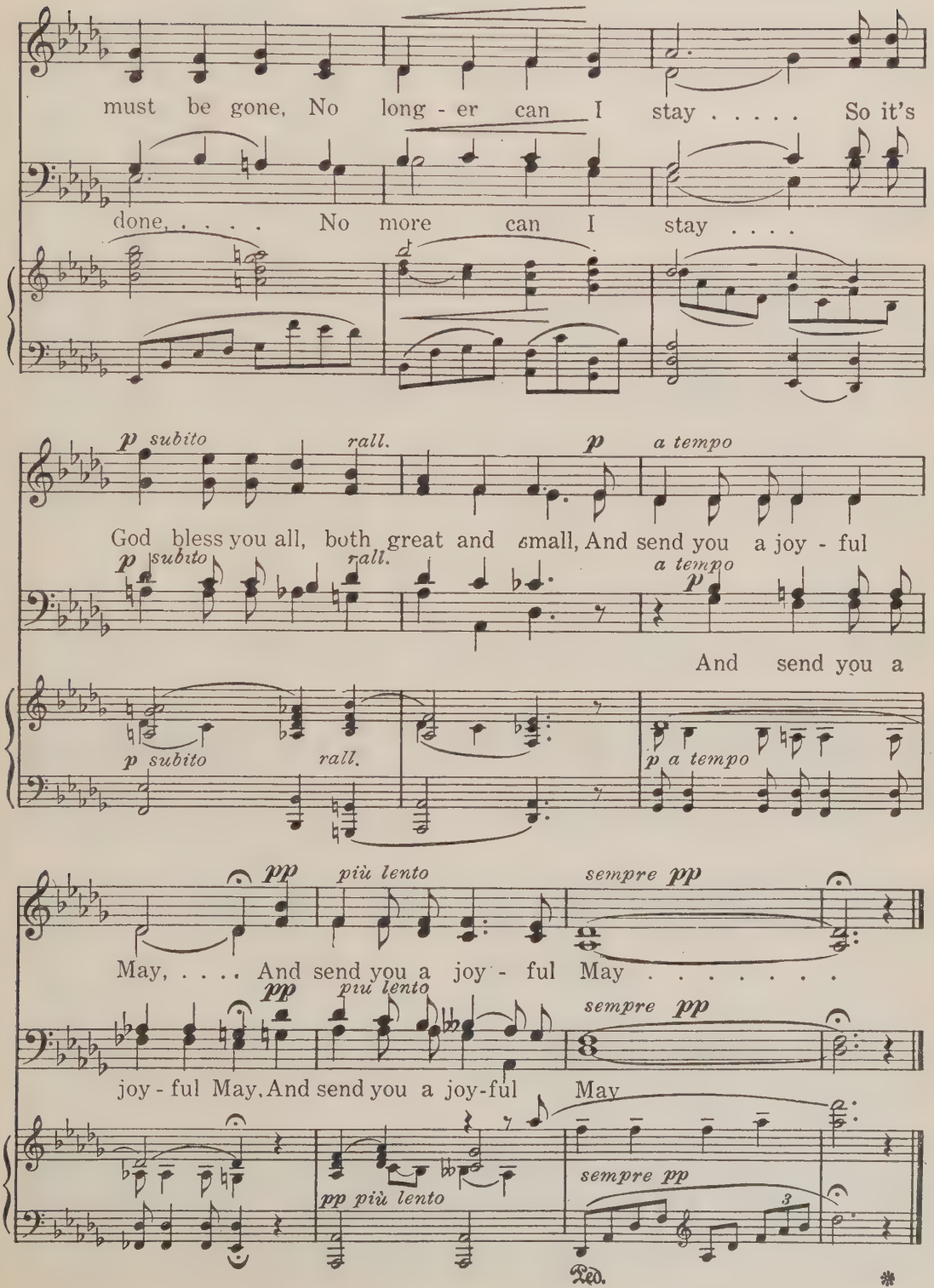

poco rit.
p
a tempo
pray.
A - wake, a - wake, O pret-ty, pret-ty maid, Out
poco rit. p
a tempo
A - wake, . . O . . . maid, . . . Out, . .
poco rit.
p a tempo
and step in-to your
mf
of your drows - y dream, . . and step in - to your
mf
of . . . your . . drows - y dream,
mf
dair-y be-low
rit.
dair - y be-low, and fetch me a bowl of cream. . . .
rit.
rit.
mp
a tempo


p rit. a tempo
If not a bowl of yoursweet cream, A cup to bring you
rit.
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
cheer; Forthe Lord knows where weshallmeet a - gain To be
mf
mf
dim.
may - ing an-oth - er year. I been a ramb - ling
dim.
p rit. a tempo
dim.
rit. p
a tempo
Ped. *


mf
all this night And some time of this day, And
cresc.
I brought you a branch of
dim.
now re - turn - ing back a - gain, A branch of
dim.
f
dim.
May . . .
May . . .
appassionato
mf
cresc.
molto dim.

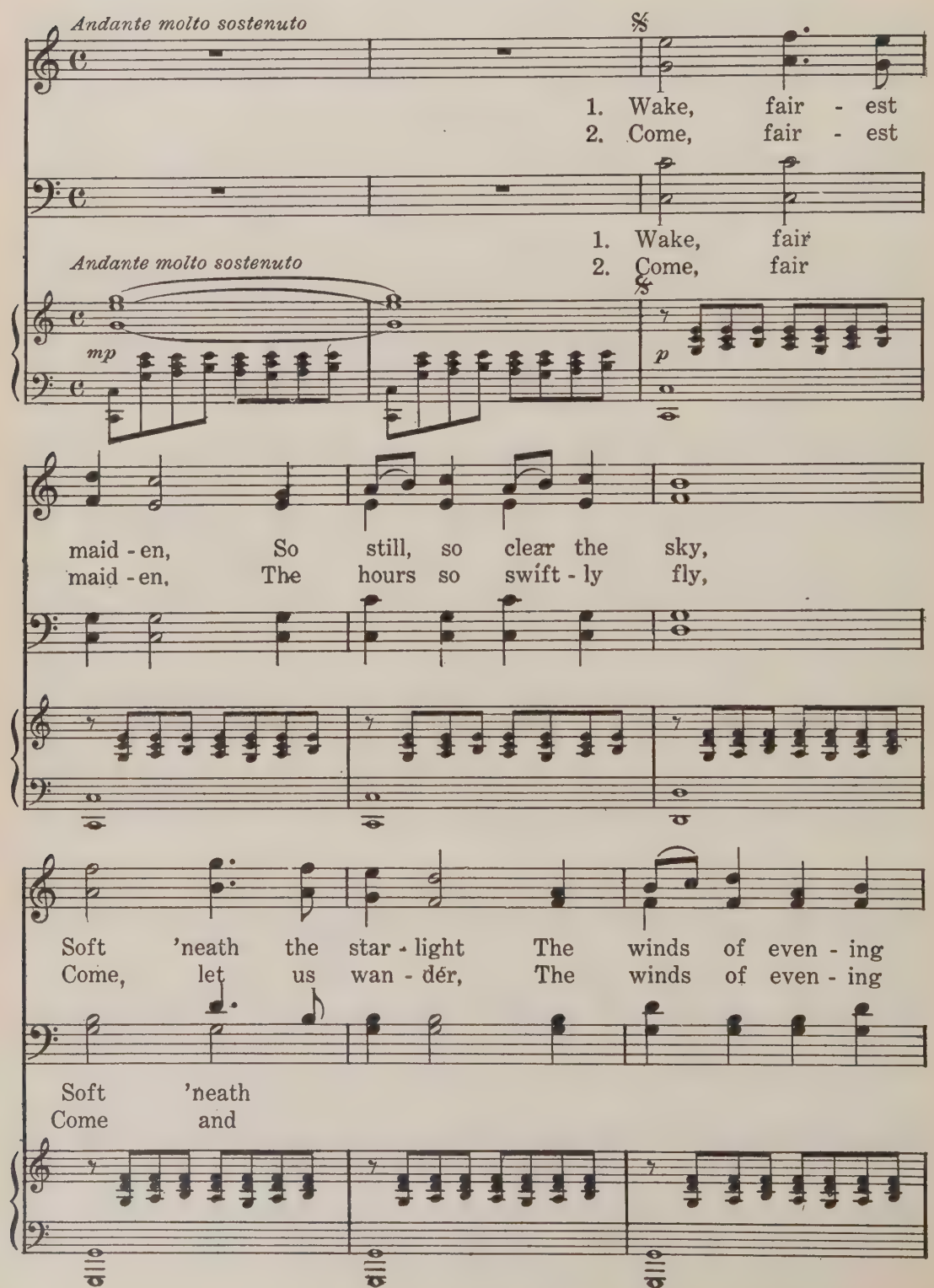

pp rit. a tempo
A branch of May I brought you here, And at your door I
pp rit. a tempo
A branch of . . . May, . . . And at your . .
p rit.
pp a tempo
mf
dim.
stand . . . . 'Tis noth-ing but a sprout, but well bud-ded out By the
mf
dim.
door I stand. 'Tis but a sprout
dim.
p
work of Our Lord's hand. . . . . My song is done, and I
p
My song is . . .
p

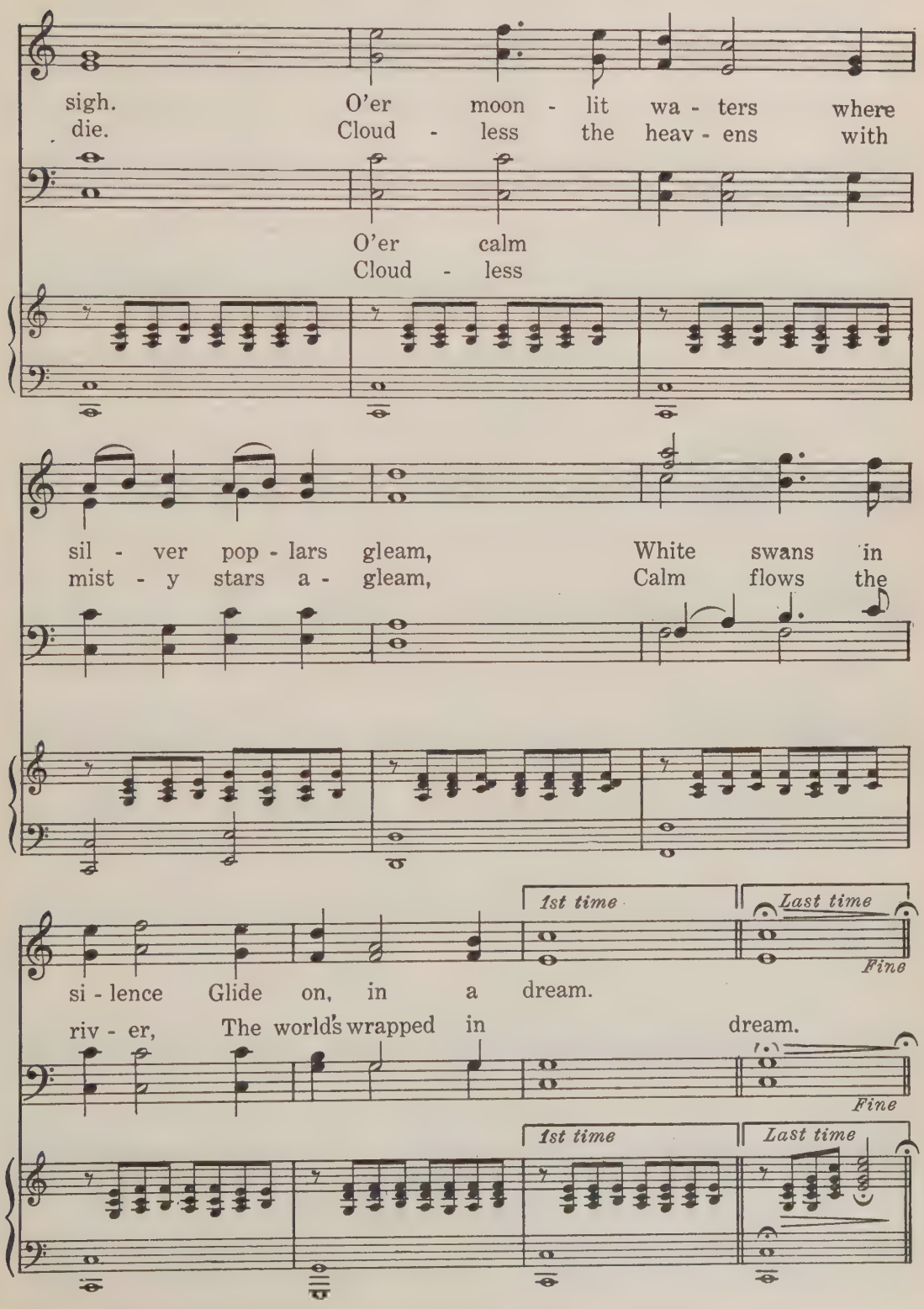

must be gone, No long - er can I stay . . . . . So it's
done, ... No more can I stay . . . .
p subito
rall.
p
a tempo
God bless you all, both great and small, And send you a joy - ful
p subito
rall.
a tempo
p
And send you a
p subito
rall.
p a tempo
pp
più lento
sempre pp
May, ... And send you a joy - ful May . . . . . .
pp
più lento
sempre pp
joy - ful May, And send you a joy-ful May
pp più lento
sempre pp
Ped.
*

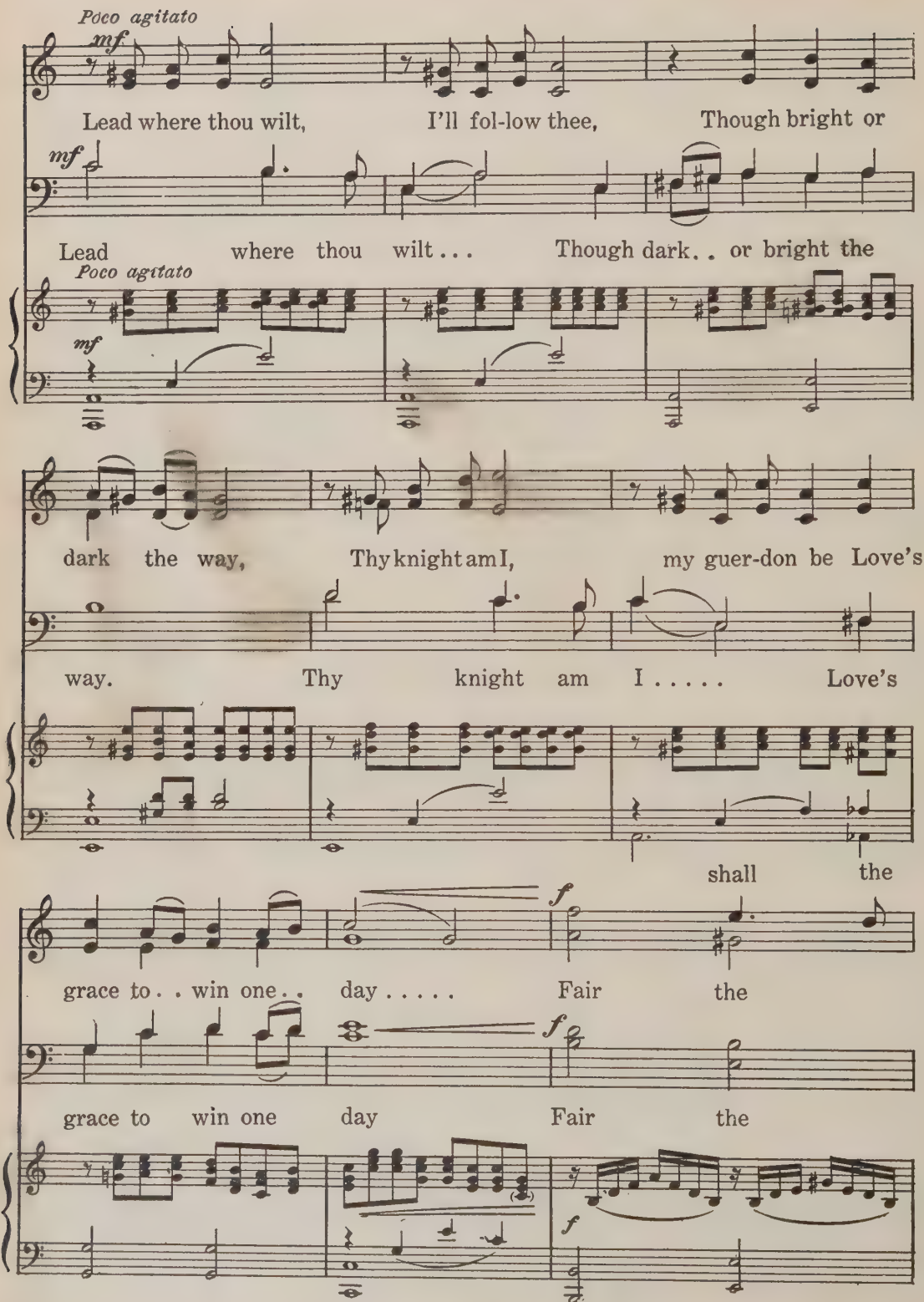
WAKE, FAIREST MAIDEN

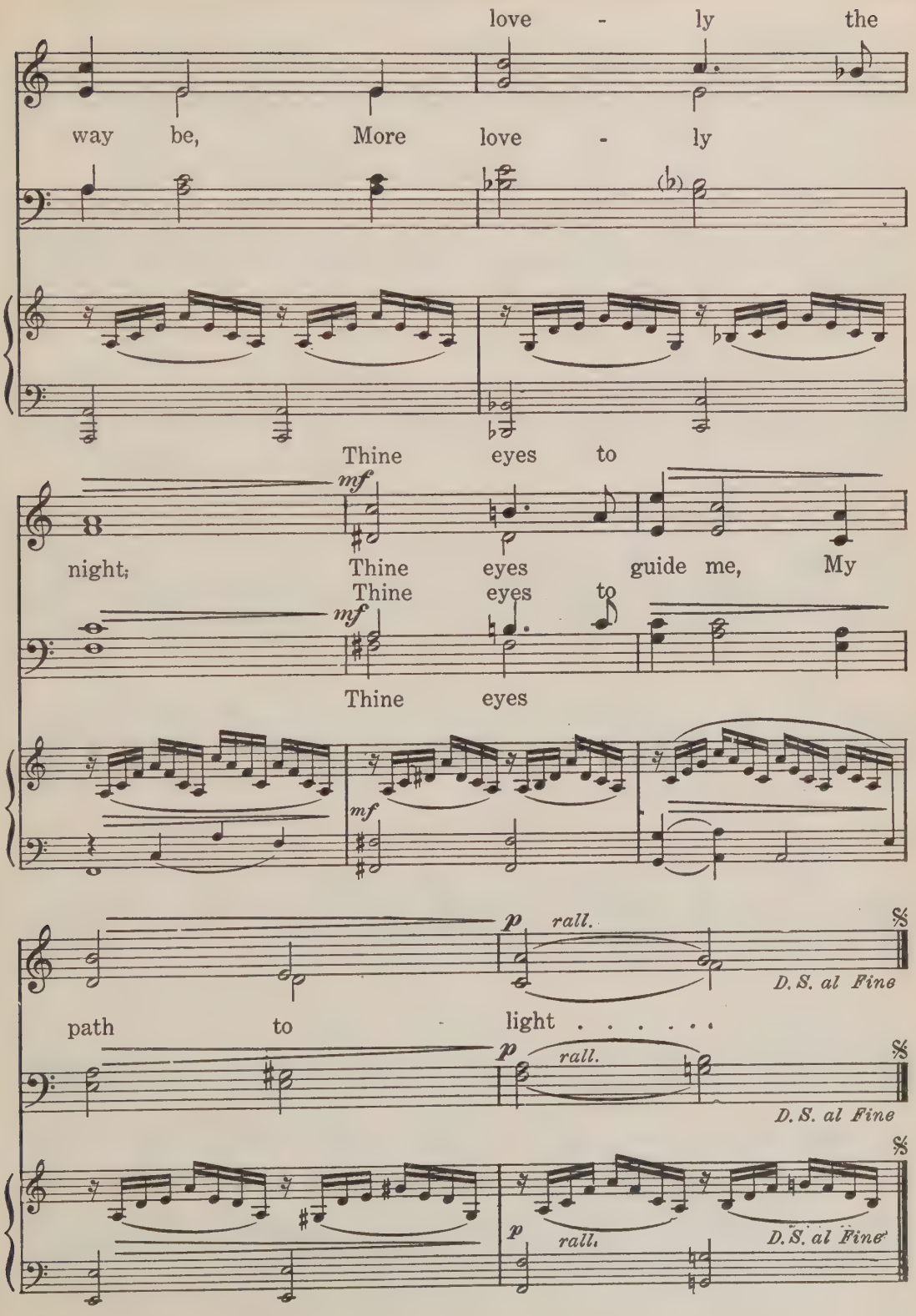
Adapted from the Danish

Edwin H. Lemare

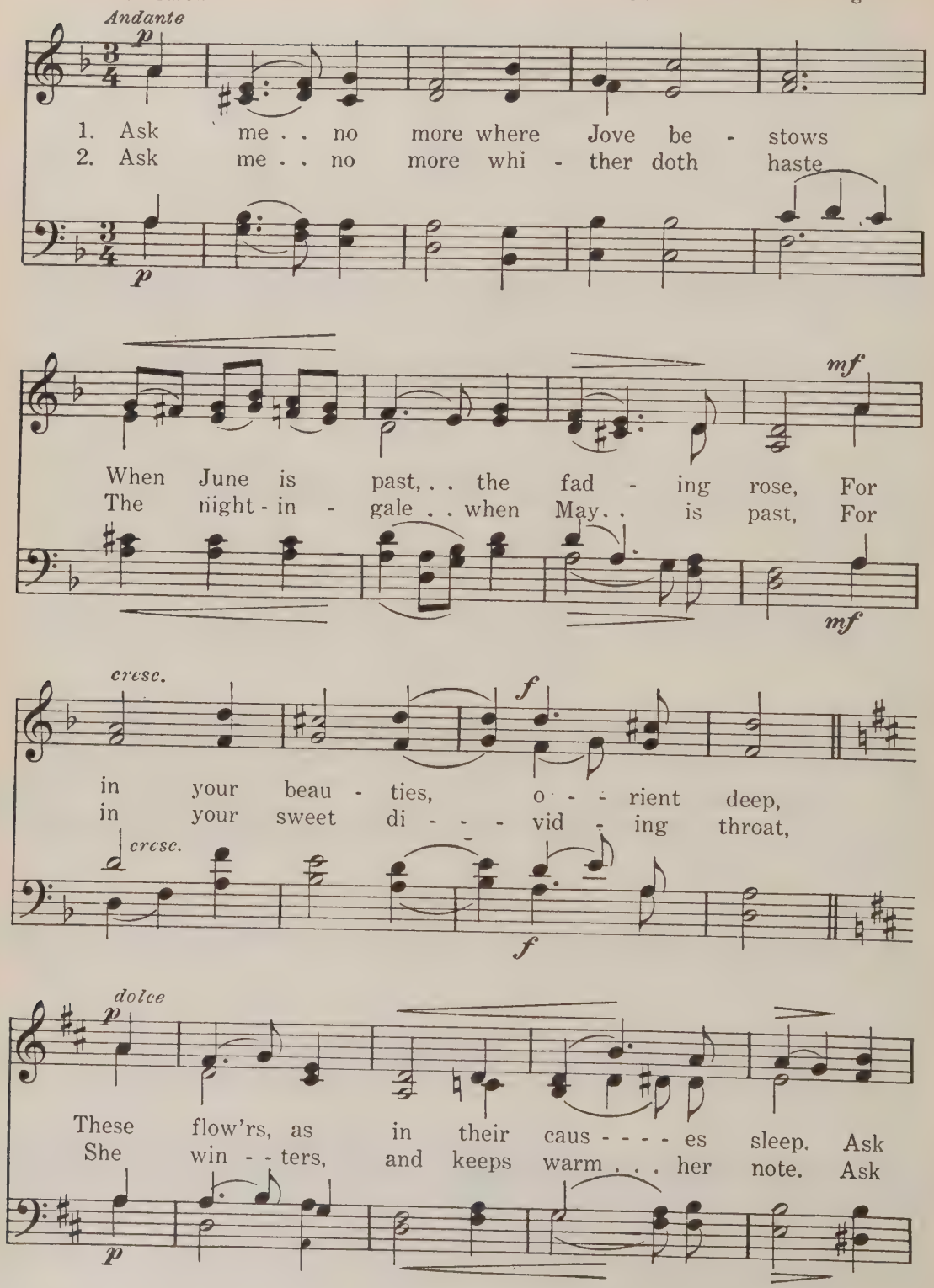


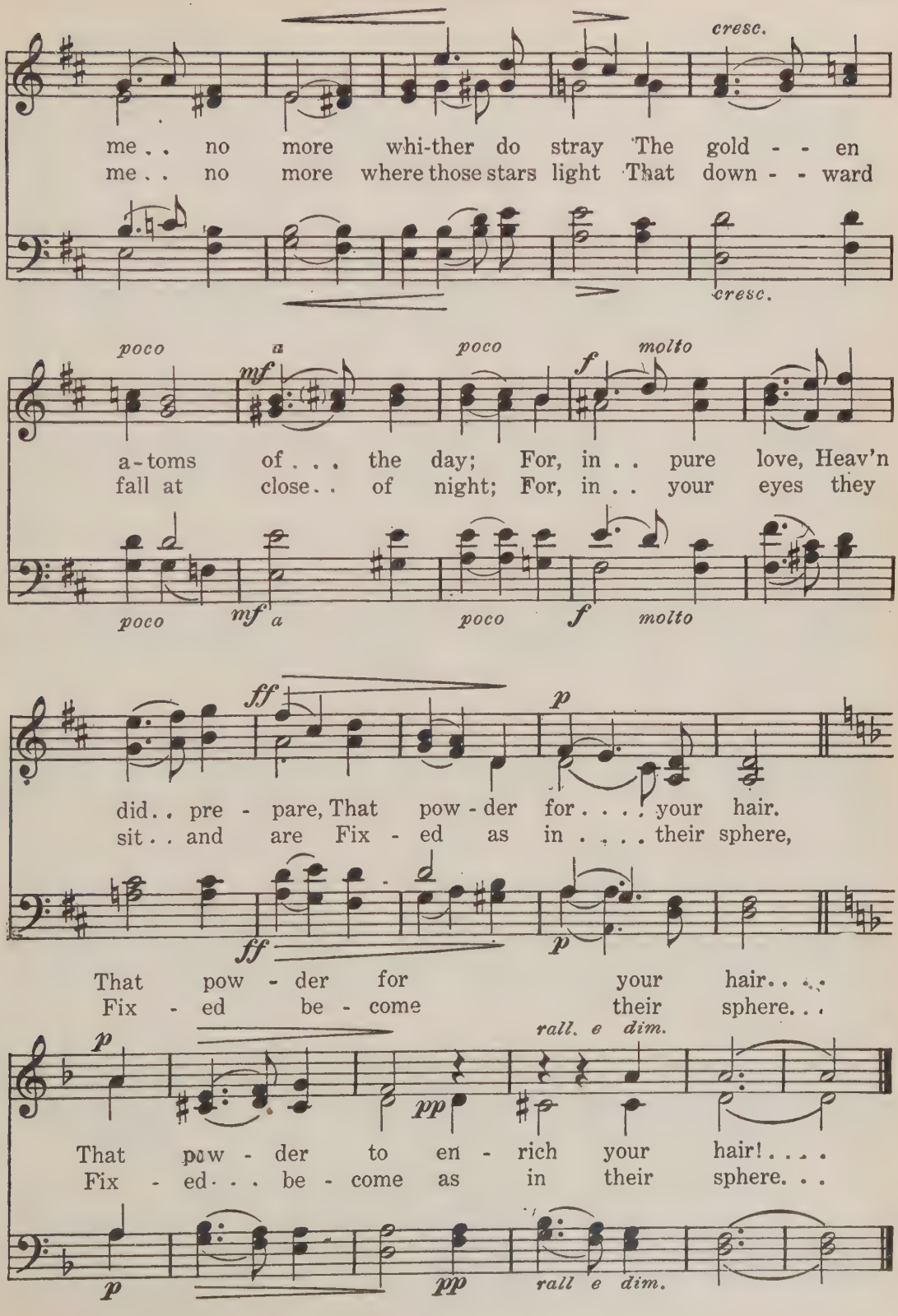

sigh. O'er moon - lit wa - ters where
die. Cloud - less the heav - ens with
O'er calm
Cloud - less
sil - ver pop - lars gleam, White swans in
mist - y stars a - gleam, Calm flows the
1st time
Last time
Fine
si - lence Glide on, in a dream.
riv - er, The world's wrapped in dream.
Fine
1st time
Last time


Poco agitato
mf
Lead where thou wilt, I'll fol-low thee, Though bright or
mf
Lead where thou wilt . . . Though dark . . or bright the
Poco agitato
mf
dark the way, Thy knight am I, my guer-don be Love's
way. Thy knight am I . . . . . Love's
shall the
f
grace to . . win one . . day . . . . . Fair the
f
grace to win one day Fair the
f


love - ly the
way be, More love - ly
Thine eyes to
mf
night; Thine eyes guide me, My
Thine eyes to
mf
Thine eyes
mf
p rall.
D. S. al Fine
path to light . . . . . .
p rall.
D. S. al Fine
p rall.
D. S. al Fine

Thomas Carew — Antonio Francesco Tenaglia

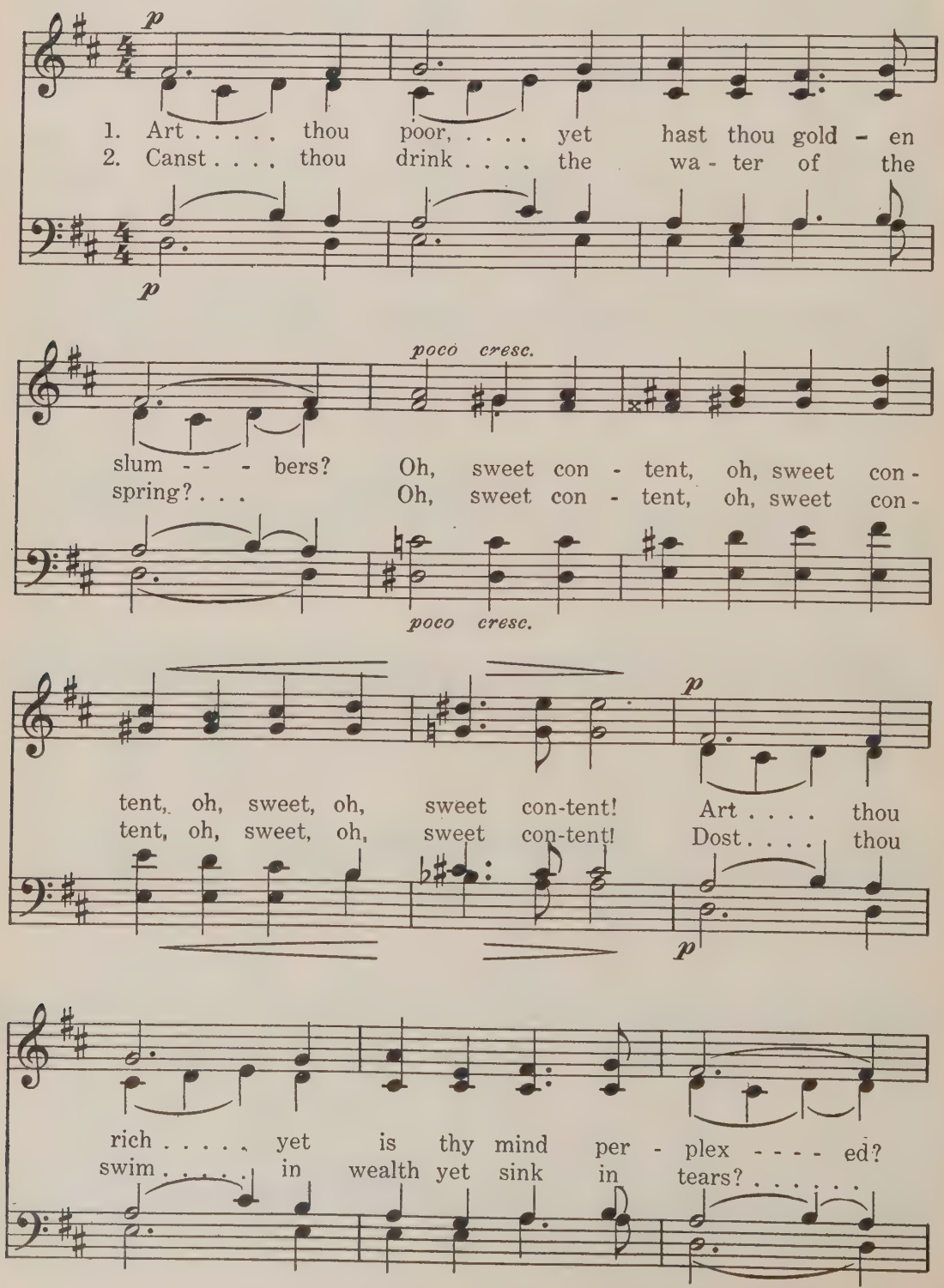


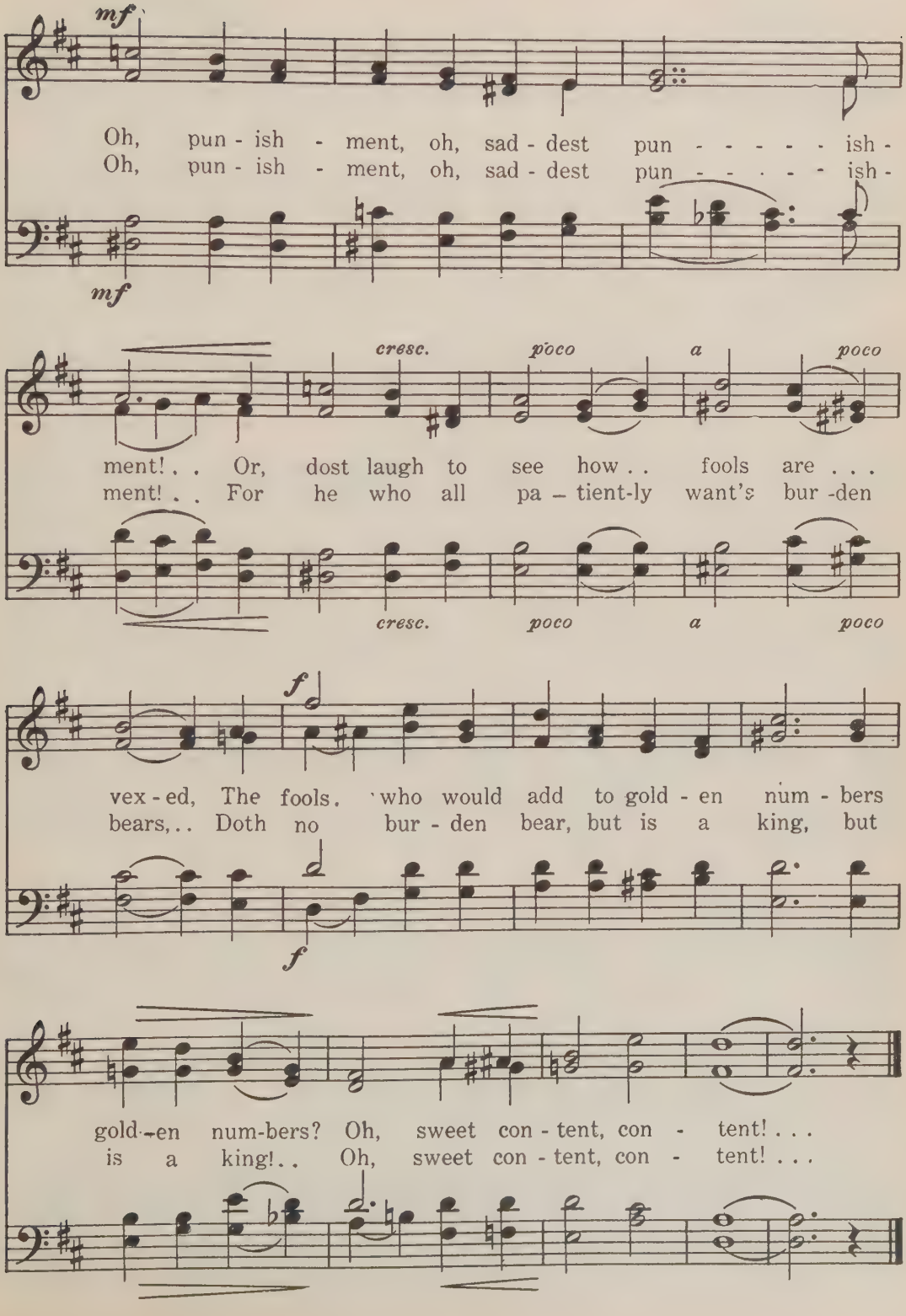

cresc.
me . . no more whi-ther do stray The gold - - en
me . . no more where those stars light That down - - ward
cresc.
poco a mf poco f molto
a-toms of . . . the day; For, in . . pure love, Heav'n
fall at close . . of night; For, in . . your eyes they
poco mf a poco f molto
ff p
did . . pre - pare, That pow - der for . . . . your hair.
sit . . and are Fix - ed as in . . . . their sphere,
ff p
That pow - der for your hair . . . .
Fix - ed be - come their sphere . . .
p rall. e dim.
pp
That pow - der to en - rich your hair! . . . .
Fix - ed . . . be - come as in their sphere . . .
p pp rall e dim.

OH, SWEET CONTENT

Thomas Dekker
(Slightly adapted)

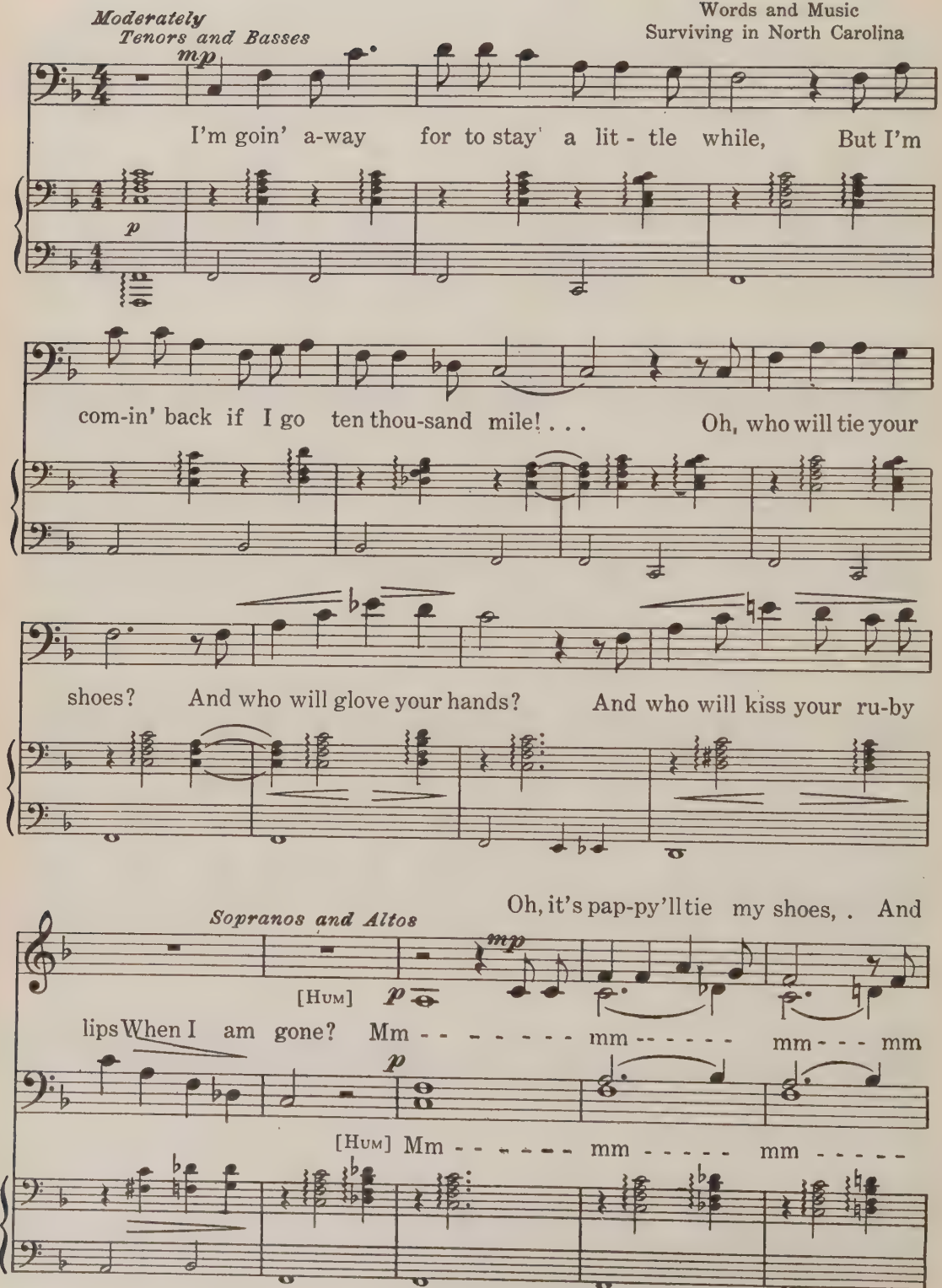
W. Rebikoff
Adapted from *Romance sans paroles*



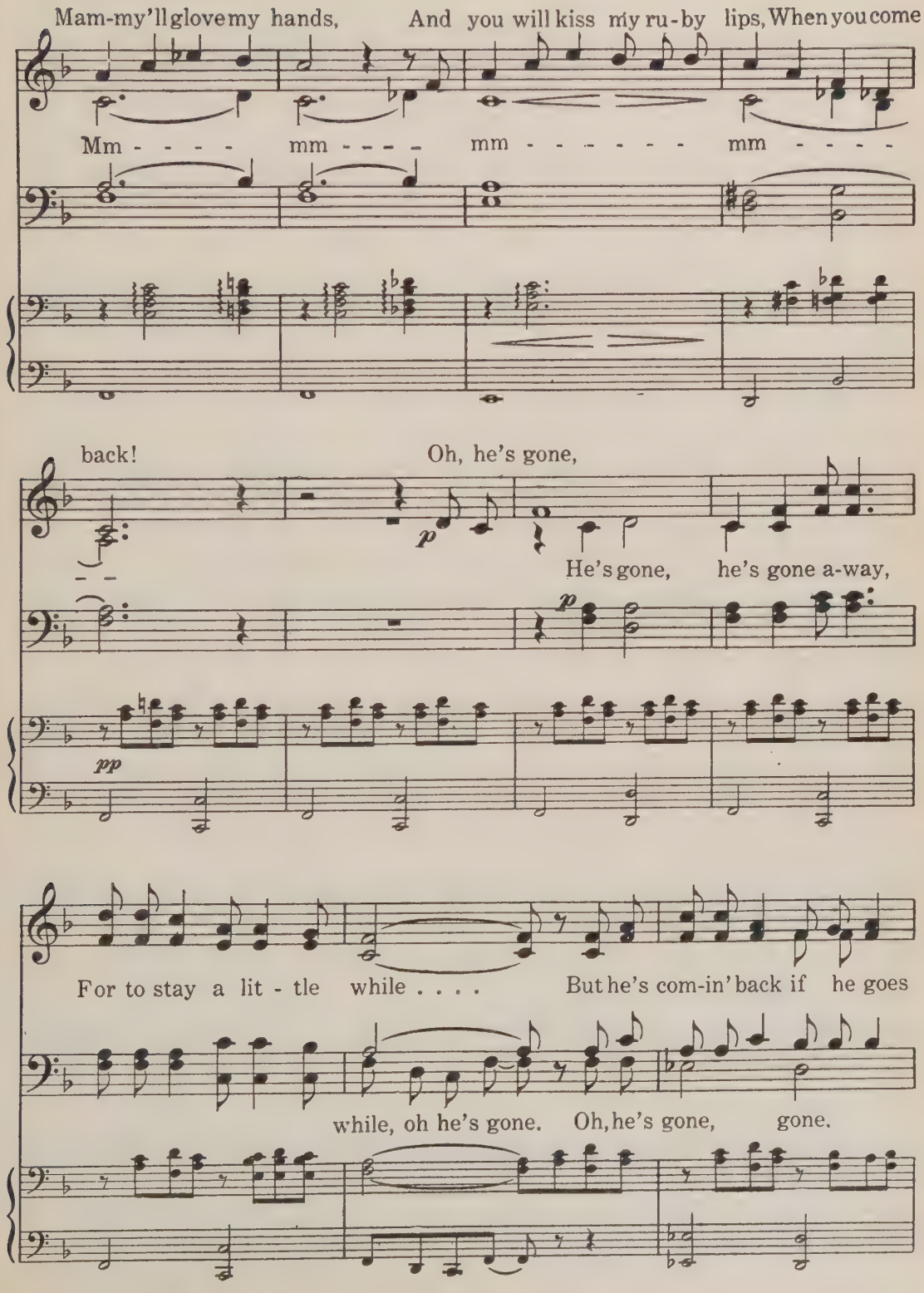

mf
Oh, pun - ish - ment, oh, sad - dest pun - - - - - ish -
Oh, pun - ish - ment, oh, sad - dest pun - - - - - ish -
mf
cresc. poco a poco
ment! . . Or, dost laugh to see how . . fools are . . .
ment! . . For he who all pa - tient-ly want's bur -den
cresc. poco a poco
f
vex - ed, The fools. who would add to gold - en num - bers
bears,. . Doth no bur - den bear, but is a king, but
f
gold - en num-bers? Oh, sweet con - tent, con - tent! . . .
is a king! . . Oh, sweet con - tent, con - tent! . . .

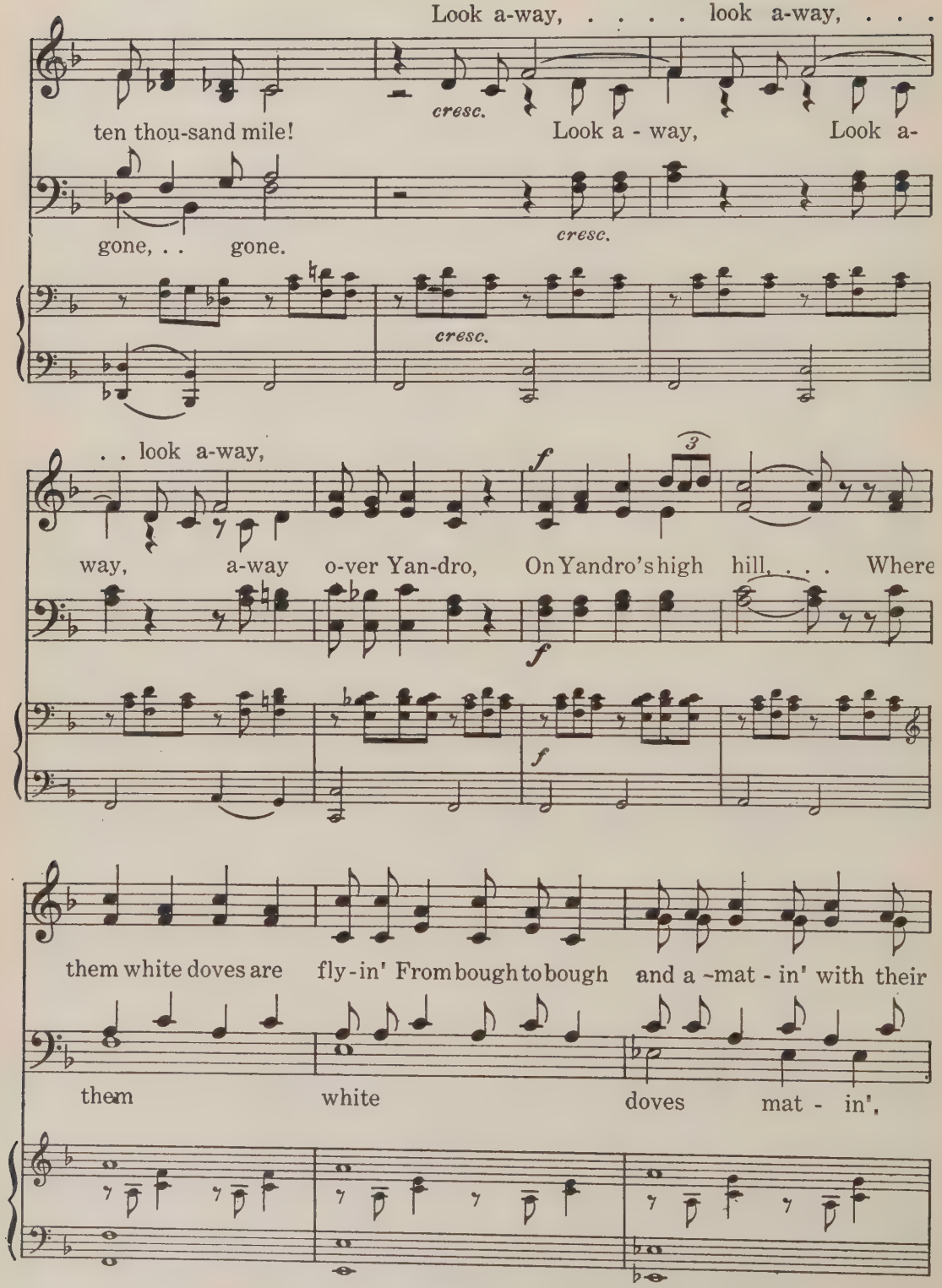
HE'S GONE AWAY

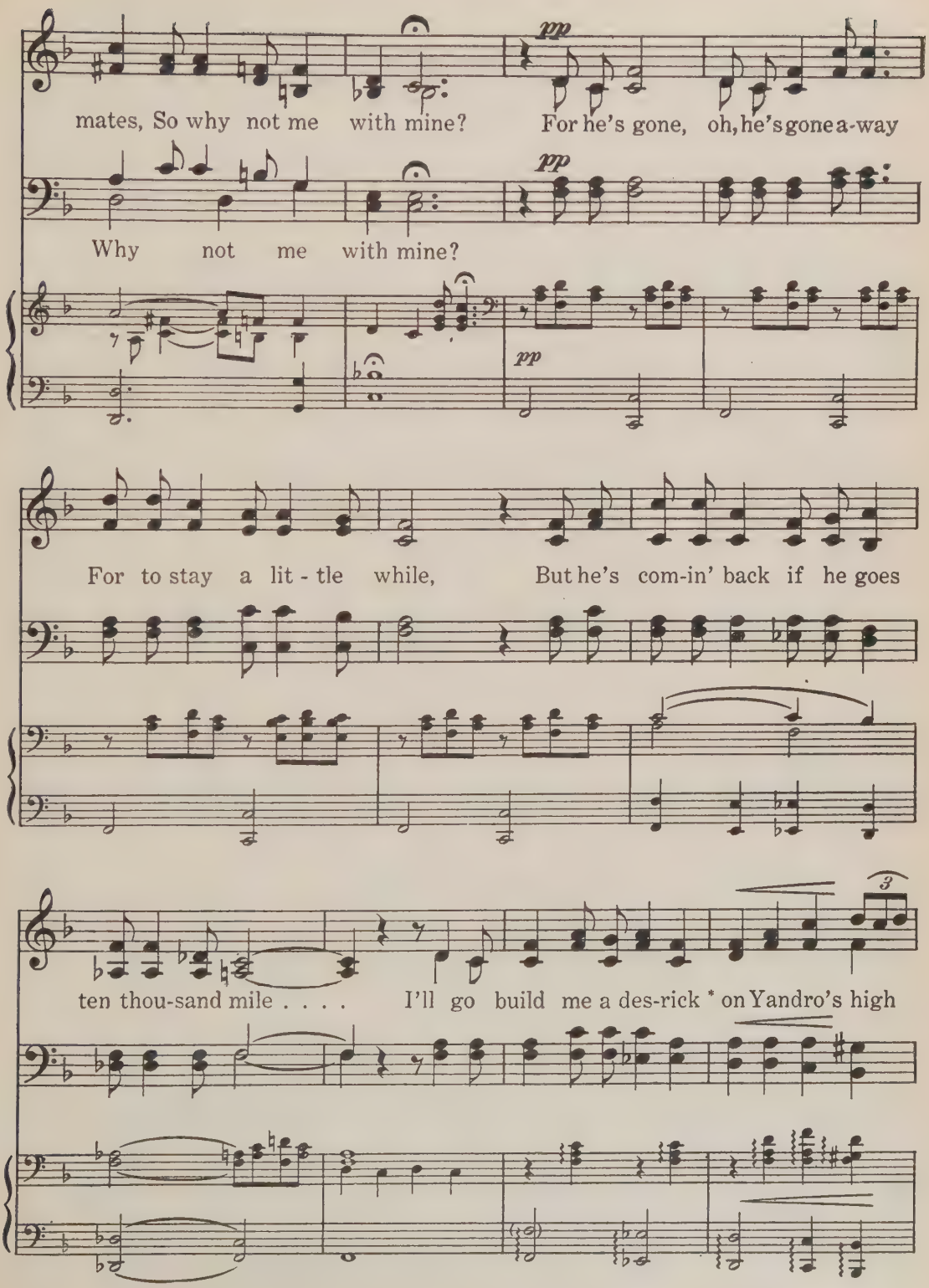
British Folk Song
Words and Music
Surviving in North Carolina



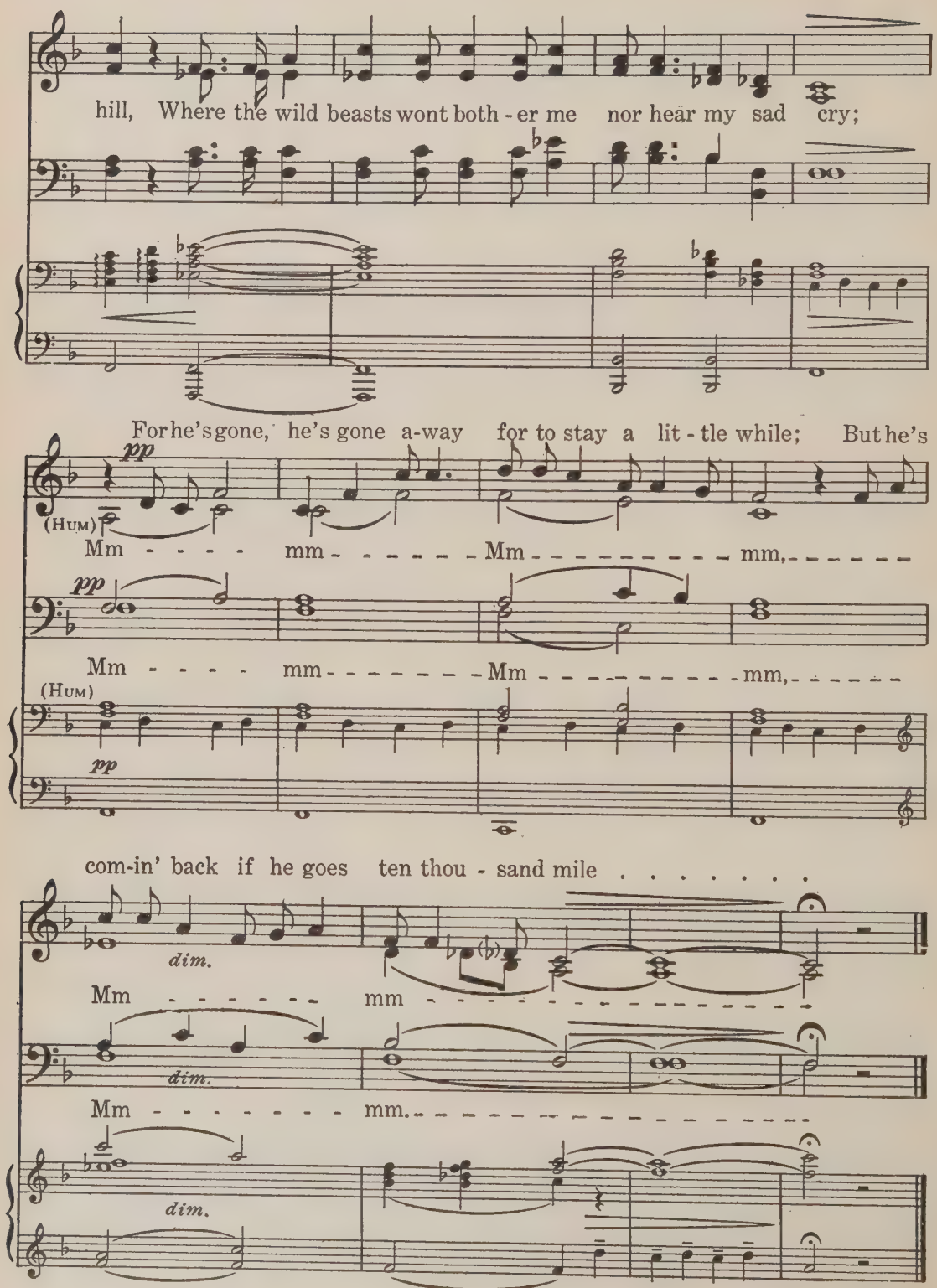
From *The American Songbag*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1927, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.


Mam-my'll glove my hands, And you will kiss my ru-by lips, When you come
Mm - - - - mm - - - - mm - - - - - - - mm - - - -
back! Oh, he's gone,
He's gone, he's gone a-way,
For to stay a lit - tle while . . . . But he's com-in' back if he goes
while, oh he's gone. Oh, he's gone, gone.


Look a-way, ... look a-way, . . .
ten thou-sand mile!
cresc.
Look a - way,
Look a-
gone, . . gone.
cresc.
cresc.
. . look a-way,
f
3
way, a-way o-ver Yan-dro, On Yandro's high hill, . . . Where
f
f
them white doves are fly-in' From bough to bough and a-mat - in' with their
them white doves mat - in',



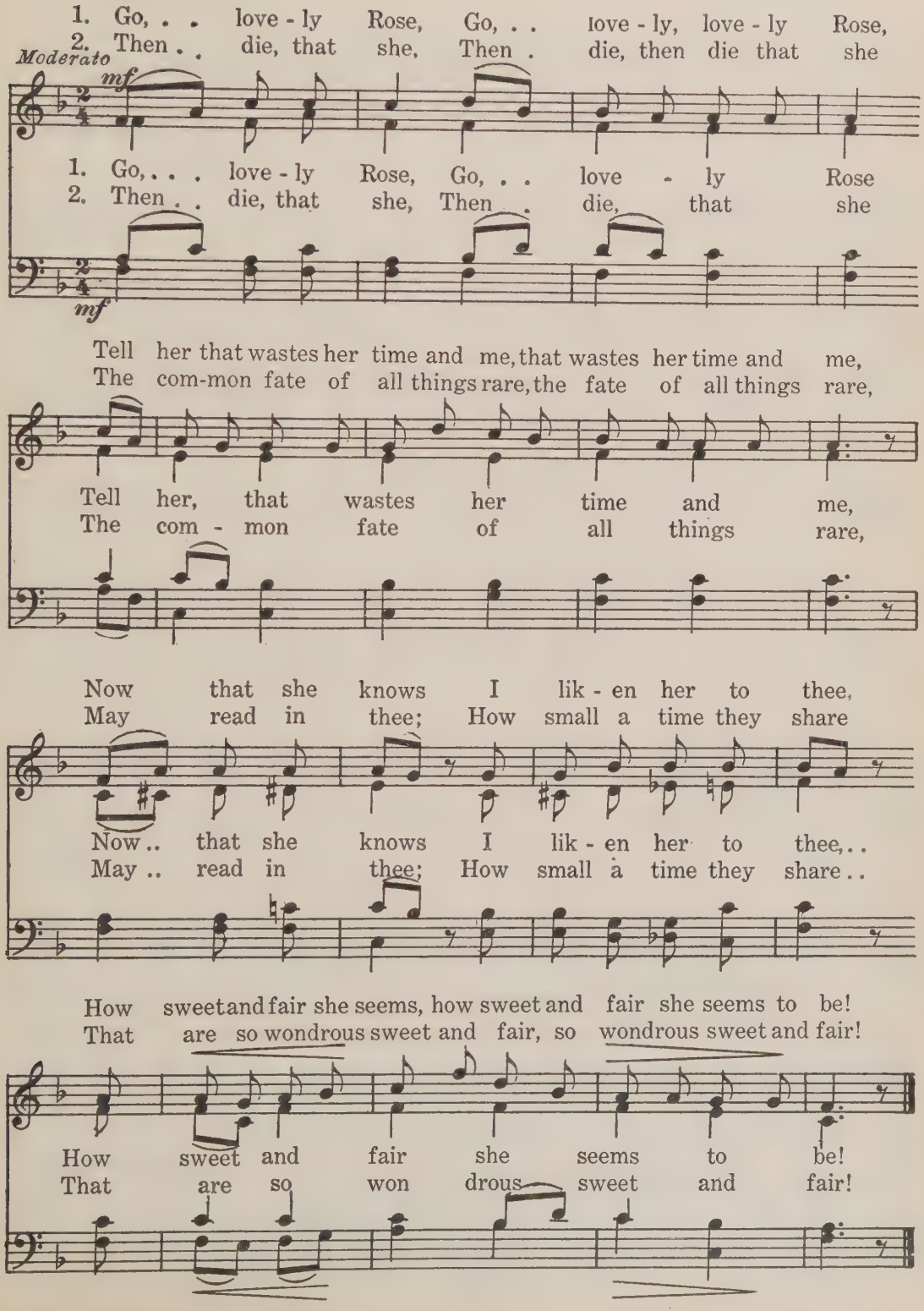
* A hut or cabin


hill, Where the wild beasts wont both - er me nor hear my sad cry;
For he's gone, he's gone a-way for to stay a lit - tle while; But he's
pp
(Hum)
Mm - - - - - mm - - - - - - Mm - - - - - - - - - - mm,- - - - - -
pp
Mm - - - - - mm - - - - - - - Mm - - - - - - - - - - mm,- - - - - -
(Hum)
pp
com-in' back if he goes ten thou - sand mile . . . . . .
dim.
Mm - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
dim.
Mm - - - - - - - - mm.- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
dim.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Edmund Waller
(Slightly adapted)

Bohemian Folk Song
From *Pasblavem*

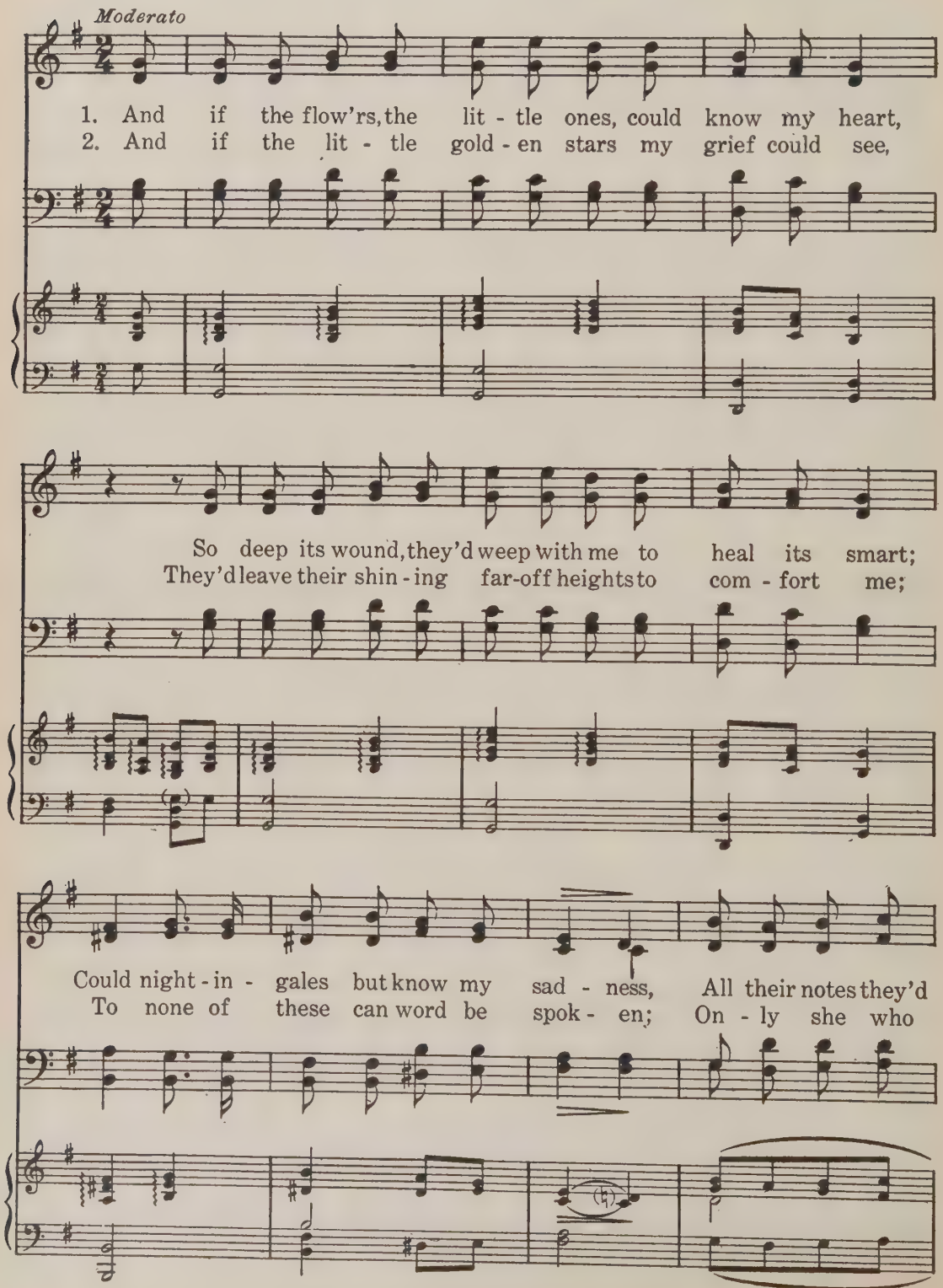


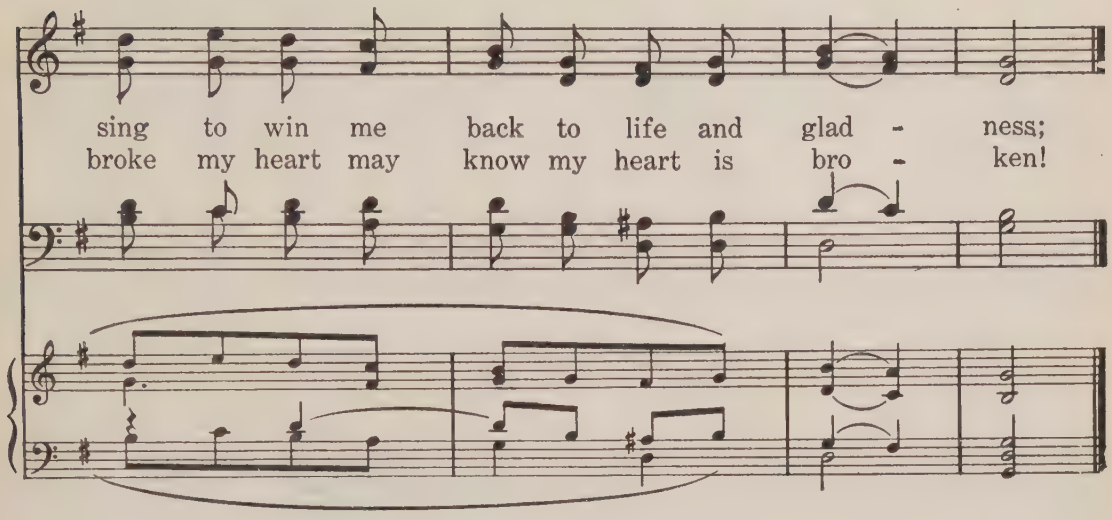
AND IF THE FLOWERS

From the German of
Heinrich Heine

Fourteenth Century German *Minnelied*

Moderato



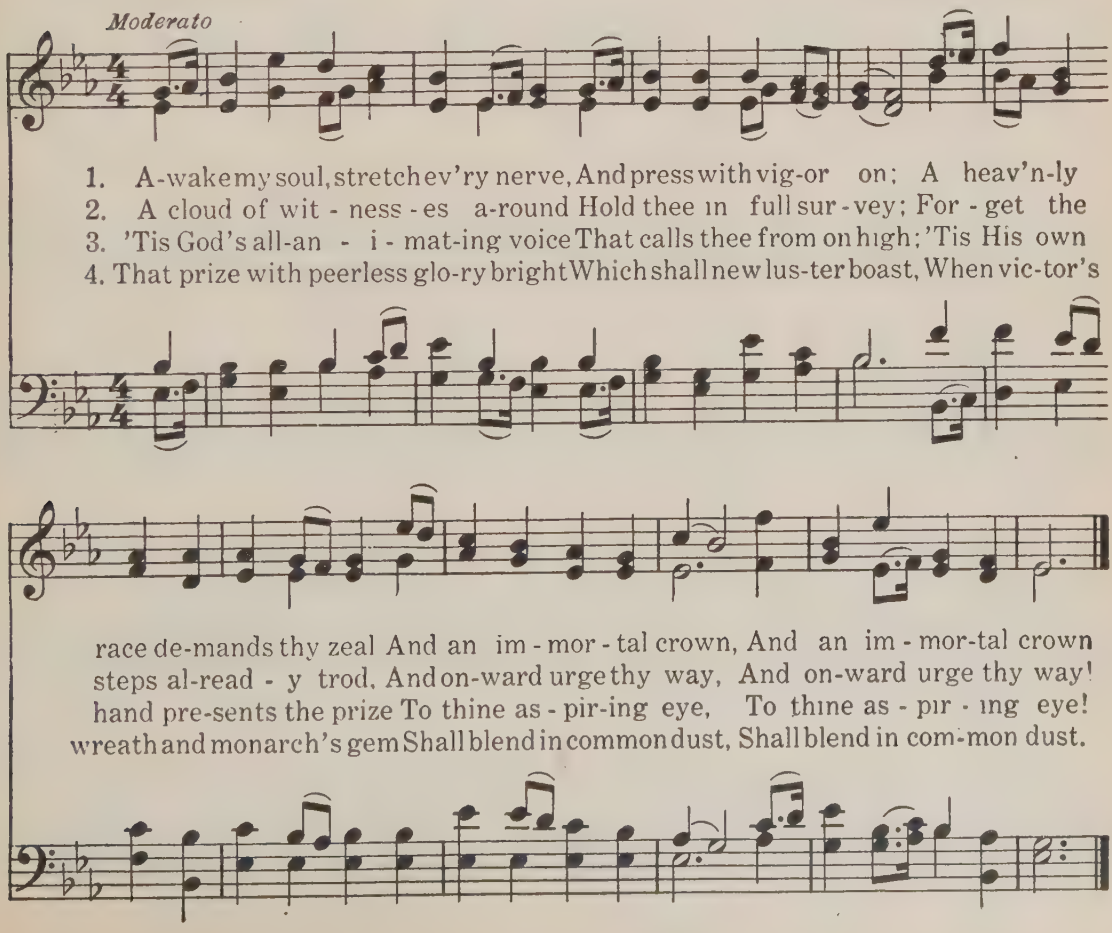


AWAKE, MY SOUL

Philip Doddridge

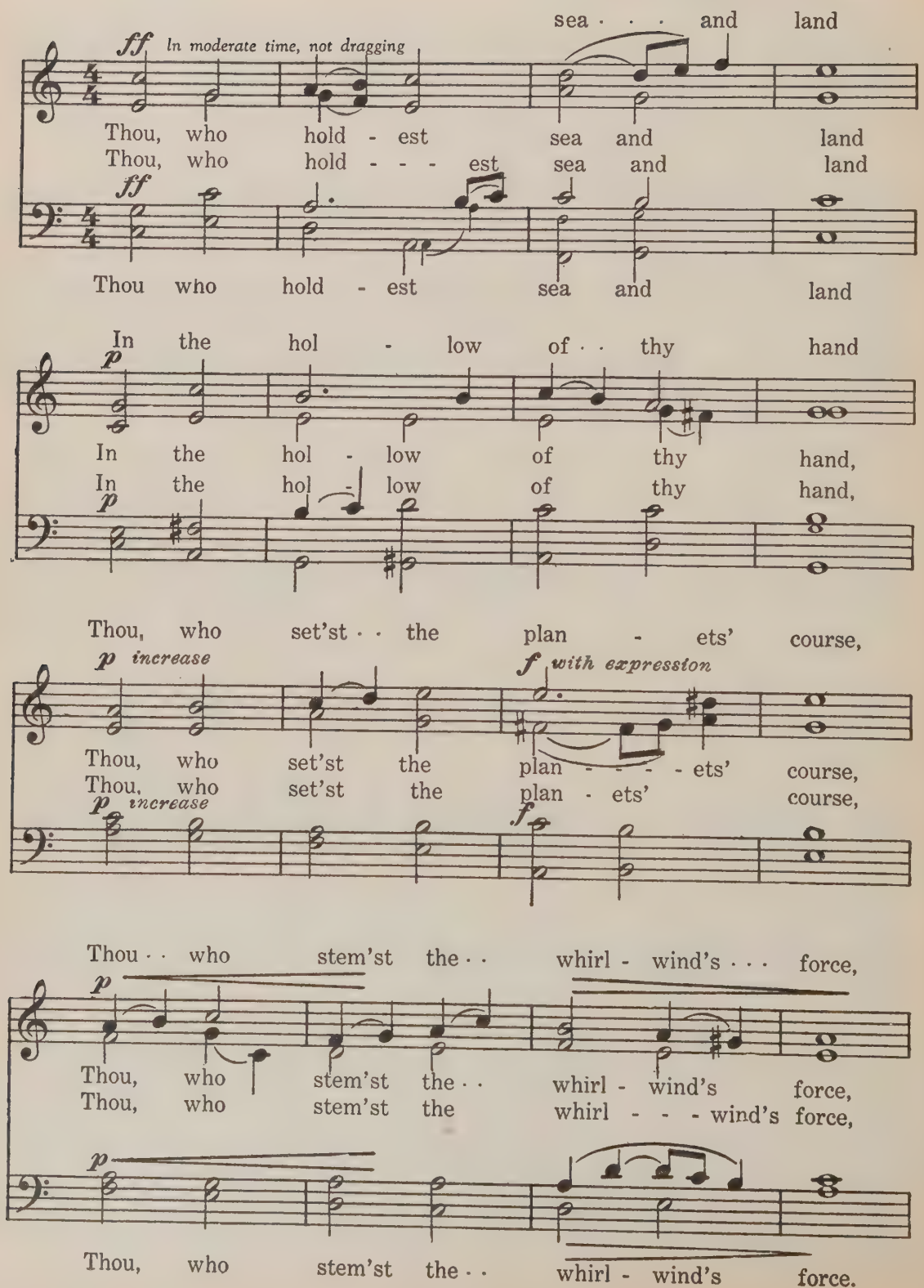
Georg Friedrich Händel

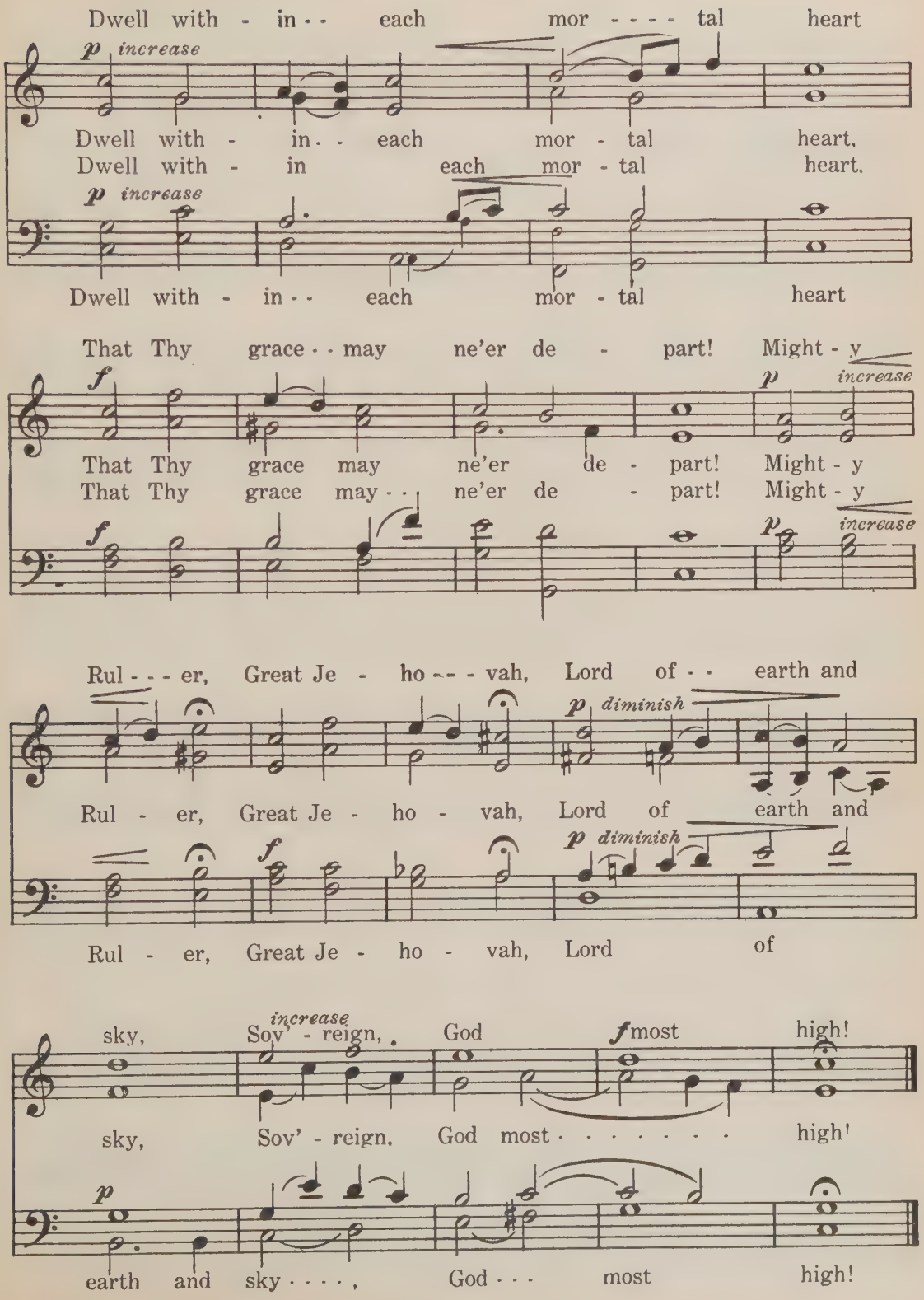
Moderato



CHORAL

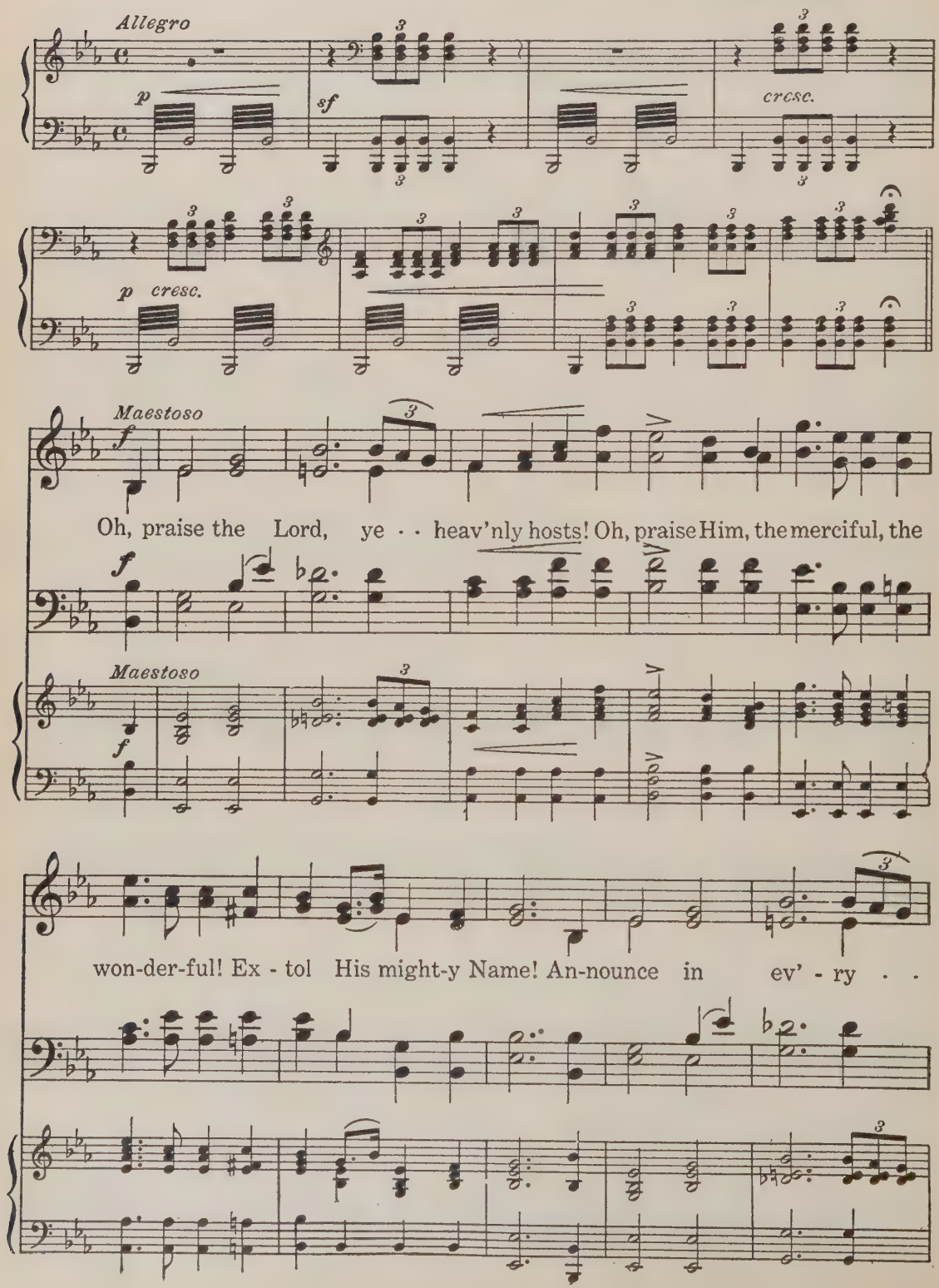
Richard Wagner
From *Die Meistersinger*

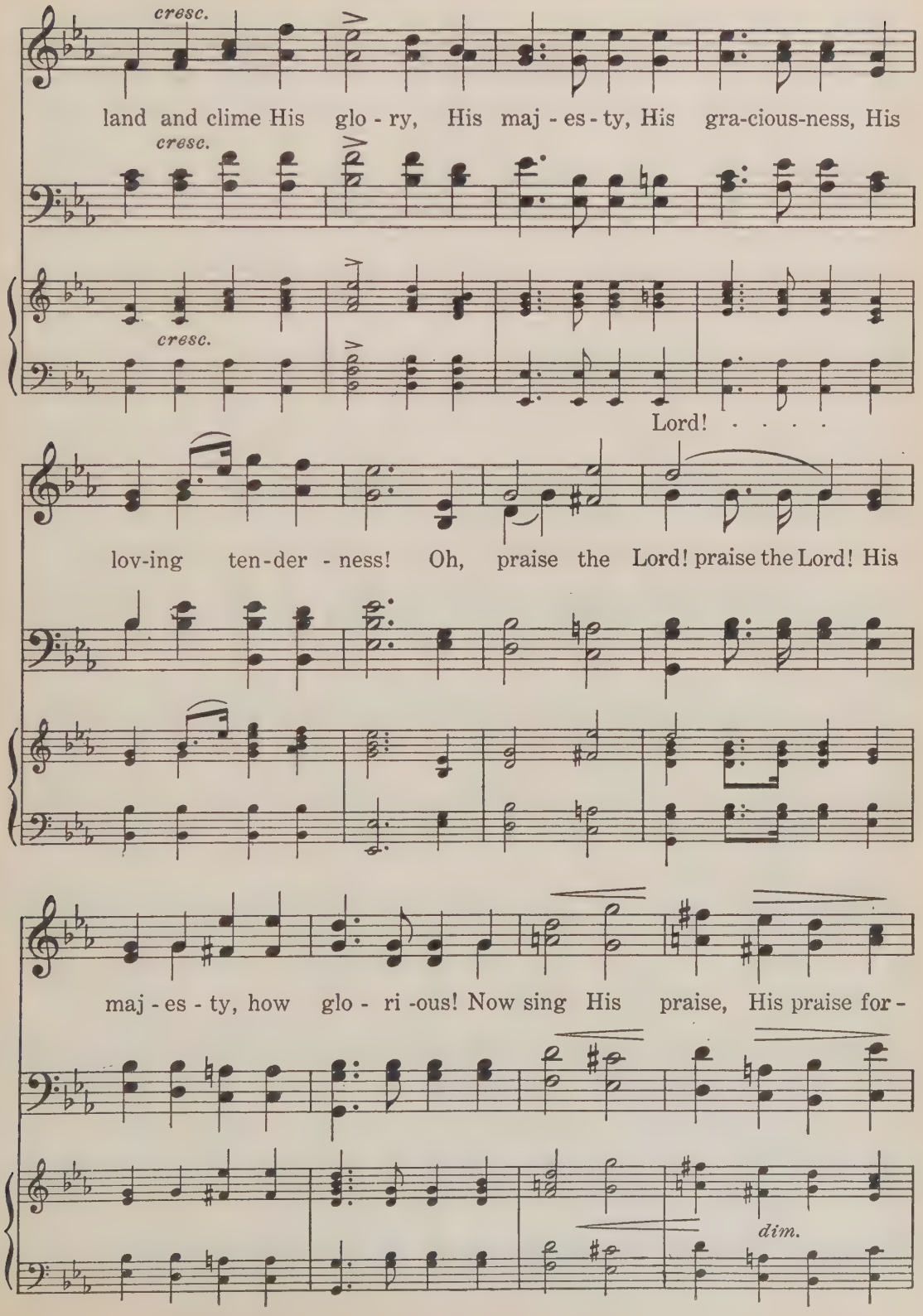


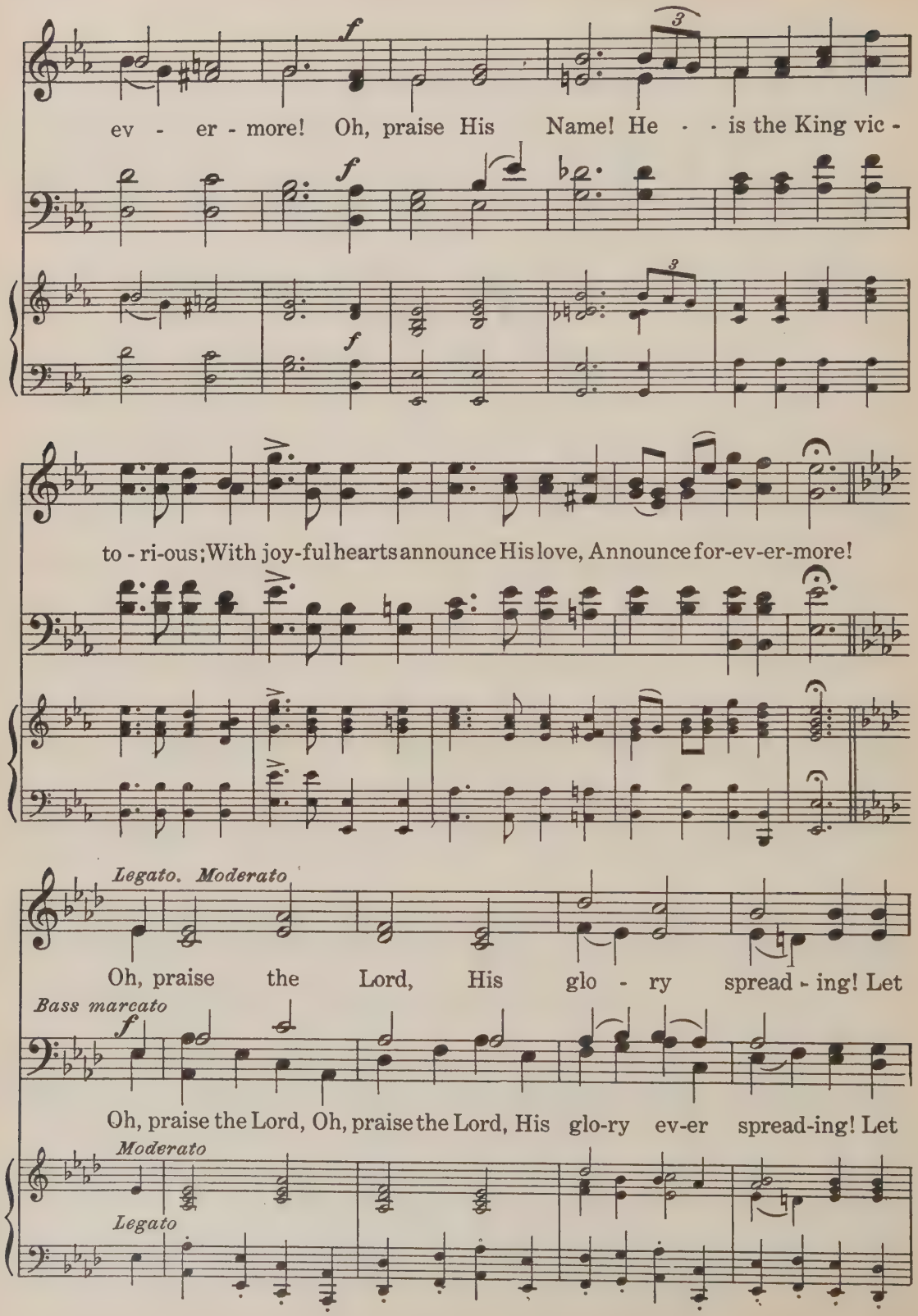

Dwell with - in - - each mor - - - - tal heart
p increase
Dwell with - in - - each mor - tal heart,
Dwell with - in each mor - tal heart.
p increase
Dwell with - in - - each mor - tal heart
That Thy grace - - may ne'er de - part! Might - y
f
p increase
That Thy grace may ne'er de - part! Might - y
That Thy grace may - - ne'er de - part! Might - y
f
p increase
Rul - - - er, Great Je - ho - - - vah, Lord of - - earth and
p diminish
Rul - er, Great Je - ho - vah, Lord of earth and
f
p diminish
Rul - er, Great Je - ho - vah, Lord of
sky, Sov' - reign, God f most high!
increase
sky, Sov' - reign, God most - - - - - - - high!
p
earth and sky - - - - , God - - - most high!

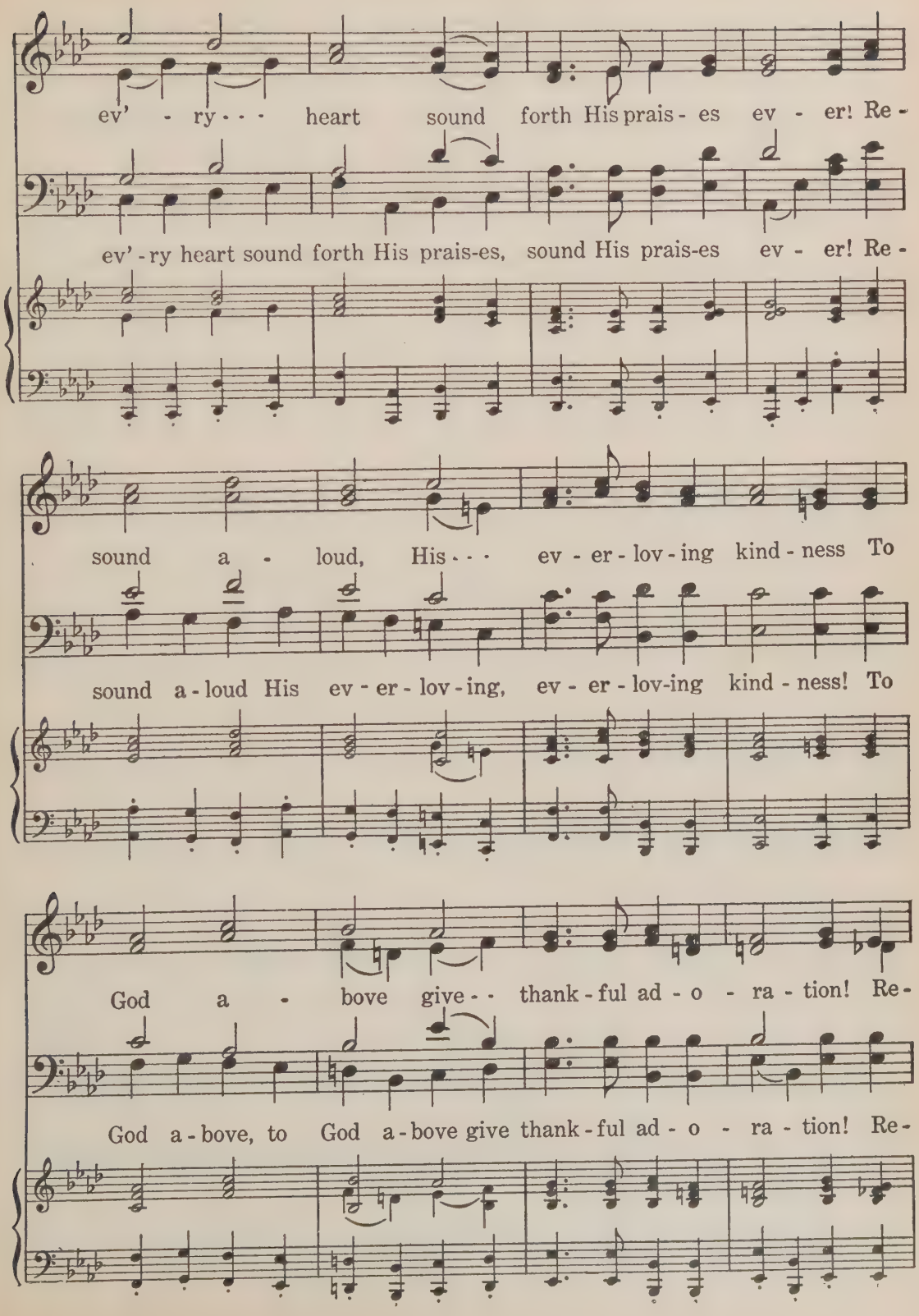
OH, PRAISE THE LORD

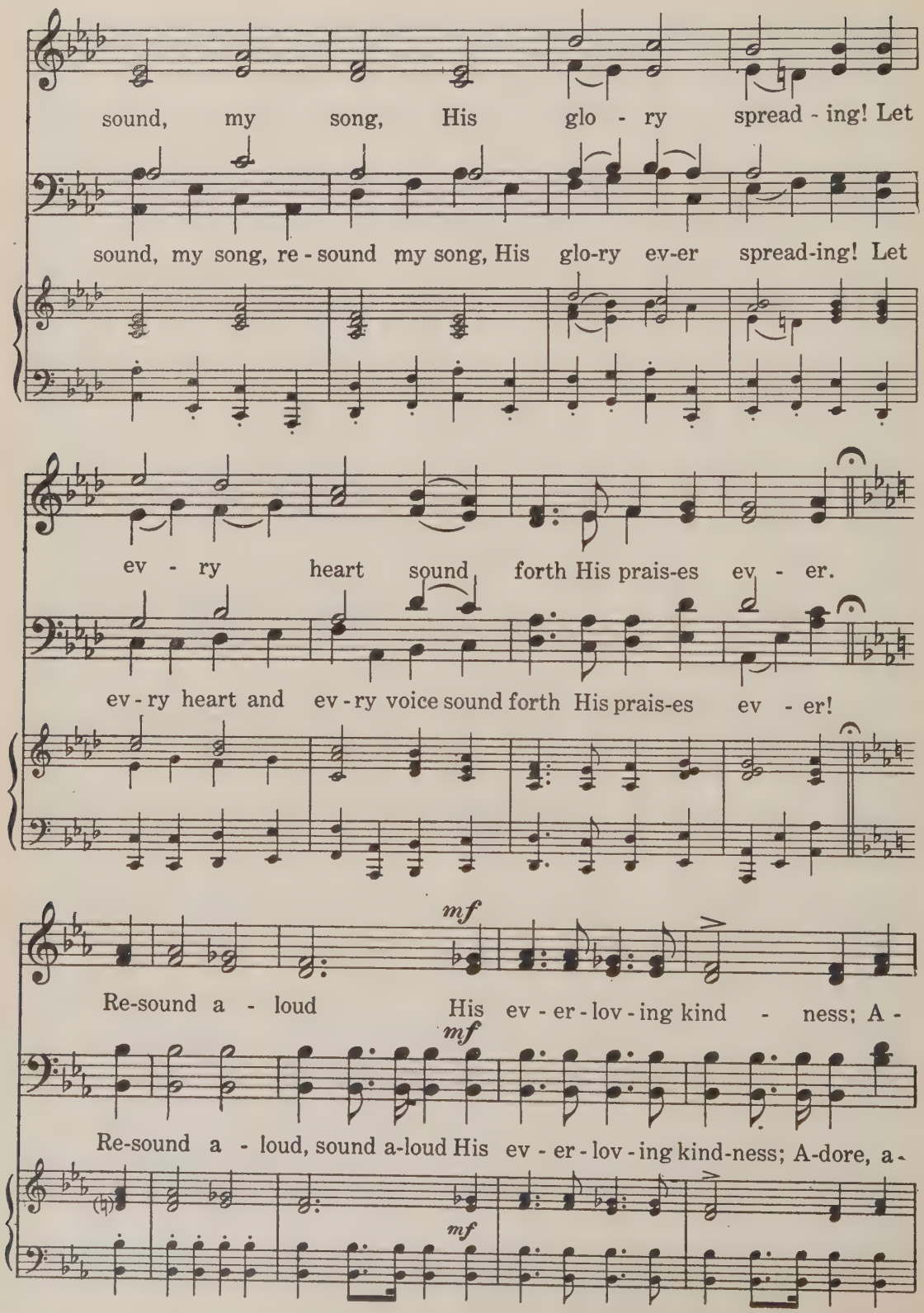
Felix Mendelssohn
From *Athalie*

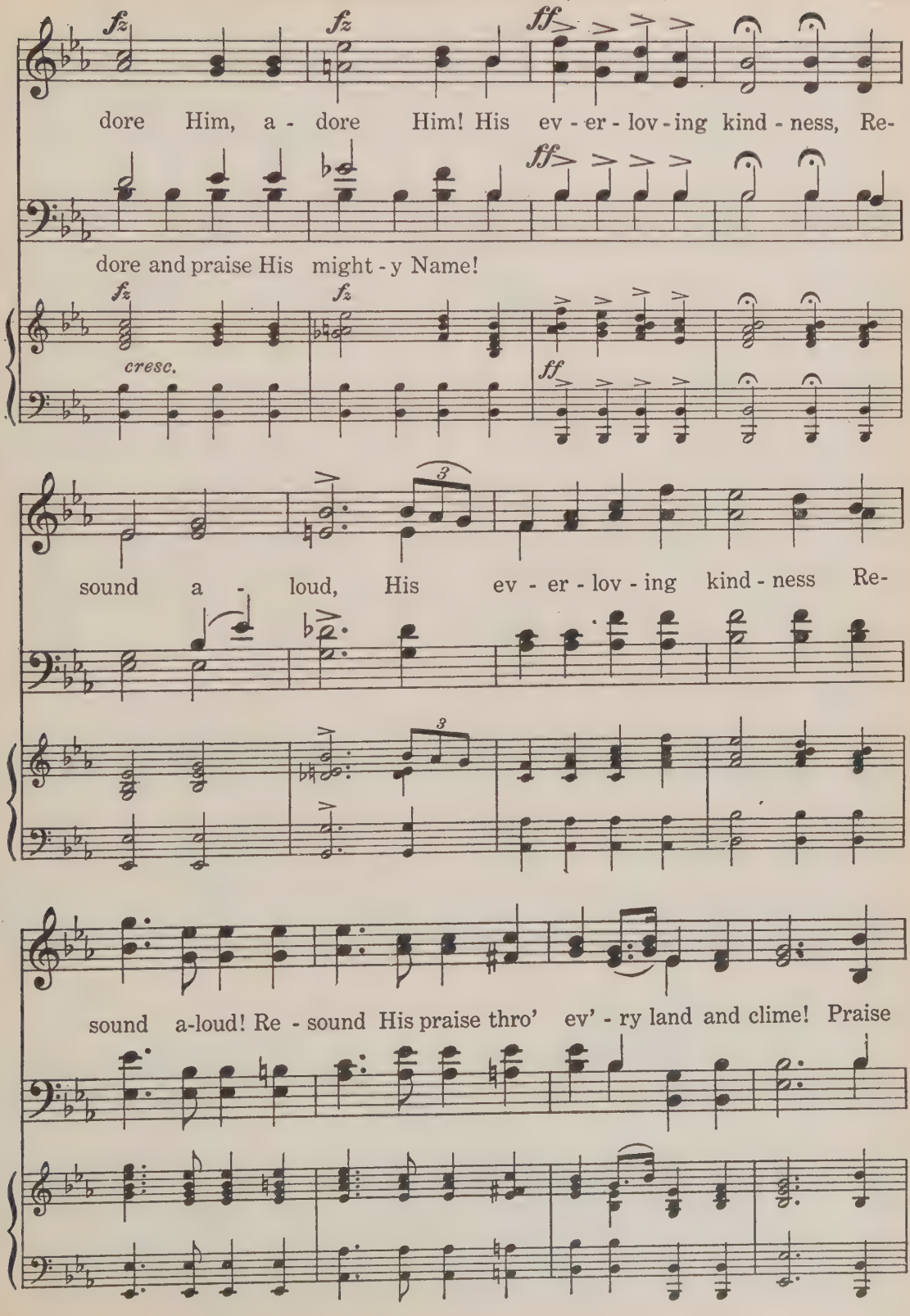


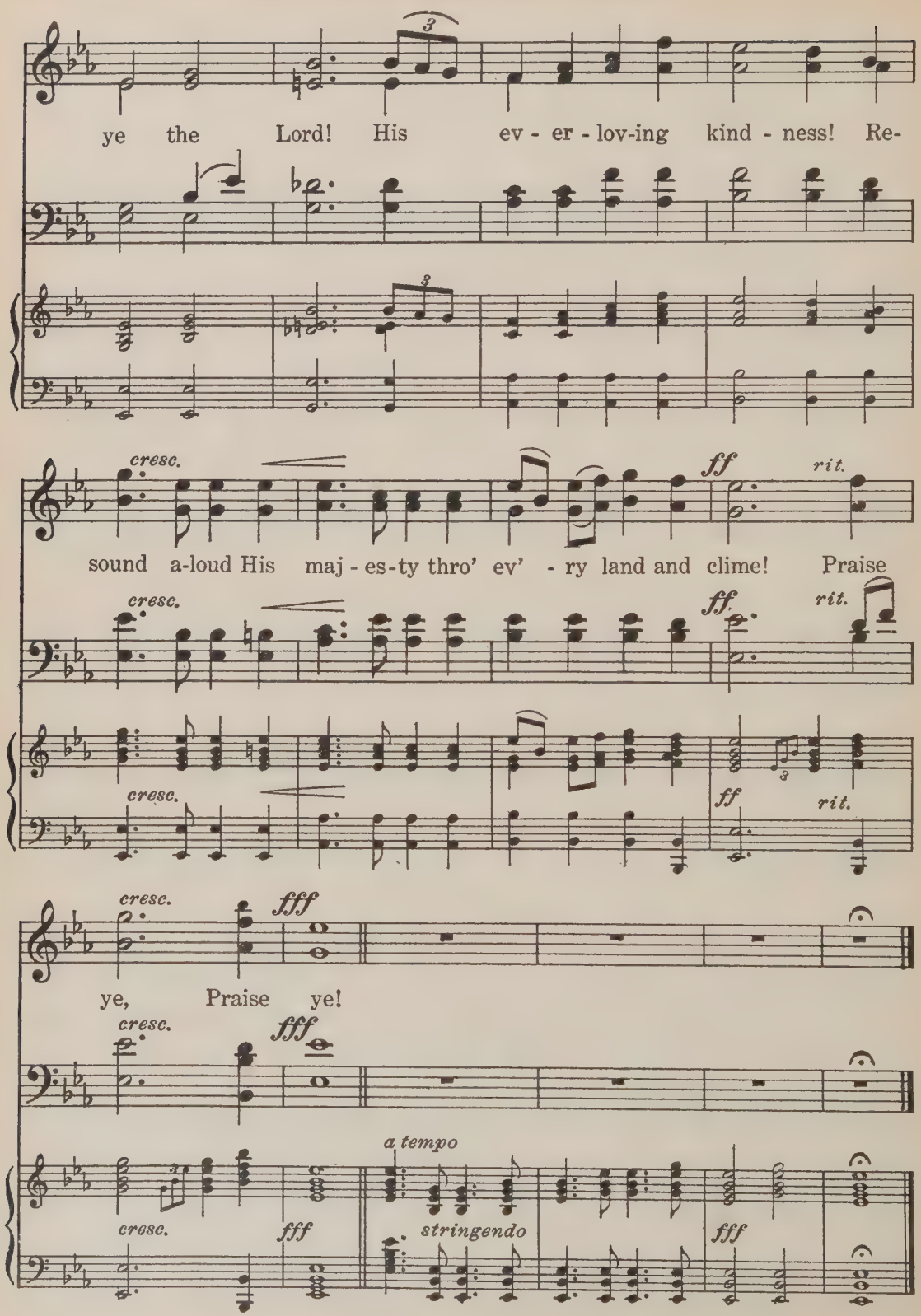

cresc.
land and clime His glo - ry, His maj - es - ty, His gra-cious-ness, His
cresc.
cresc.
Lord! . . . .
lov-ing ten-der - ness! Oh, praise the Lord! praise the Lord! His
maj - es - ty, how glo - ri -ous! Now sing His praise, His praise for -
dim.


ev - er - more! Oh, praise His Name! He - - is the King vic -
to - ri-ous; With joy-ful hearts announce His love, Announce for-ev-er-more!
Legato. Moderato
Oh, praise the Lord, His glo - ry spread - ing! Let
Bass marcato
Oh, praise the Lord, Oh, praise the Lord, His glo-ry ev-er spread-ing! Let
Moderato
Legato


ev' - ry - - - heart sound forth His prais - es ev - er! Re -
ev' - ry heart sound forth His prais-es, sound His prais-es ev - er! Re -
sound a - loud, His - - - ev - er - lov - ing kind - ness To
sound a - loud His ev - er - lov - ing, ev - er - lov-ing kind - ness! To
God a - bove give - - thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion! Re -
God a - bove, to God a - bove give thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion! Re -


sound, my song, His glo - ry spread - ing! Let
sound, my song, re - sound my song, His glo-ry ev-er spread-ing! Let
ev - ry heart sound forth His prais-es ev - er.
ev - ry heart and ev - ry voice sound forth His prais-es ev - er!
mf
Re-sound a - loud His ev - er - lov - ing kind - ness; A -
mf
Re-sound a - loud, sound a-loud His ev - er - lov - ing kind-ness; A-dore, a -
mf

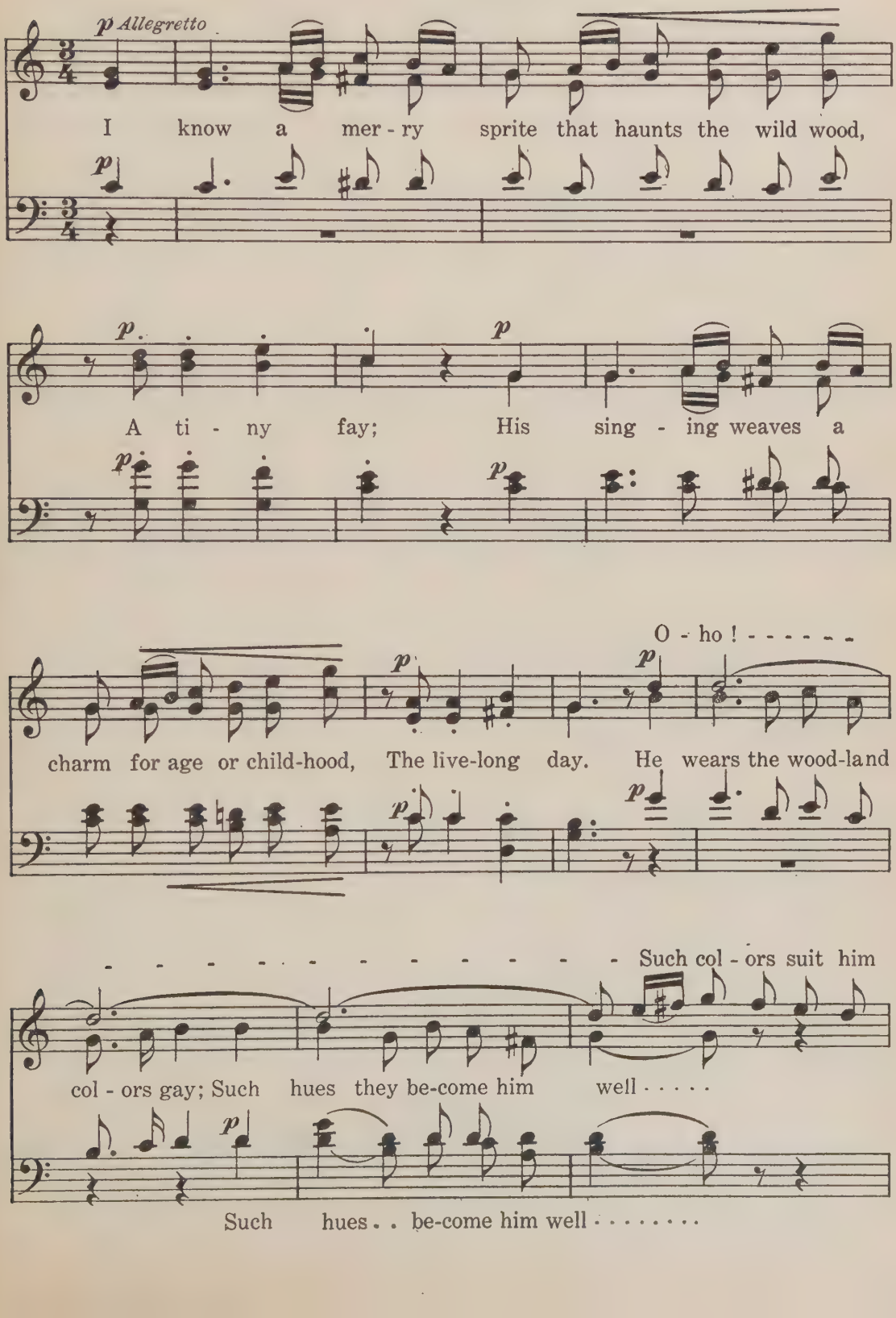

fz
fz
ff
dore Him, a - dore Him! His ev - er - lov - ing kind - ness, Re-
dore and praise His might - y Name!
cresc.
sound a - loud, His ev - er - lov - ing kind - ness Re-
sound a-loud! Re - sound His praise thro' ev' - ry land and clime! Praise

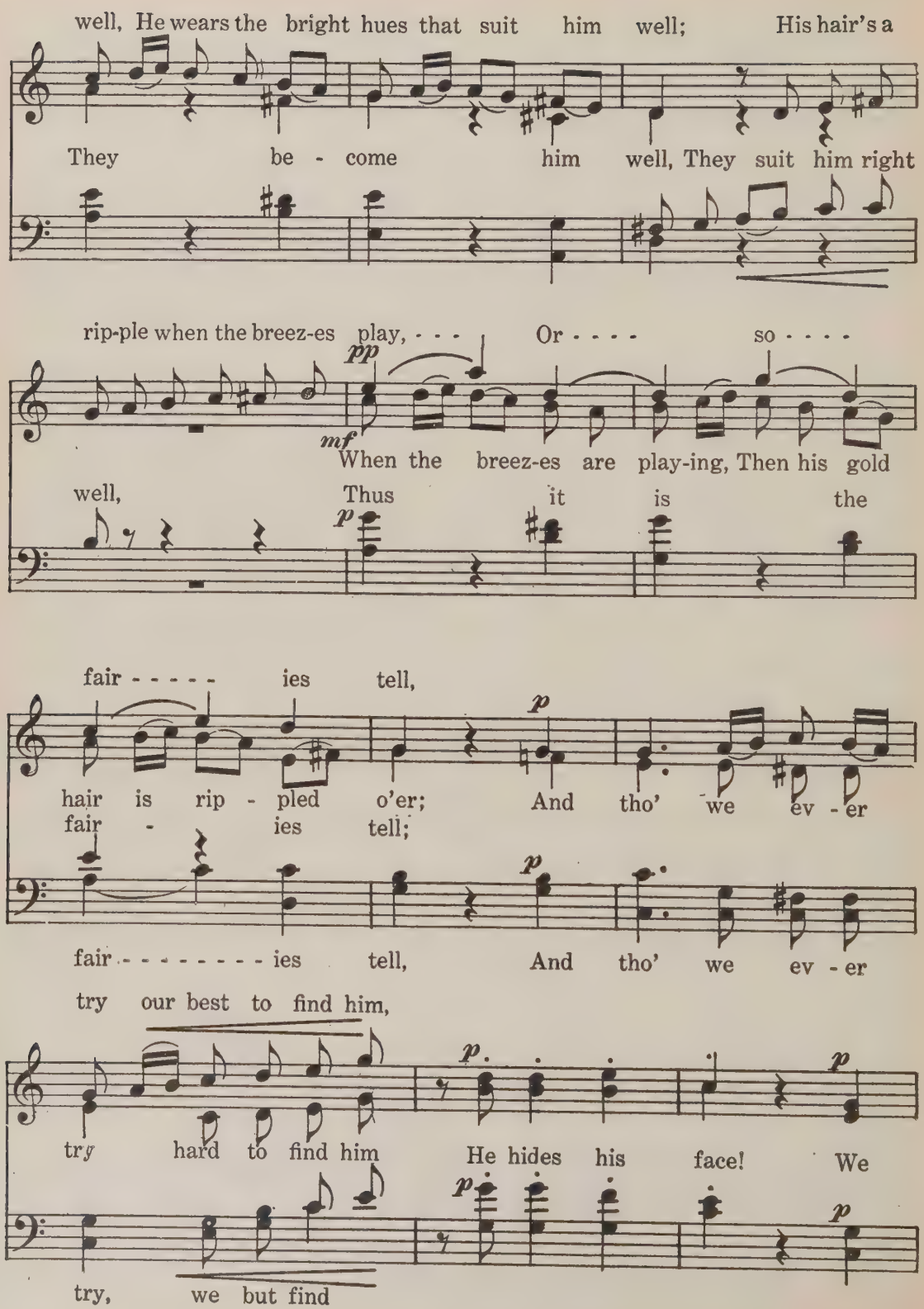

ye the Lord! His ev - er - lov-ing kind - ness! Re-
cresc.
ff
rit.
sound a-loud His maj - es-ty thro' ev' - ry land and clime! Praise
cresc.
ff
rit.
cresc.
ff
rit.
cresc.
fff
ye, Praise ye!
cresc.
fff
a tempo
cresc.
fff
stringendo
fff

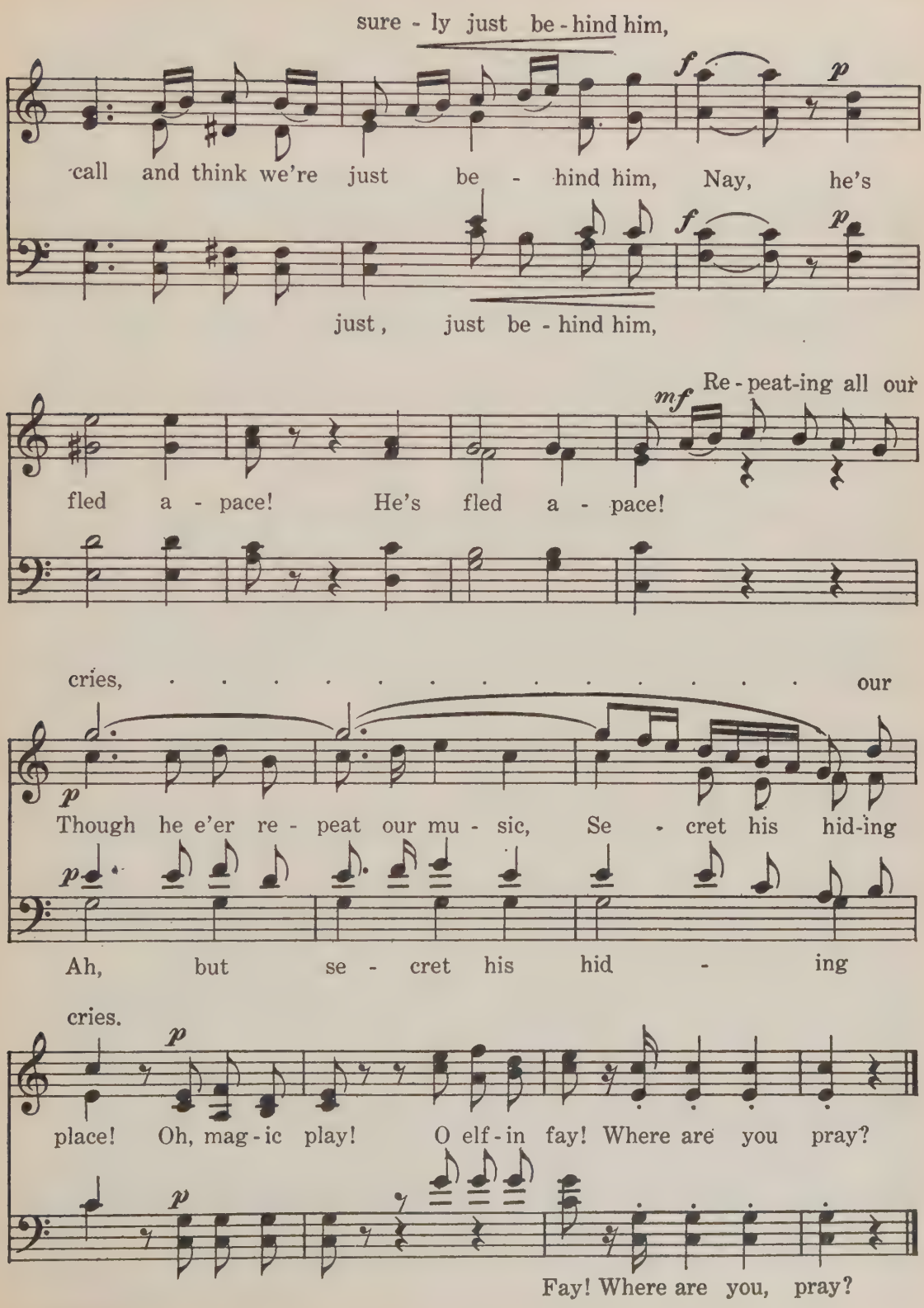
ECHO

Adapted from the Russian

Cesar Cui

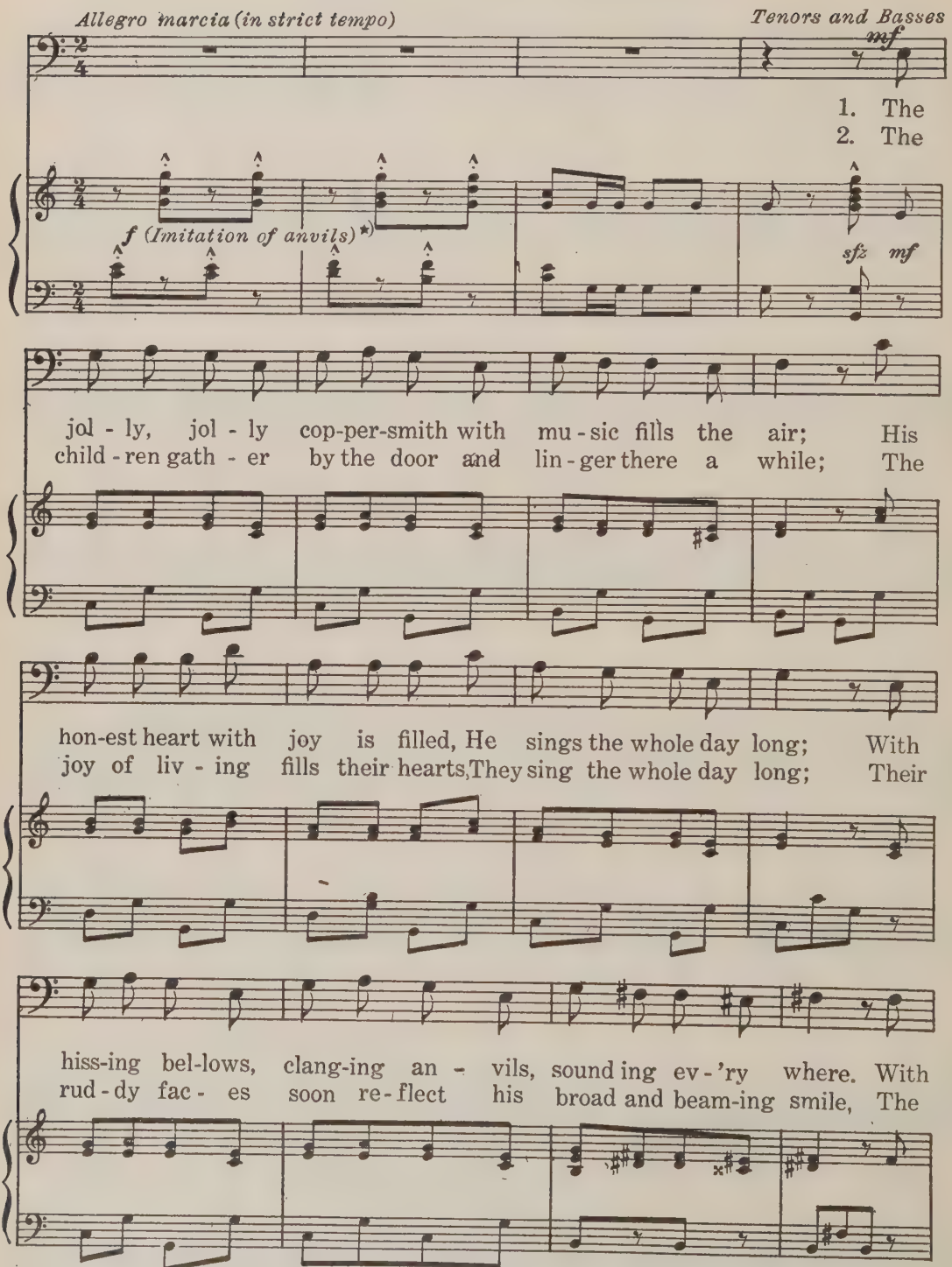



well, He wears the bright hues that suit him well; His hair's a
They be - come him well, They suit him right
rip-ple when the breez-es play, - - - Or - - - - so - - - -
pp
mf
When the breez-es are play-ing, Then his gold
well, Thus it is the
p
fair - - - - - ies tell,
p
hair is rip - pled o'er; And tho' we ev - er
fair - ies tell;
p
fair - - - - - - - - ies tell, And tho' we ev - er
try our best to find him,
p
try hard to find him He hides his face! We
p
p
try, we but find

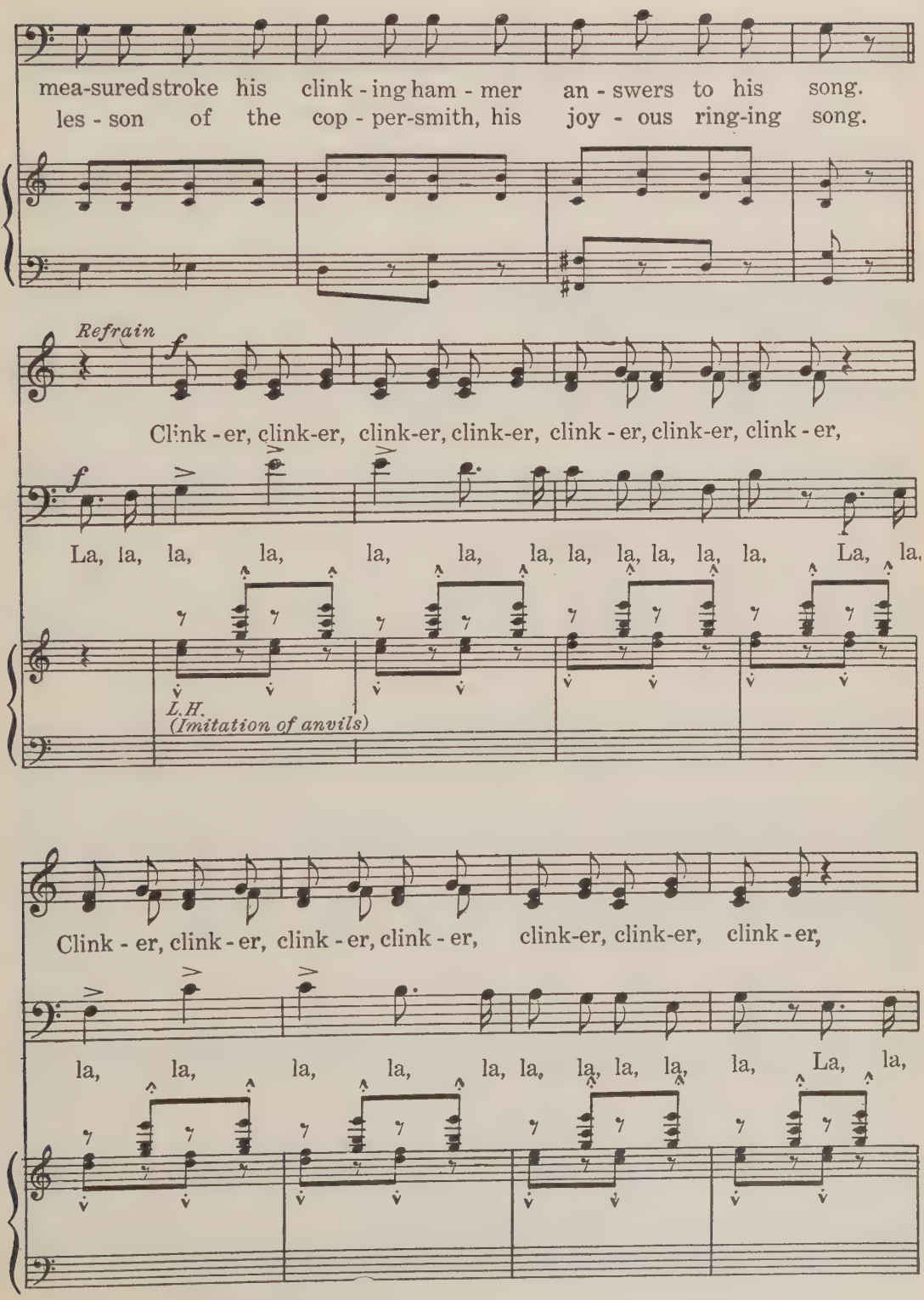

sure - ly just be - hind him,
call and think we're just be - hind him, Nay, he's
just, just be - hind him,
Re - peat-ing all our
fled a - pace! He's fled a - pace!
cries, our
Though he e'er re - peat our mu - sic, Se - cret his hid-ing
Ah, but se - cret his hid - ing
cries.
place! Oh, mag - ic play! O elf - in fay! Where are you pray?
Fay! Where are you, pray?

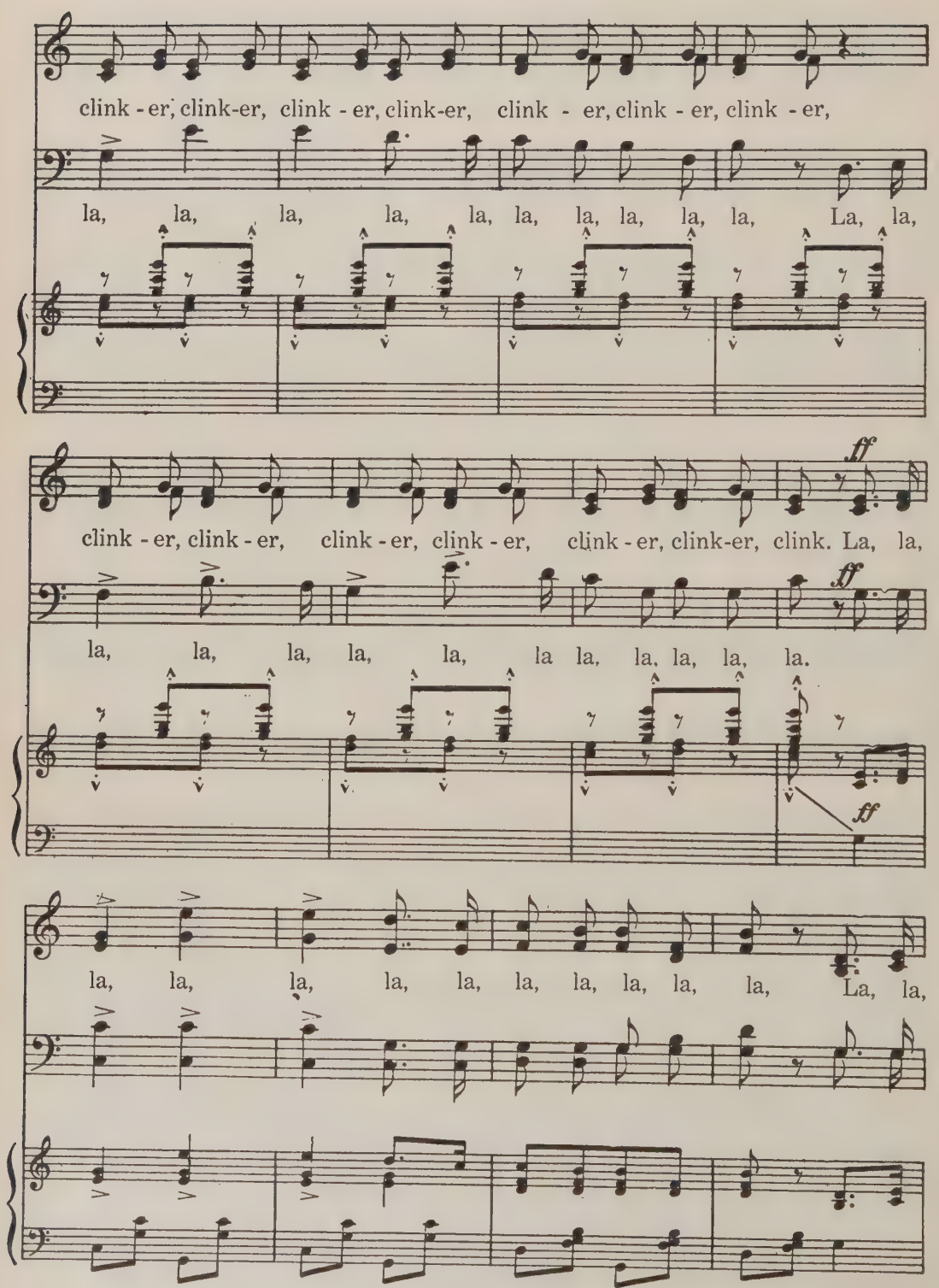
THE JOLLY COPPERSMITH

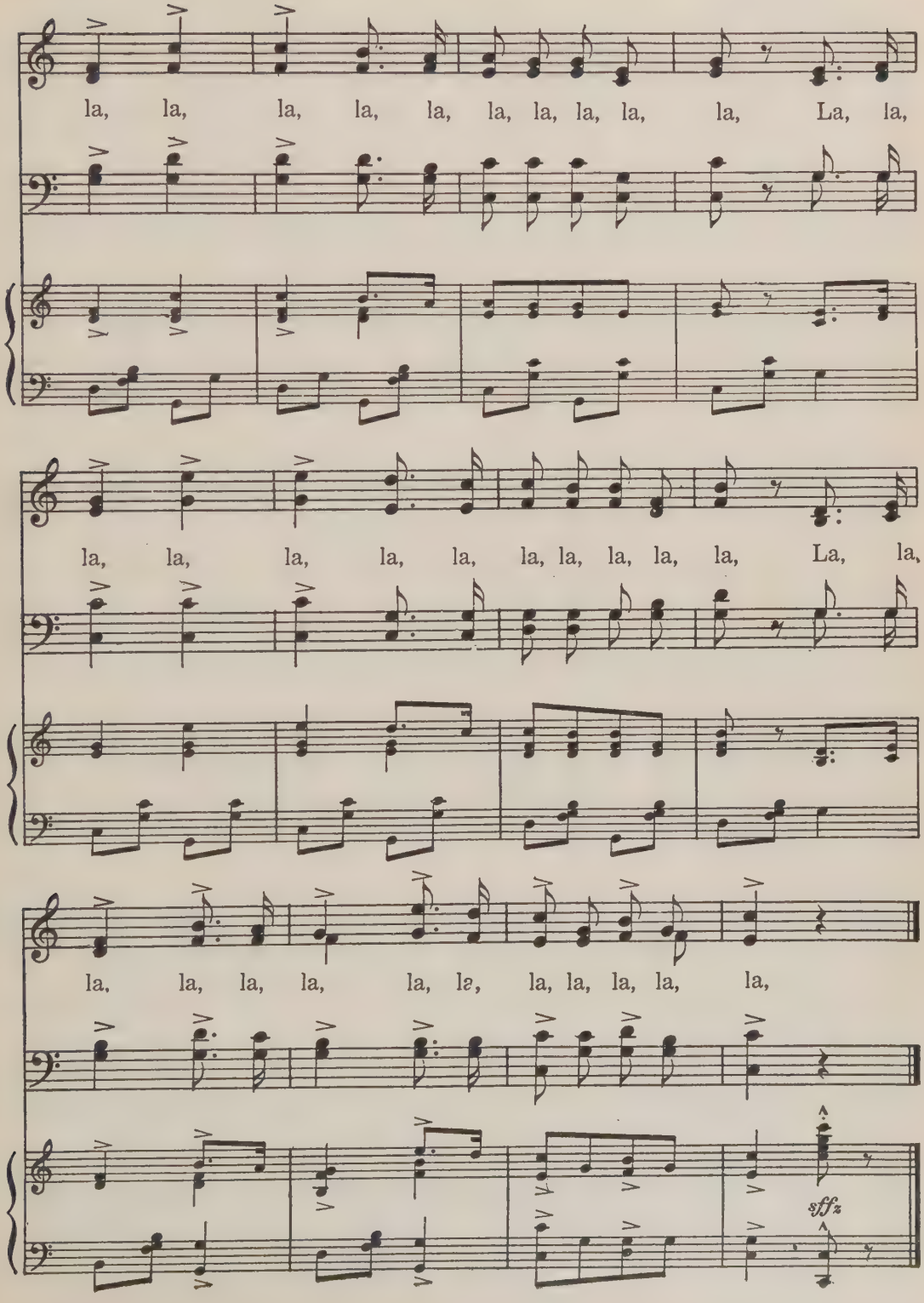
C Peter



* This "imitation of anvils" is produced by striking short, decisive chords—in strict, rhythmic tempo.

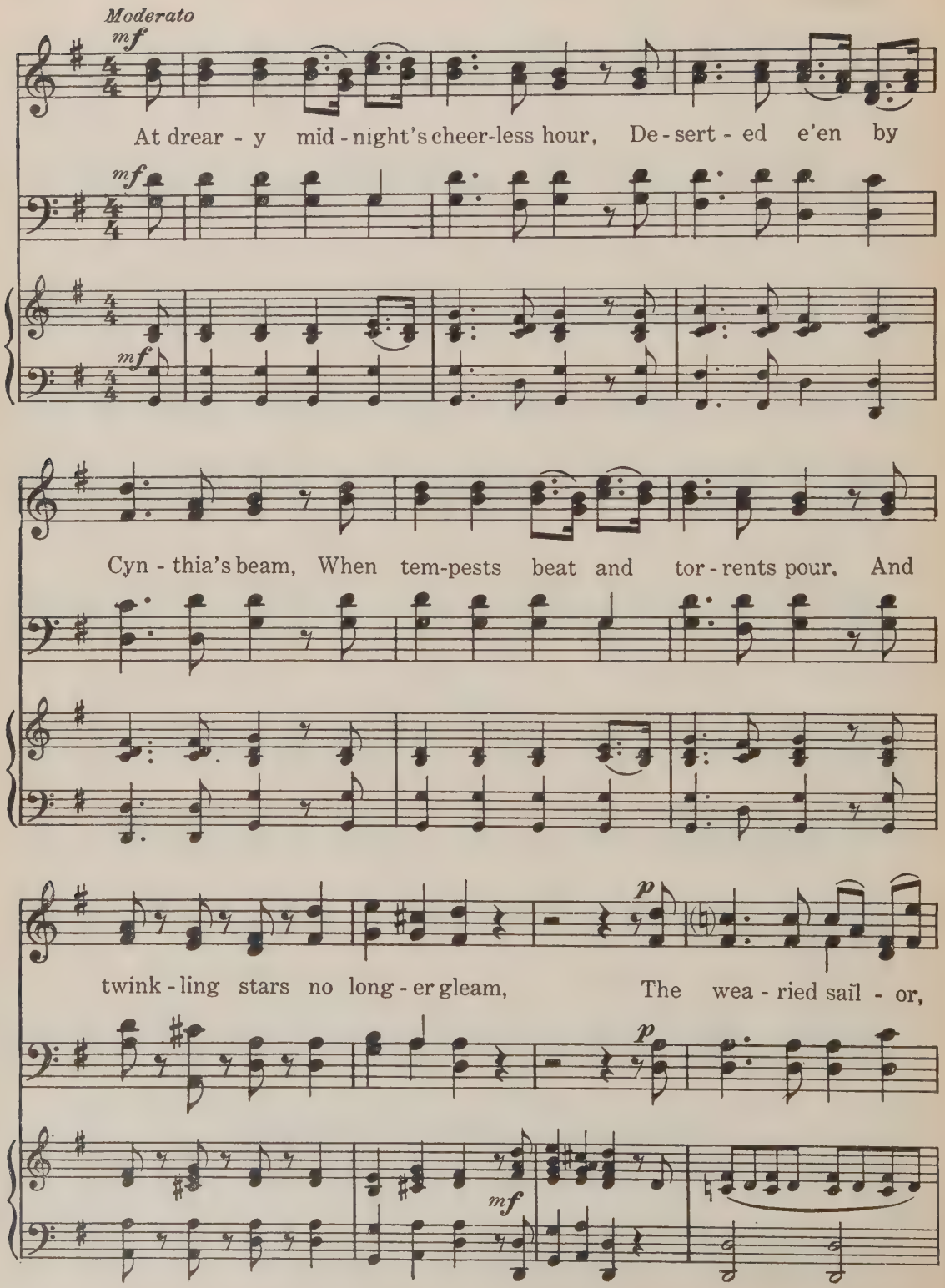

mea-sured stroke his clink - ing ham - mer an - swers to his song.
les - son of the cop - per-smith, his joy - ous ring-ing song.
Refrain
f
Clink - er, clink-er, clink-er, clink-er, clink - er, clink-er, clink - er,
f
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,
L.H.
(Imitation of anvils)
Clink - er, clink - er, clink - er, clink - er, clink-er, clink-er, clink - er,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,

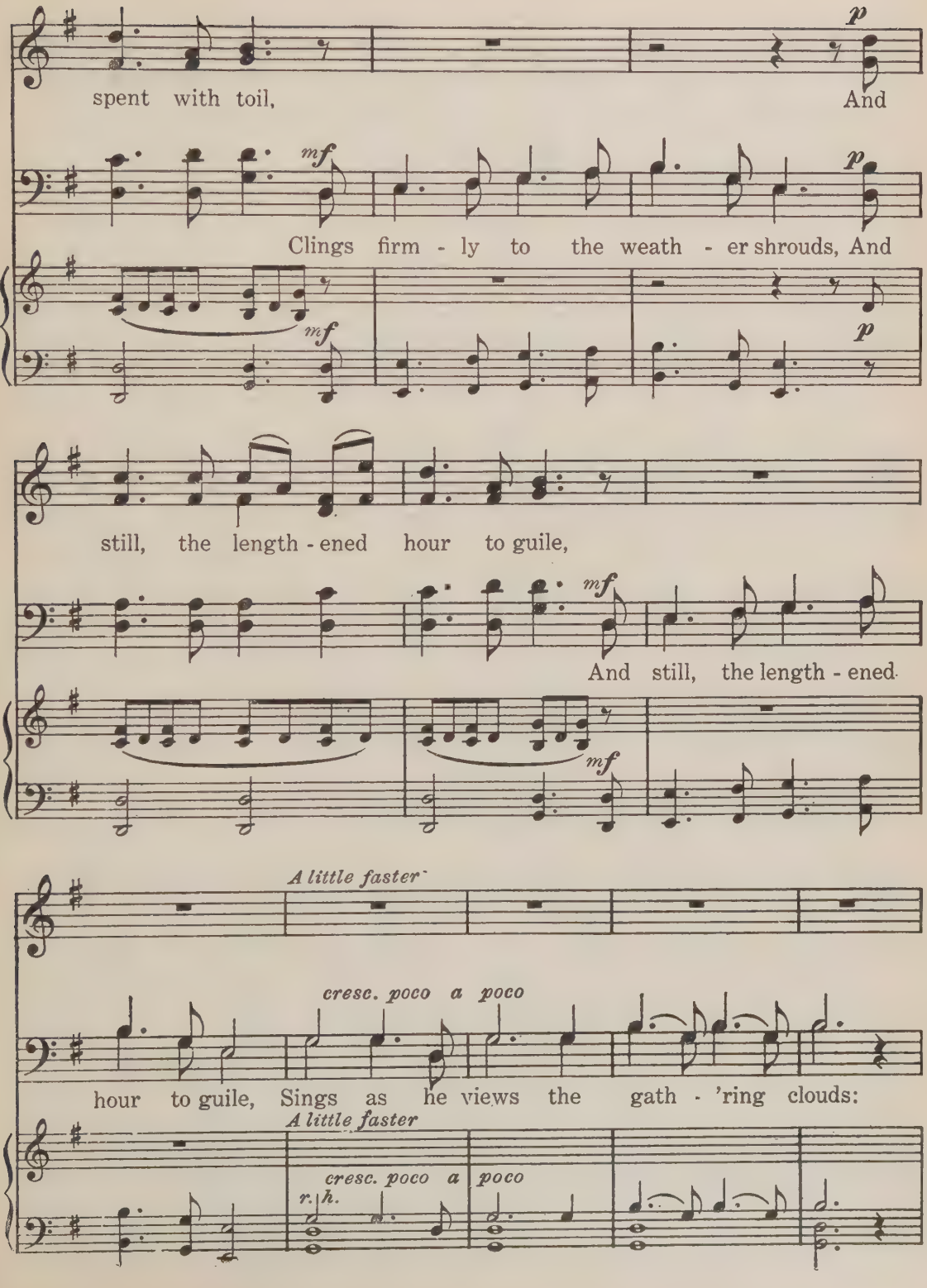

clink - er, clink-er, clink - er, clink-er, clink - er, clink - er, clink - er,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,
clink - er, clink - er, clink - er, clink - er, clink - er, clink-er, clink. La, la,
ff
la, la, la, la, la, la la, la, la, la, la.
ff
ff
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,

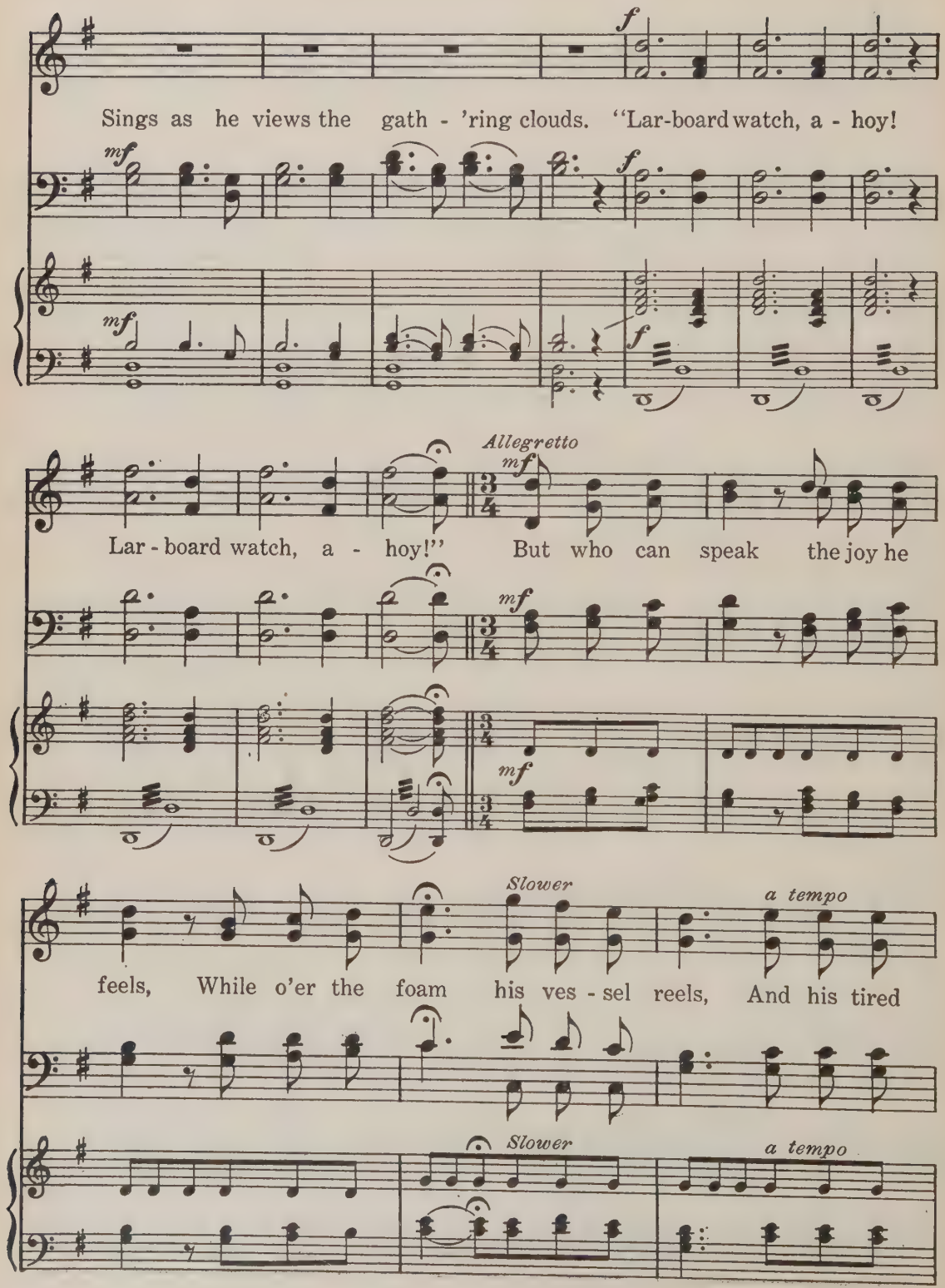

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,
la, la, la, la, la, le, la, la, la, la, la,
sffz

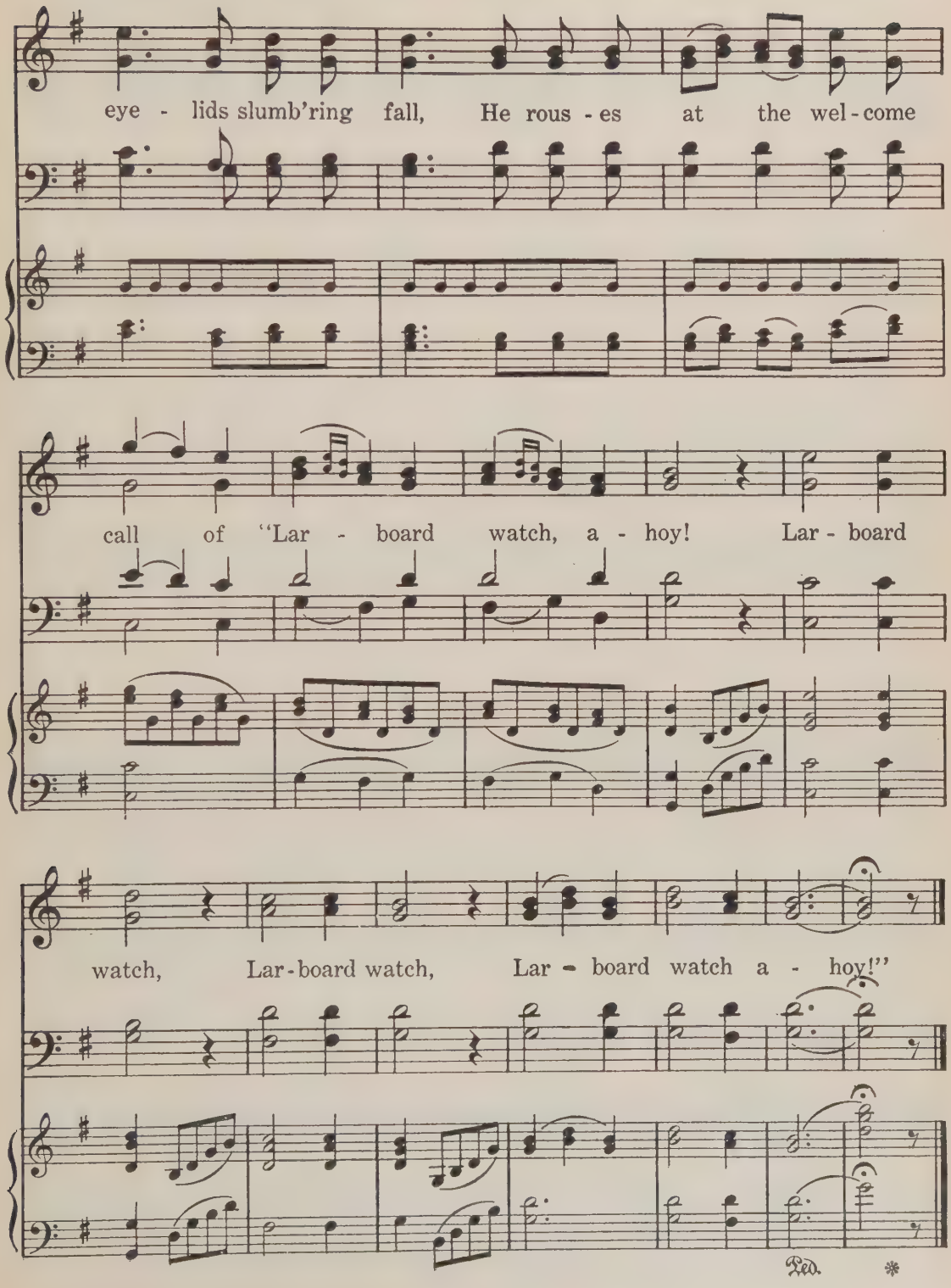
LARBOARD WATCH

T. Williams




spent with toil,
And
Clings firm - ly to the weath - er shrouds, And
still, the length - ened hour to guile,
And still, the length - ened
A little faster
cresc. poco a poco
hour to guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds:
A little faster
cresc. poco a poco
r. h.

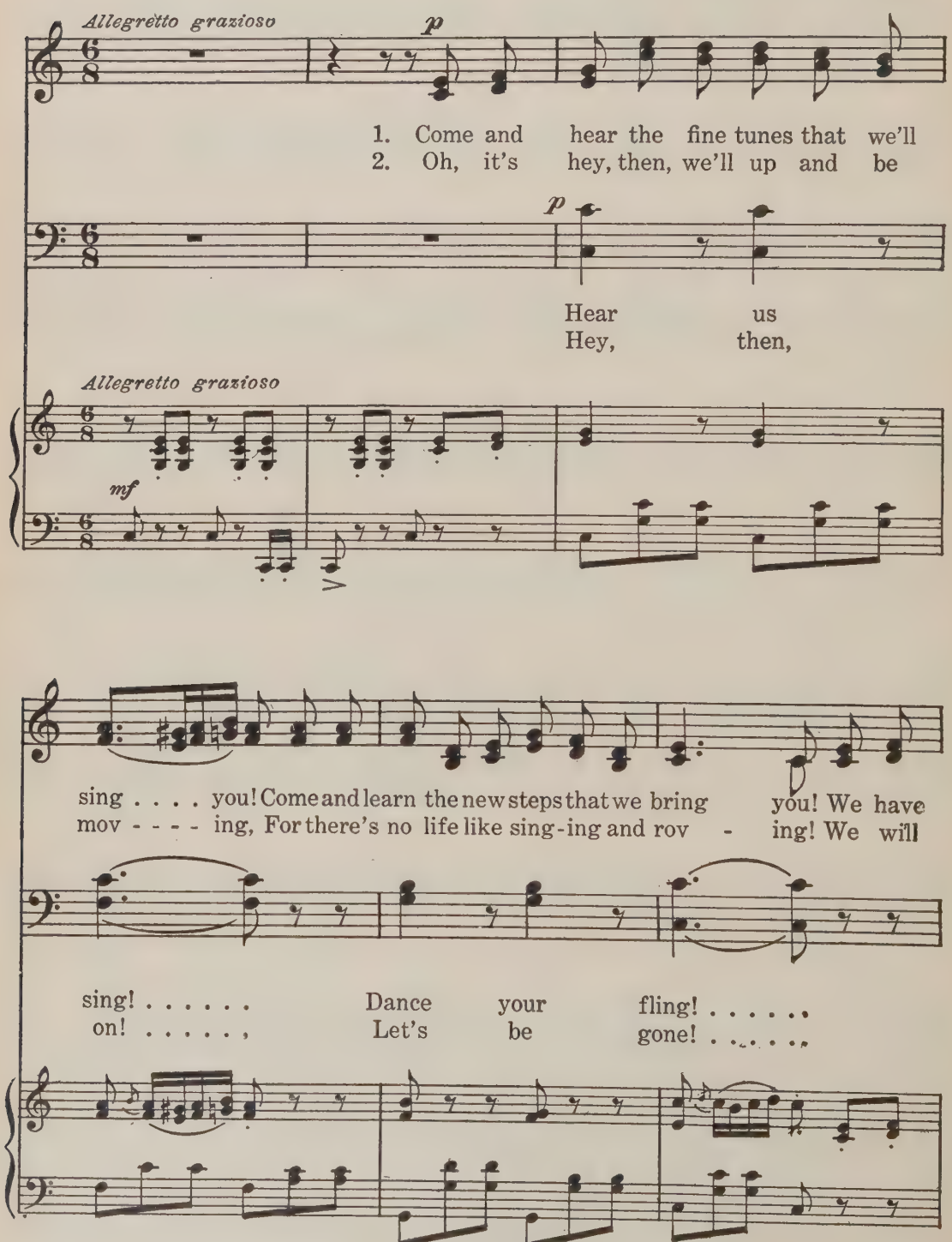

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds. "Lar-board watch, a - hoy!
Lar - board watch, a - hoy!" But who can speak the joy he
feels, While o'er the foam his ves - sel reels, And his tired
Allegretto
mf
f
Slower
a tempo

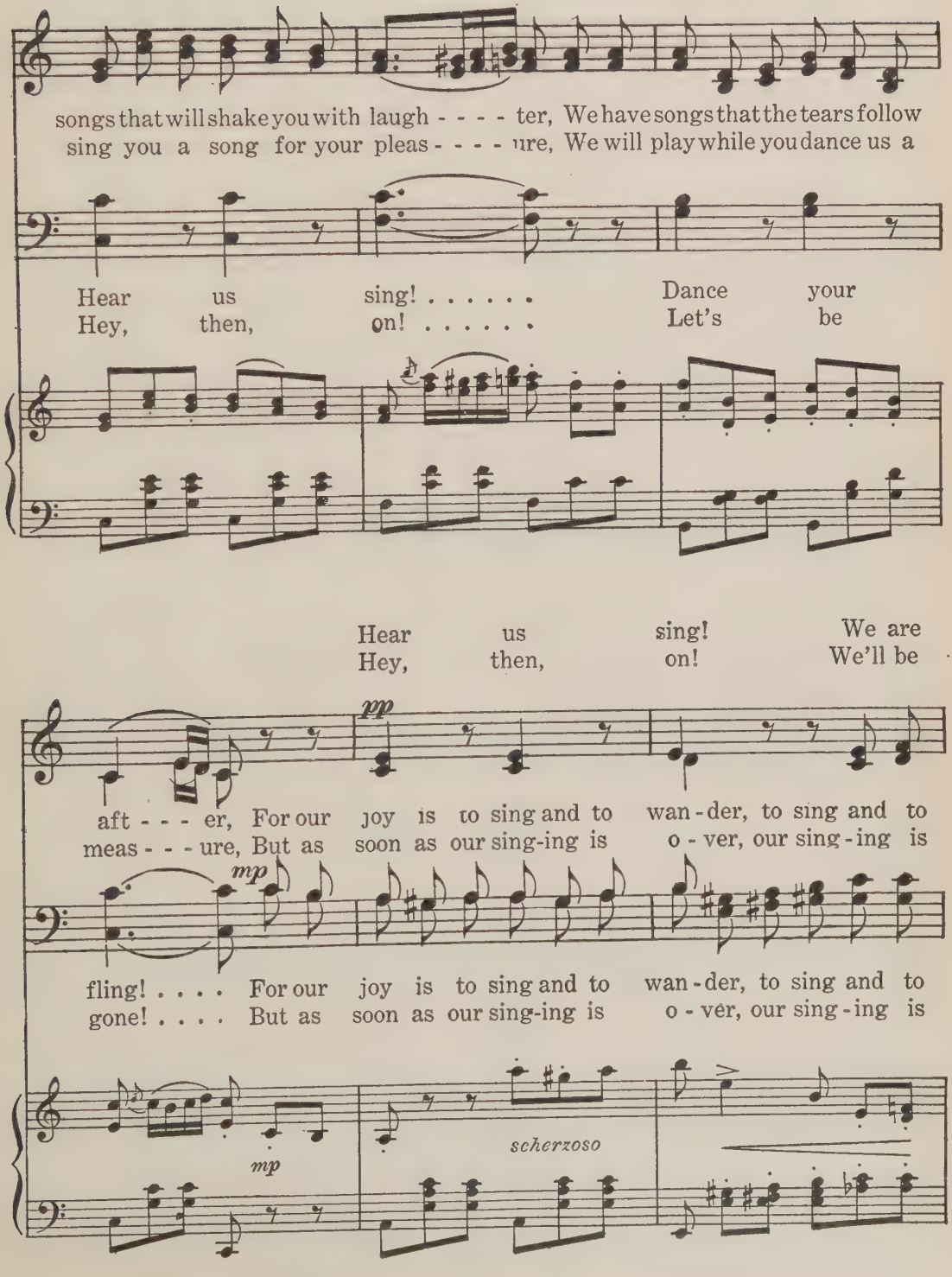

eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous - es at the wel - come
call of "Lar - board watch, a - hoy! Lar - board
watch, Lar - board watch, Lar - board watch a - hoy!"
Ped.
*

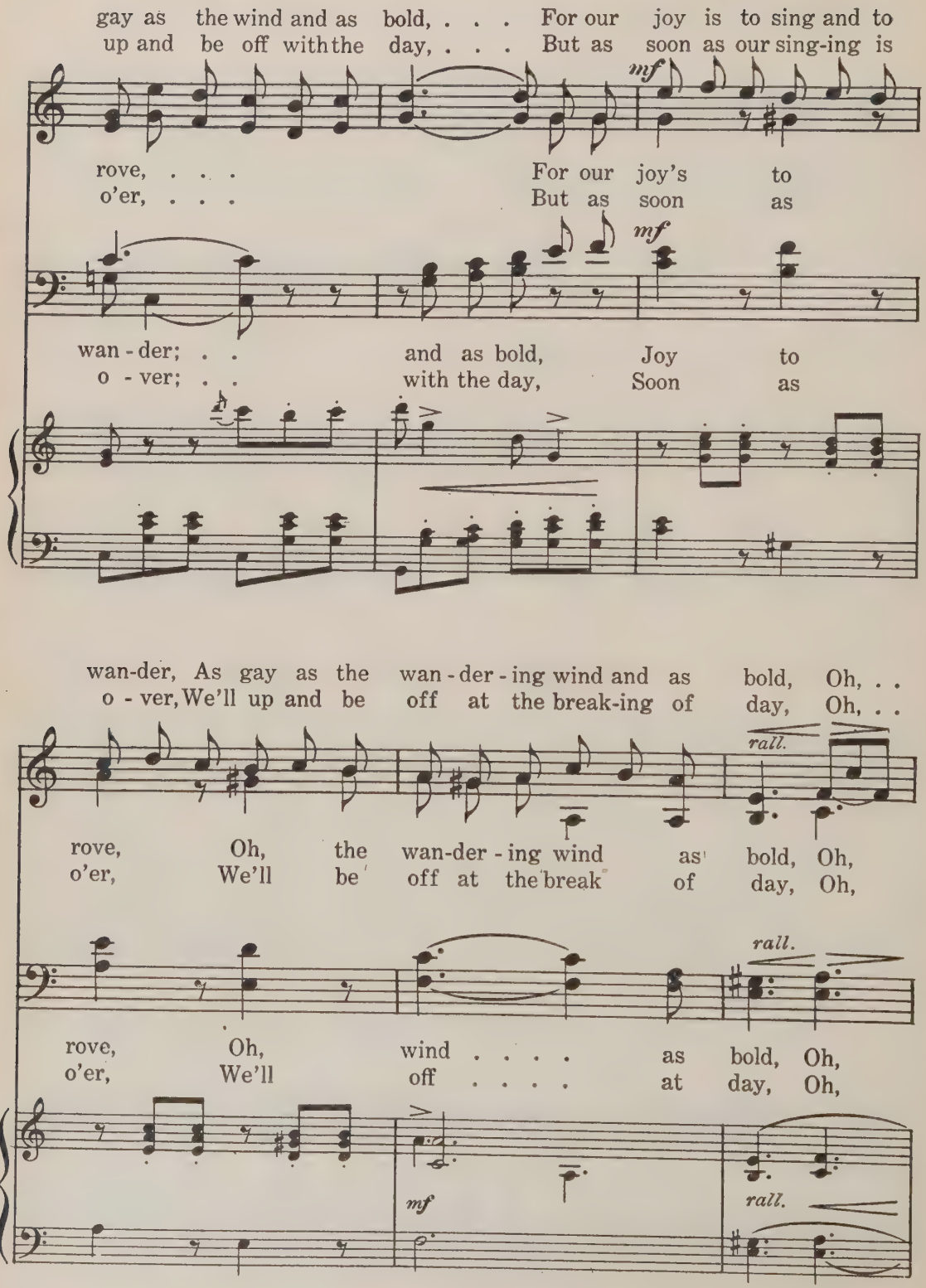
SINGING WANDERERS

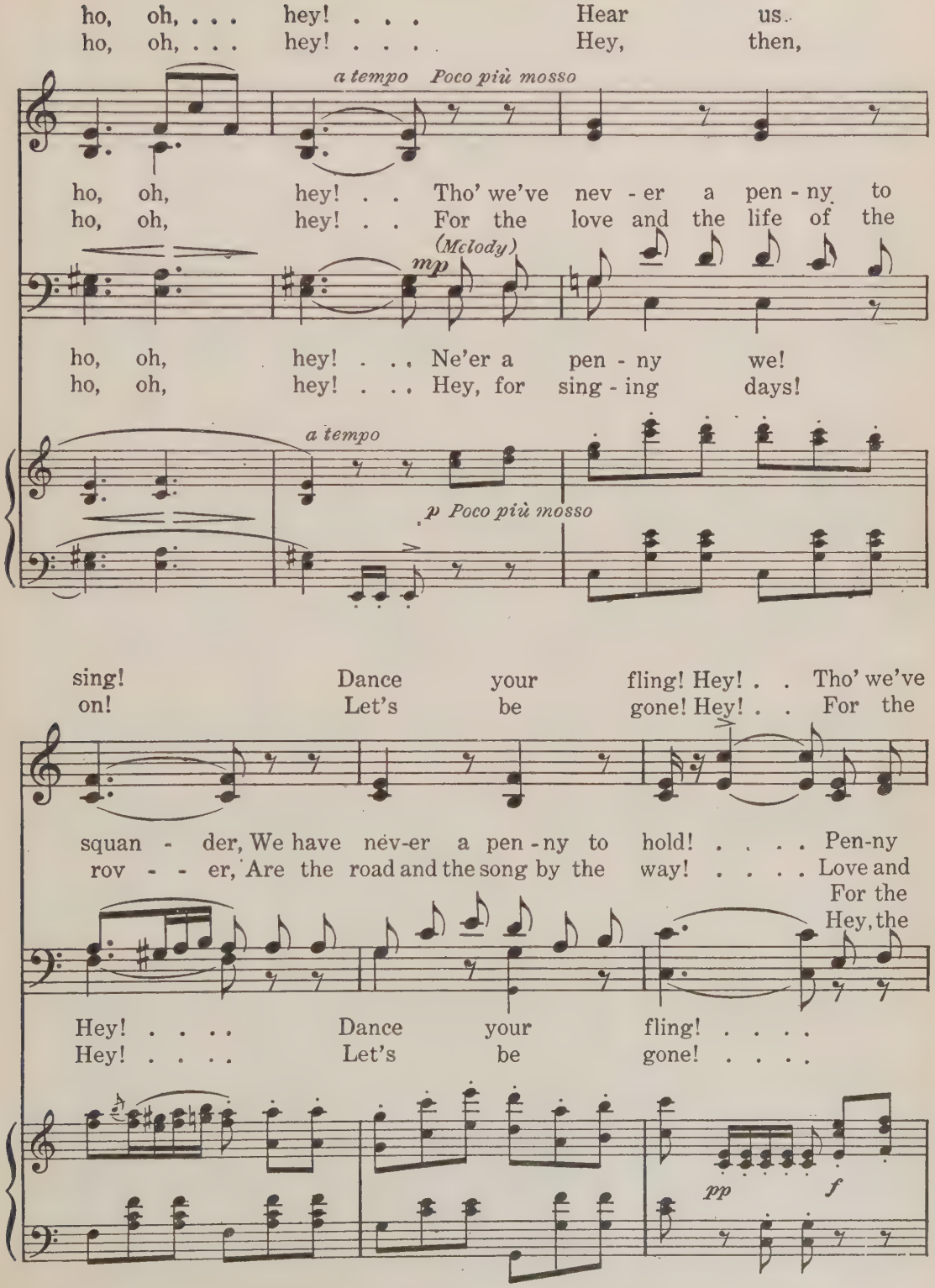
Clare Giffin

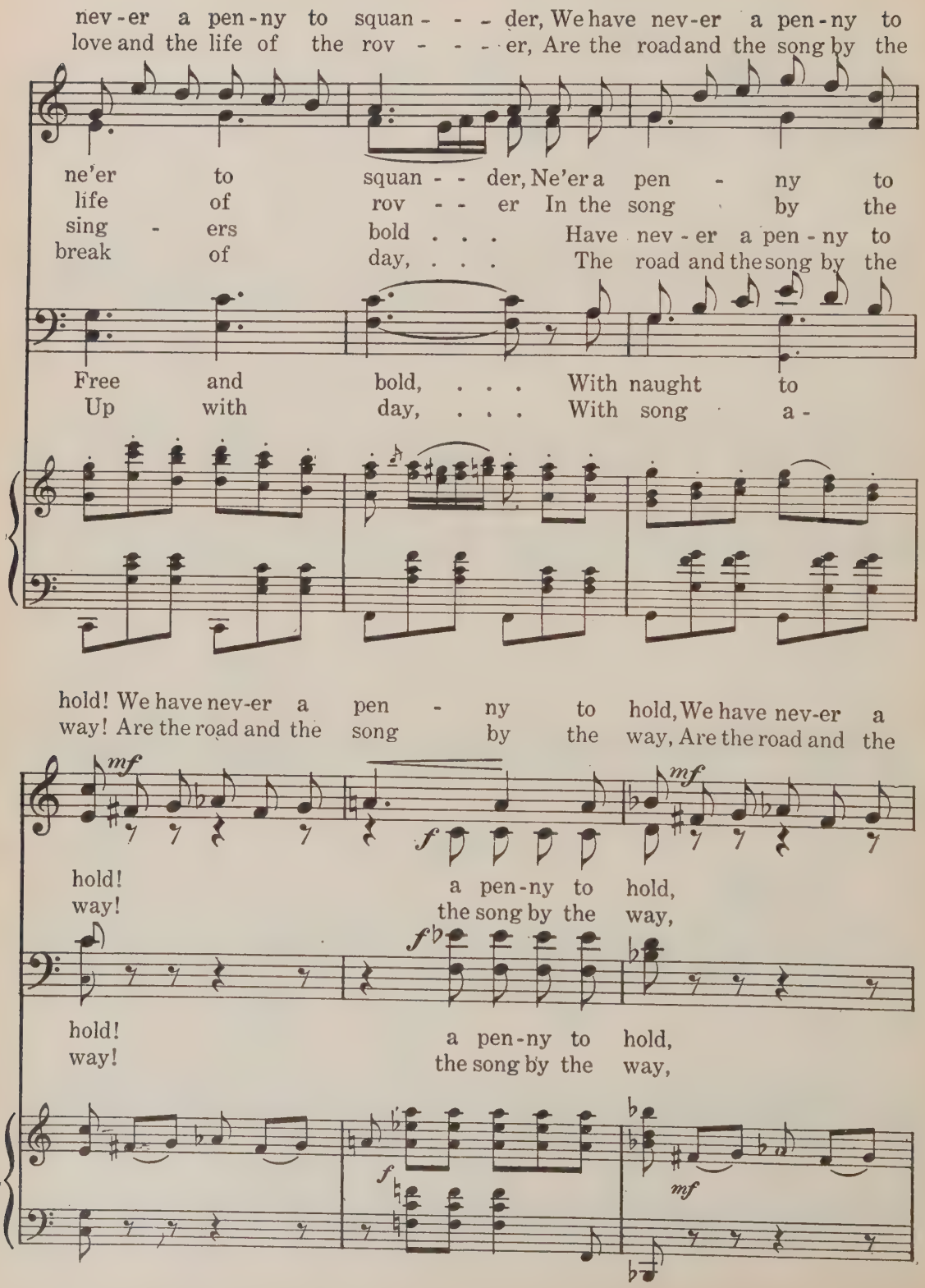
Gaetano Donizetti, from *Lucrezia Borgia*
Adapted for mixed chorus
by Harvey Worthington Loomis

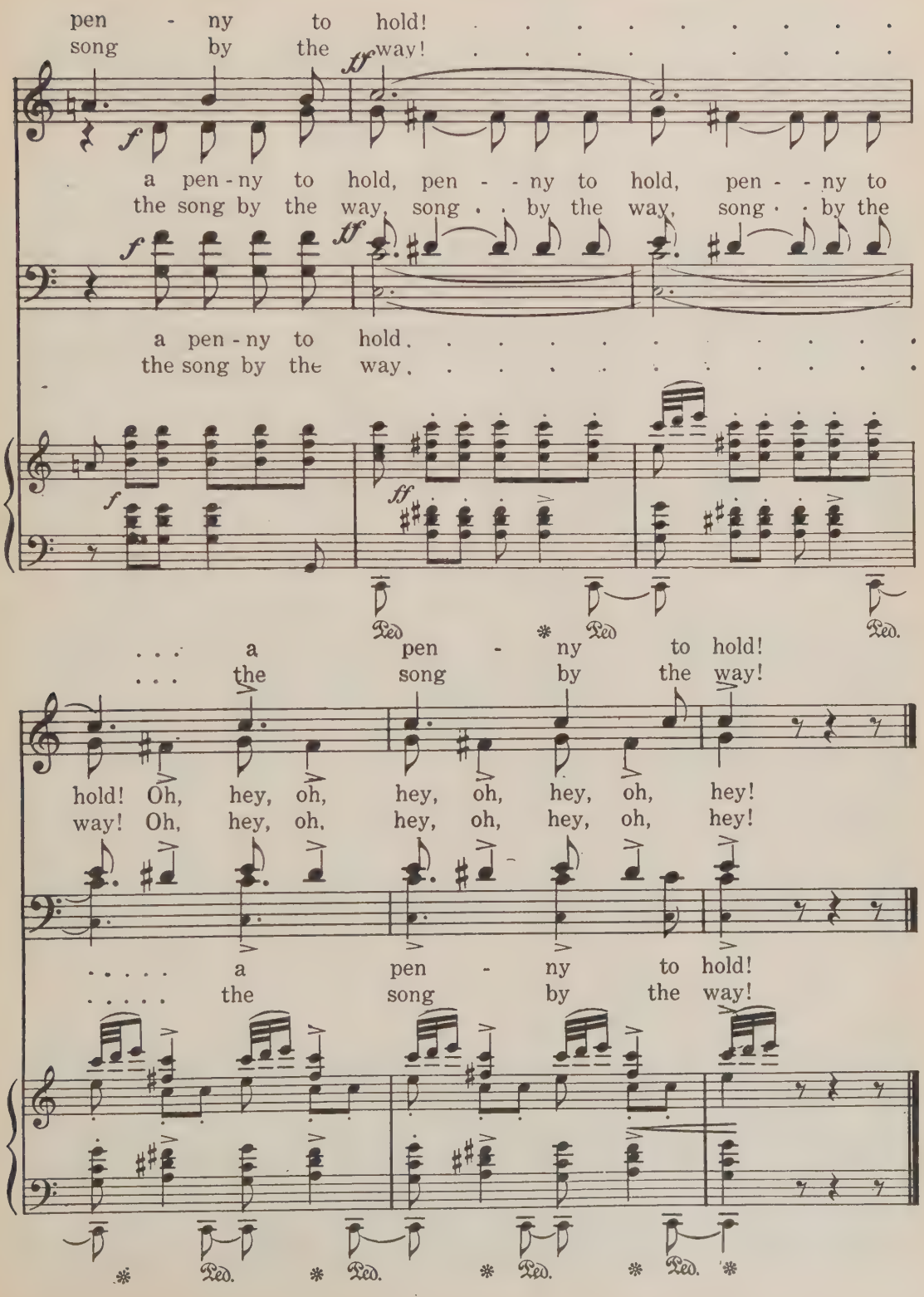



songs that will shake you with laugh - - - - ter, We have songs that the tears follow
sing you a song for your pleas - - - - ure, We will play while you dance us a
Hear us sing! . . . . . Dance your
Hey, then, on! . . . . . Let's be
Hear us sing! We are
Hey, then, on! We'll be
mp
aft - - - er, For our joy is to sing and to wan - der, to sing and to
meas - - - ure, But as soon as our sing-ing is o - ver, our sing - ing is
mp
fling! . . . . For our joy is to sing and to wan - der, to sing and to
gone! . . . . But as soon as our sing-ing is o - ver, our sing - ing is
mp
scherzoso

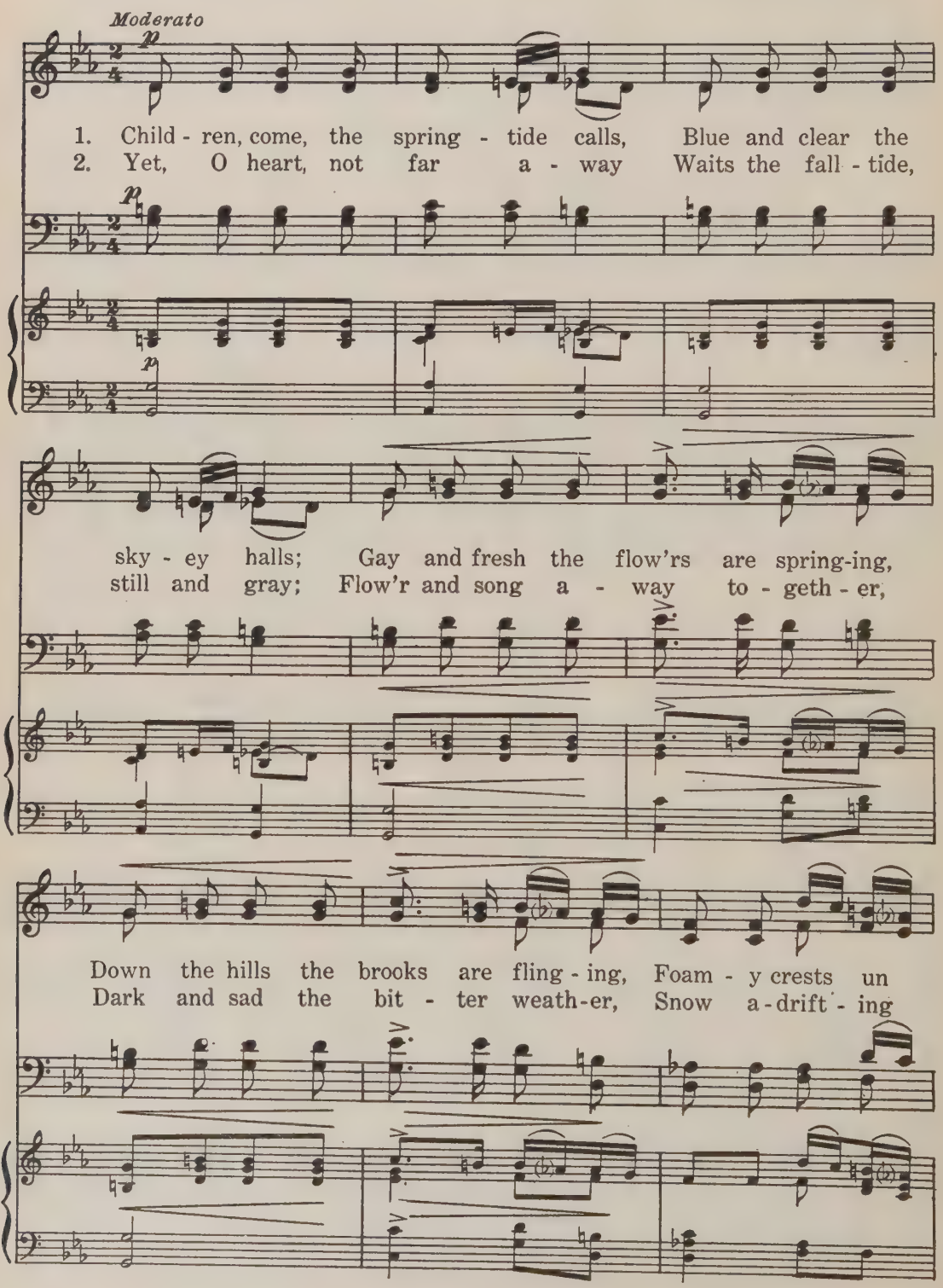

gay as the wind and as bold, . . . For our joy is to sing and to
up and be off with the day, . . . But as soon as our sing-ing is
mf
rove, . . . For our joy's to
o'er, . . . But as soon as
mf
wan - der; . . and as bold, Joy to
o - ver; . . with the day, Soon as
wan-der, As gay as the wan - der - ing wind and as bold, Oh, . .
o - ver, We'll up and be off at the break-ing of day, Oh, . .
rall.
rove, Oh, the wan-der - ing wind as bold, Oh,
o'er, We'll be off at the break of day, Oh,
rall.
rove, Oh, wind . . . . as bold, Oh,
o'er, We'll off . . . . at day, Oh,
mf
rall.

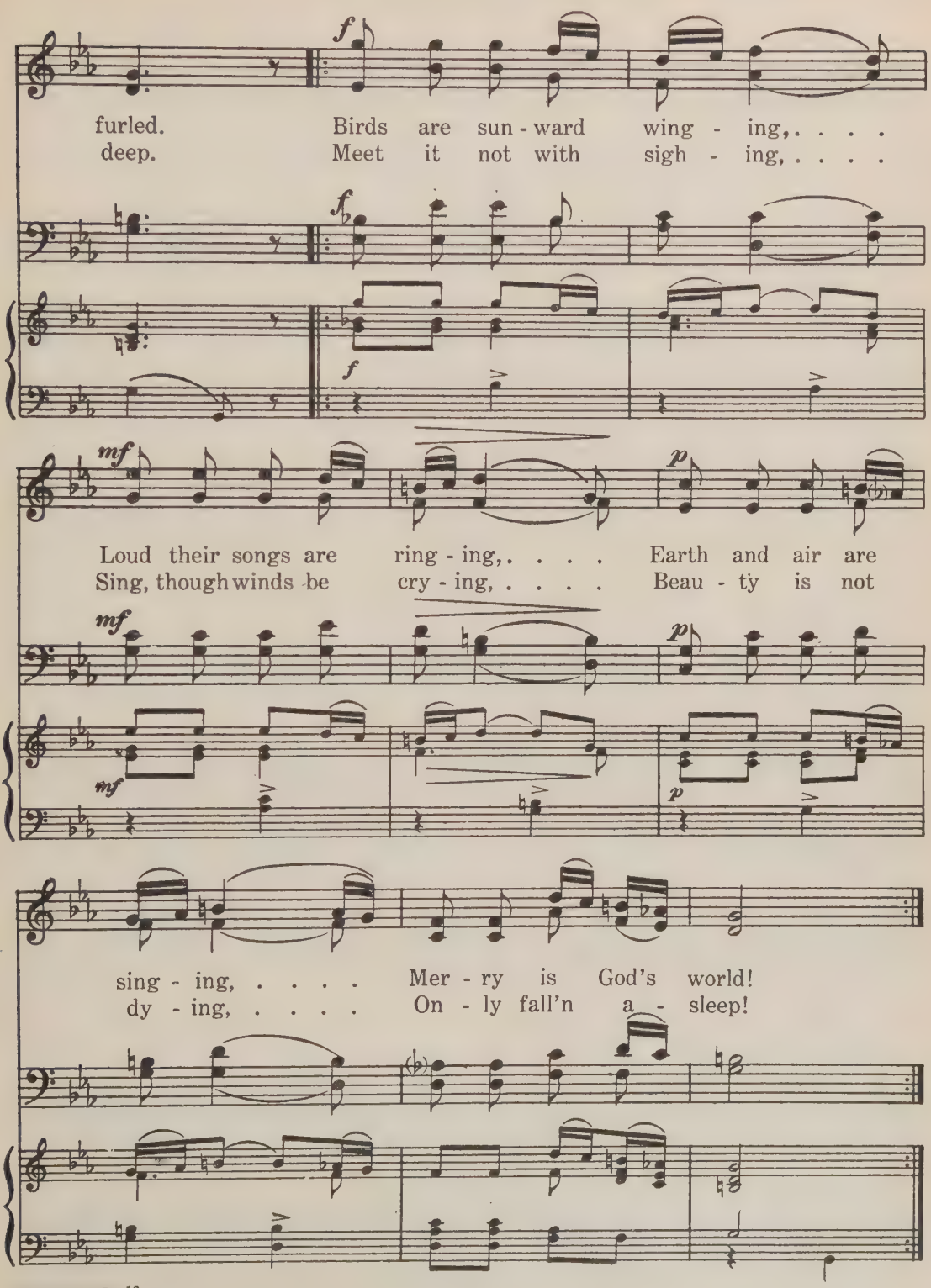

ho, oh, . . . hey! . . . Hear us.
ho, oh, . . . hey! . . . . Hey, then,
a tempo Poco più mosso
ho, oh, hey! . . Tho' we've nev - er a pen - ny to
ho, oh, hey! . . For the love and the life of the
(Melody)
mp
ho, oh, hey! . . . Ne'er a pen - ny we!
ho, oh, hey! . . . Hey, for sing - ing days!
a tempo
p Poco più mosso
sing! Dance your fling! Hey! . . Tho' we've
on! Let's be gone! Hey! . . For the
squan - der, We have nev-er a pen - ny to hold! . . . . Pen-ny
rov - - er, Are the road and the song by the way! . . . . Love and
For the
Hey, the
Hey! . . . . Dance your fling! . . . .
Hey! . . . . Let's be gone! . . . .
pp
f


nev-er a pen-ny to squan - - - der, We have nev-er a pen-ny to
love and the life of the rov - - - - er, Are the road and the song by the
ne'er to squan - - der, Ne'er a pen - ny to
life of rov - - er In the song by the
sing - ers bold . . . Have nev - er a pen - ny to
break of day, . . . The road and the song by the
Free and bold, . . . With naught to
Up with day, . . . With song a -
hold! We have nev-er a pen - ny to hold, We have nev-er a
way! Are the road and the song by the way, Are the road and the
mf
f
mf
hold! a pen-ny to hold,
way! the song by the way,
f
hold! a pen-ny to hold,
way! the song by the way,
f
mf


pen - ny to hold!
song by the way!
a pen - ny to hold, pen - - ny to hold, pen - - ny to
the song by the way, song . . by the way, song . . by the
a pen - ny to hold
the song by the way
Ped. * Ped. Ped.
. . . a pen - ny to hold!
. . . the song by the way!
hold! Oh, hey, oh, hey, oh, hey, oh, hey!
way! Oh, hey, oh, hey, oh, hey, oh, hey!
. . . . . a pen - ny to hold!
. . . . . the song by the way!
* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

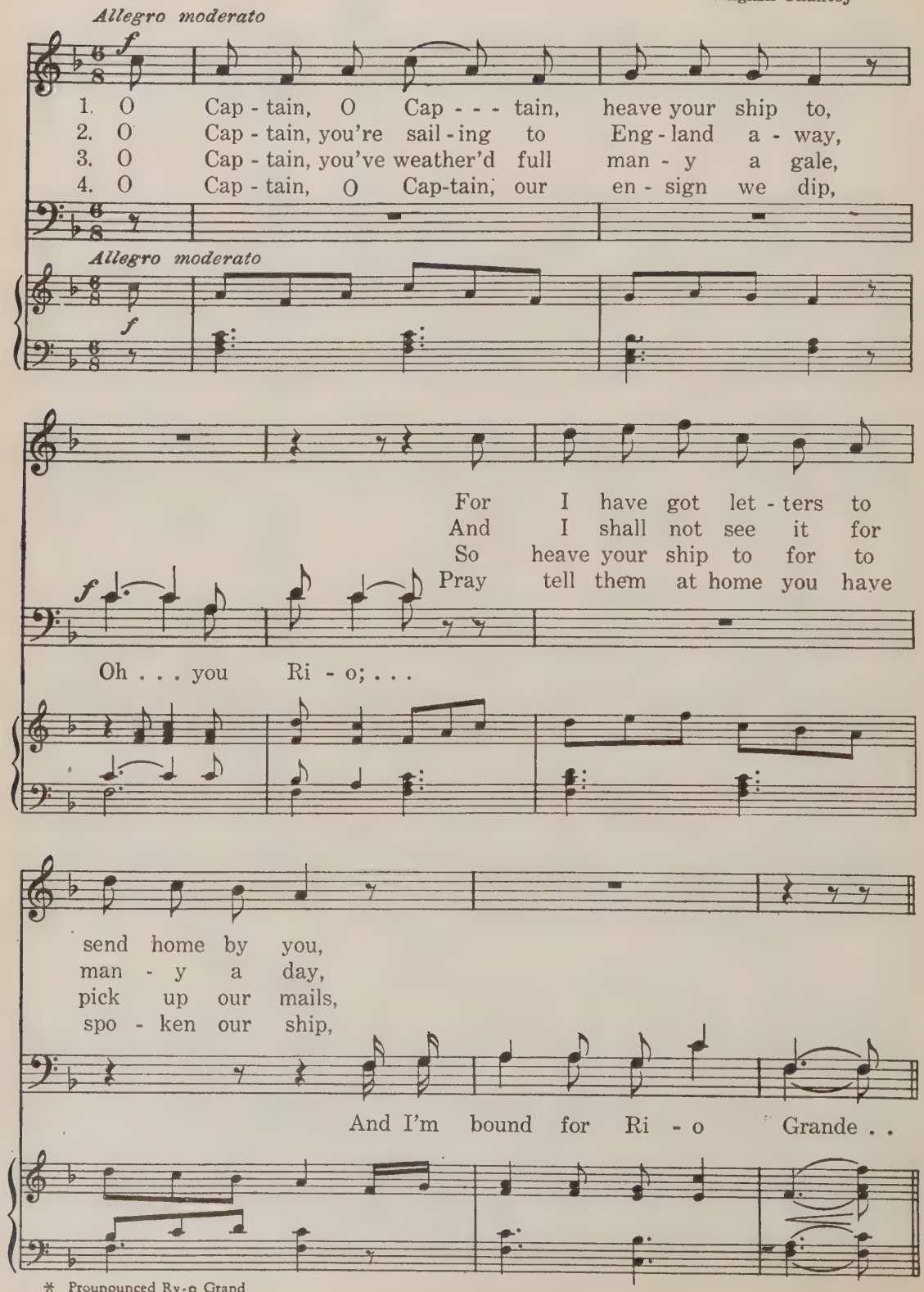
From the original text — Hebrew Folk Song



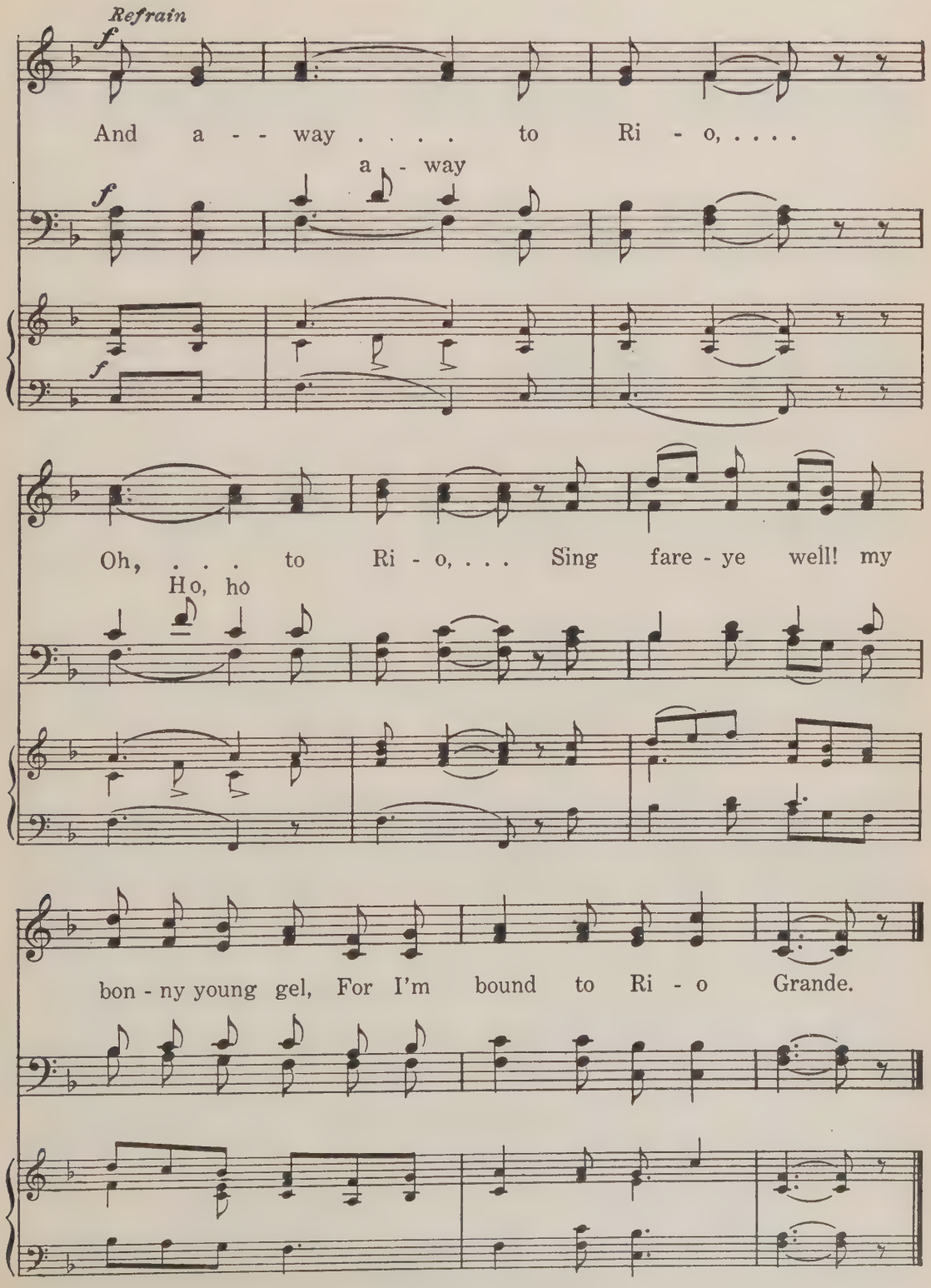

furled. Birds are sun - ward wing - ing, ...
deep. Meet it not with sigh - ing, ...
Loud their songs are ring - ing, ... Earth and air are
Sing, though winds be cry - ing, ... Beau - ty is not
sing - ing, ... Mer - ry is God's world!
dy - ing, ... On - ly fall'n a - sleep!

RIO GRANDE *

English Chantey

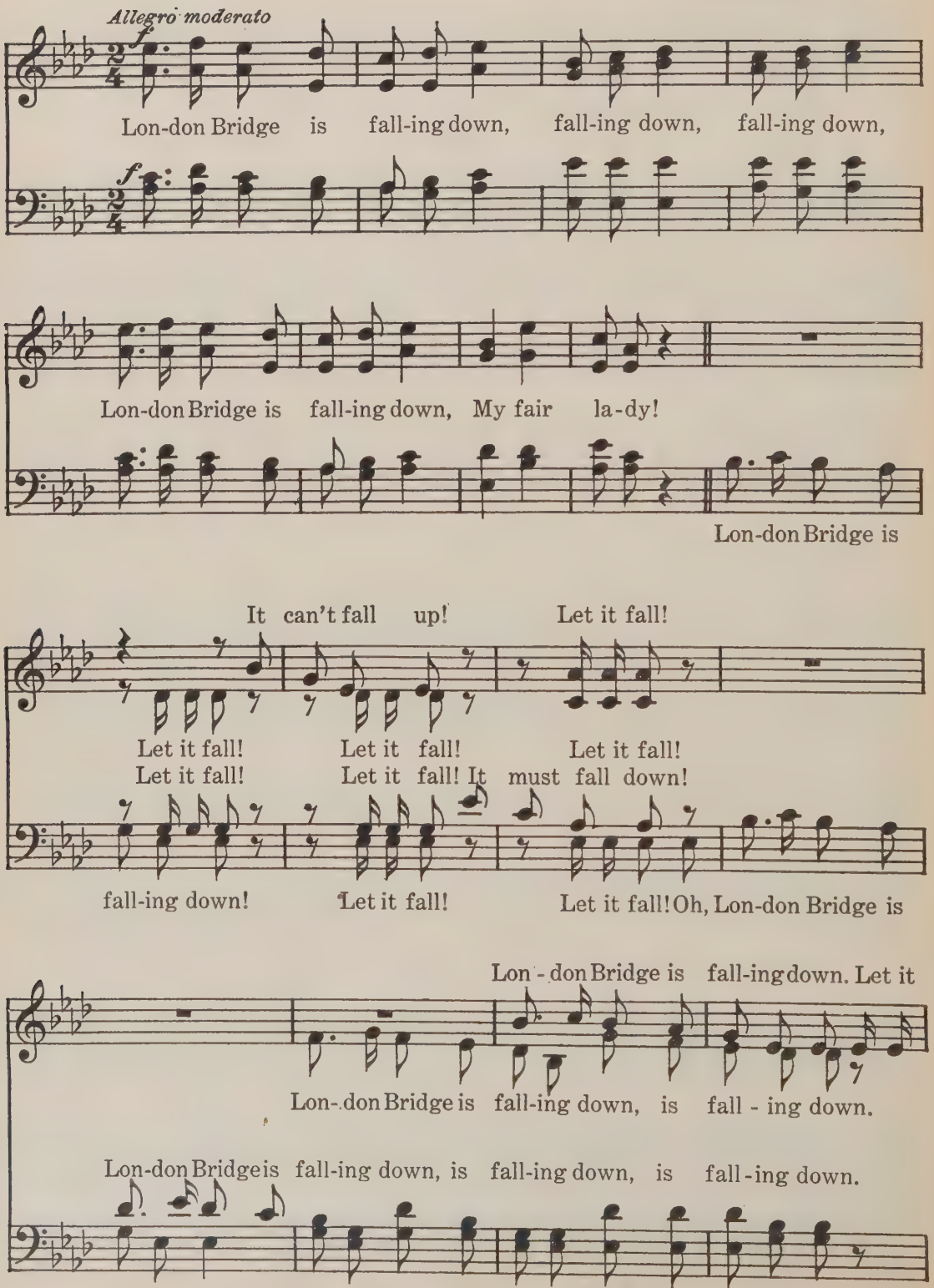


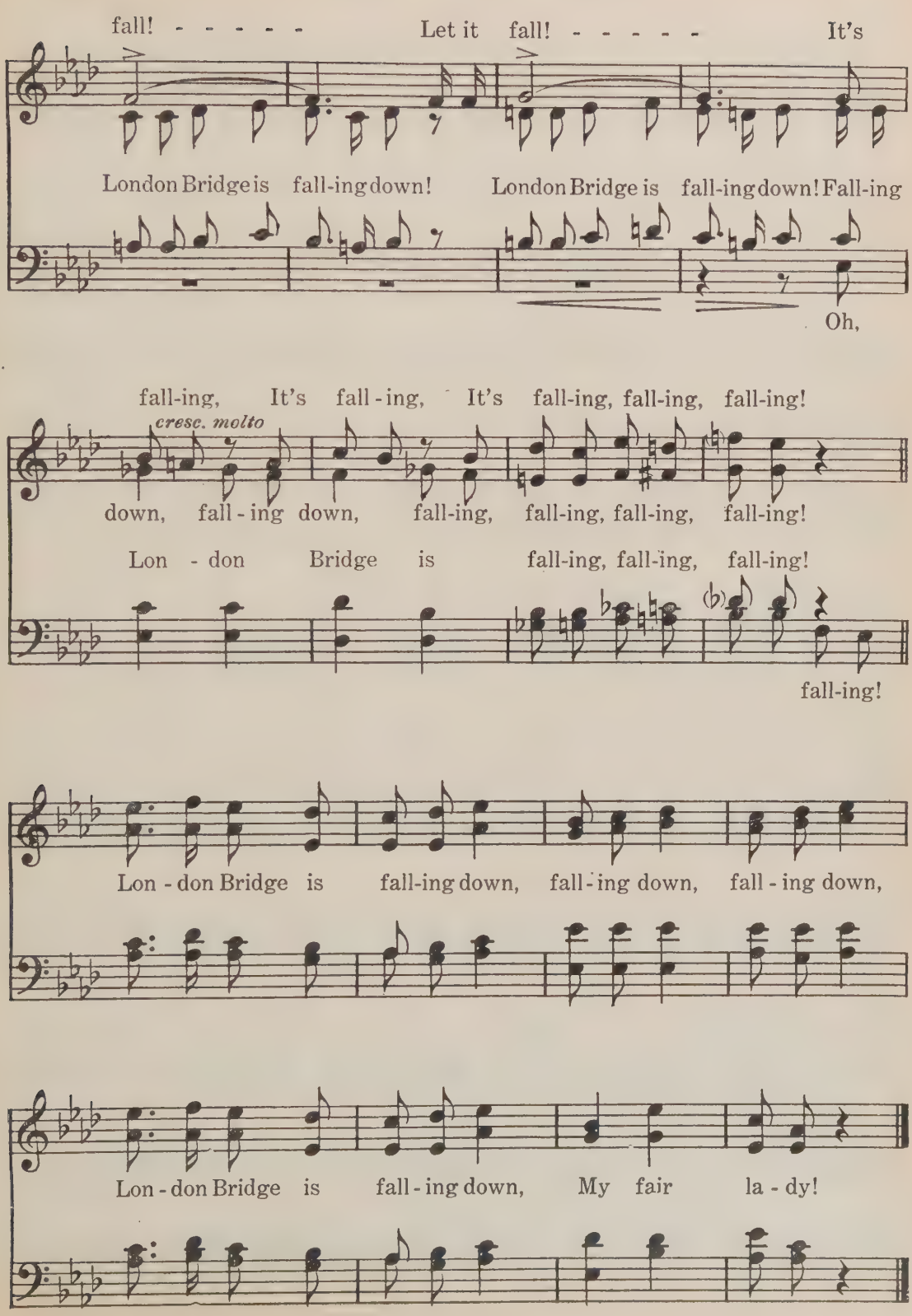
* Prounounced Ry-o Grand


Refrain
f
And a - - way . . . . to Ri - o, ...
a - way
f
f
Oh, . . . to Ri - o, . . . Sing fare - ye well! my
Ho, ho
bon - ny young gel, For I'm bound to Ri - o Grande.

LONDON BRIDGE

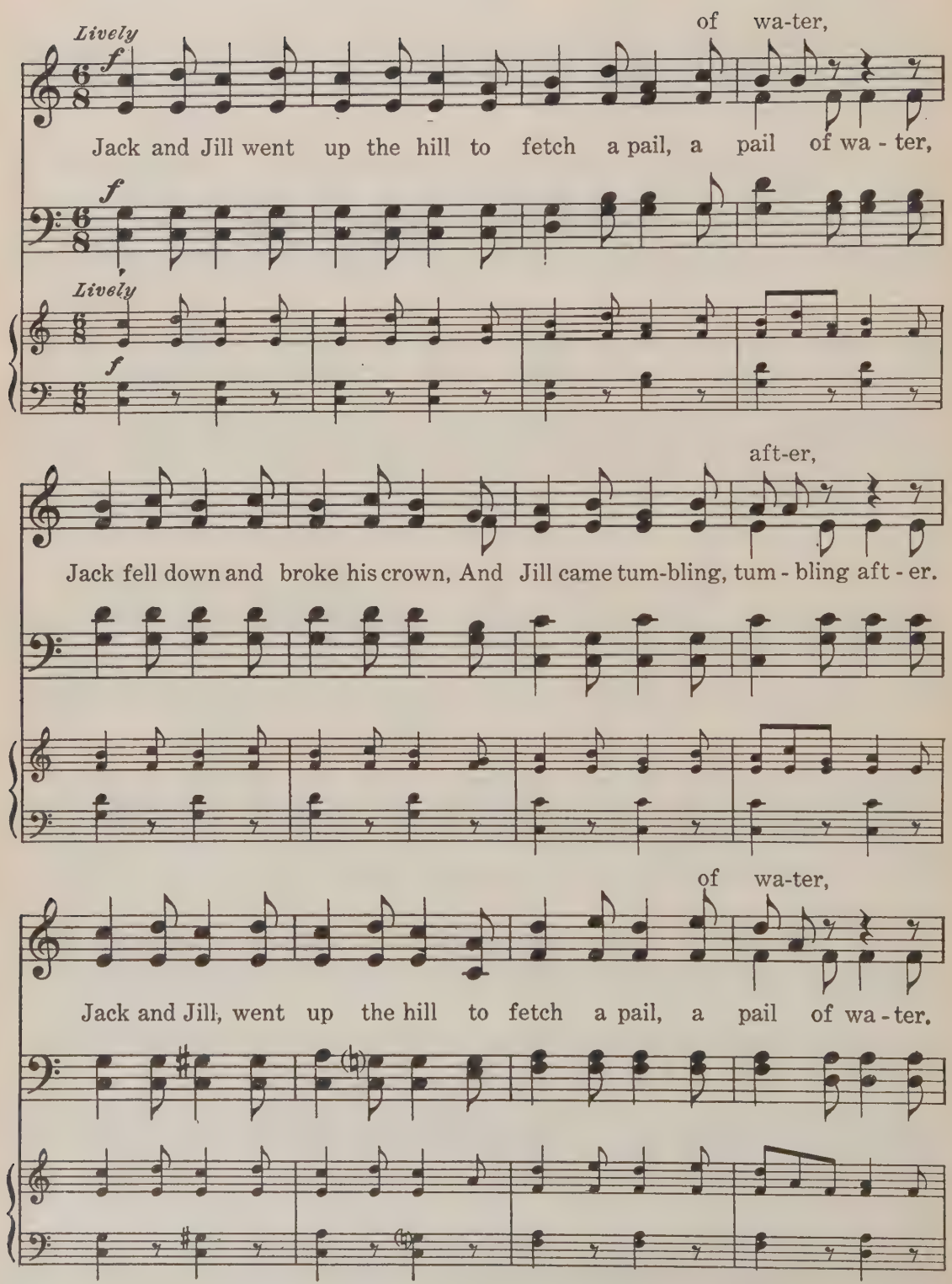
English Folk Song

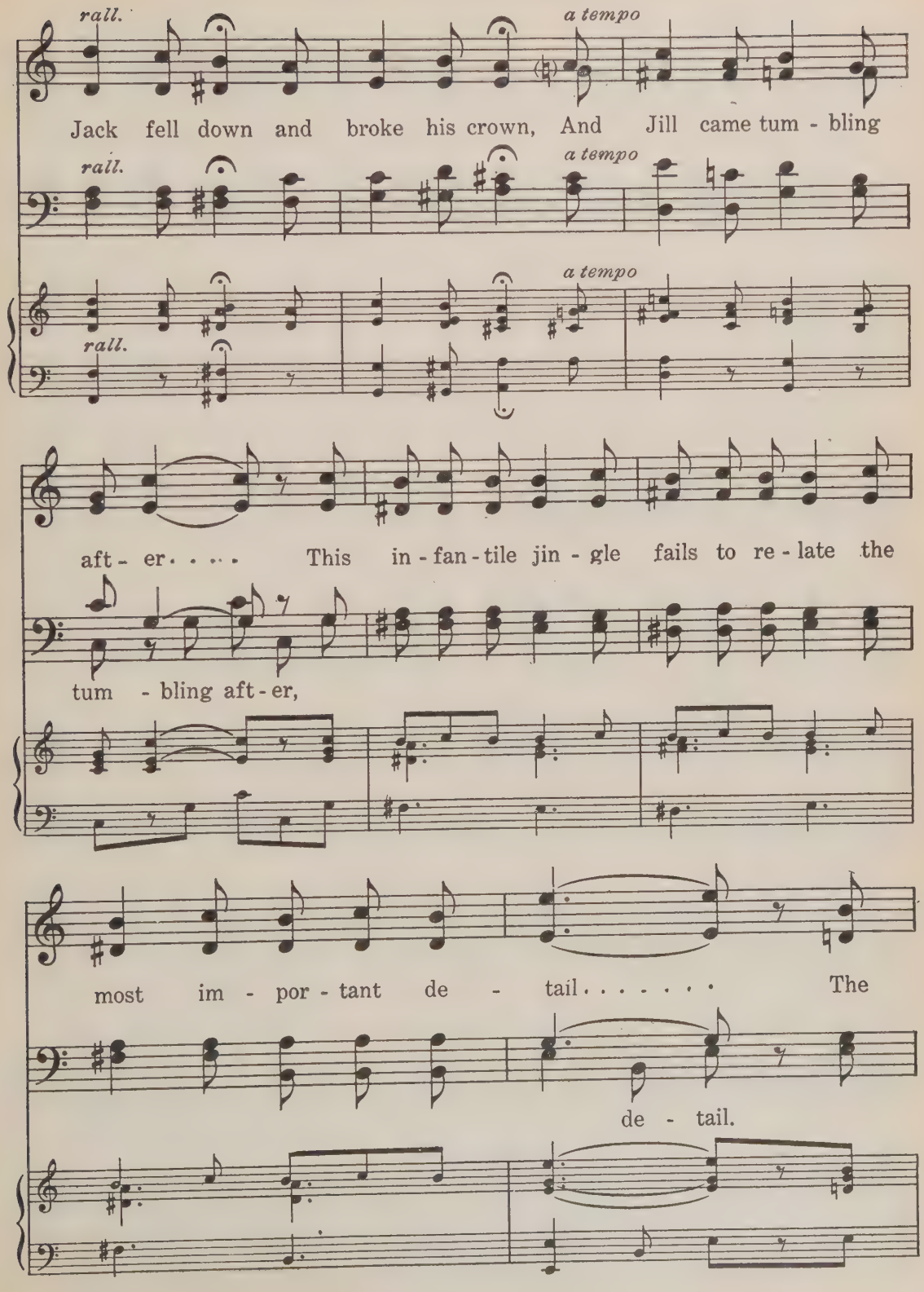


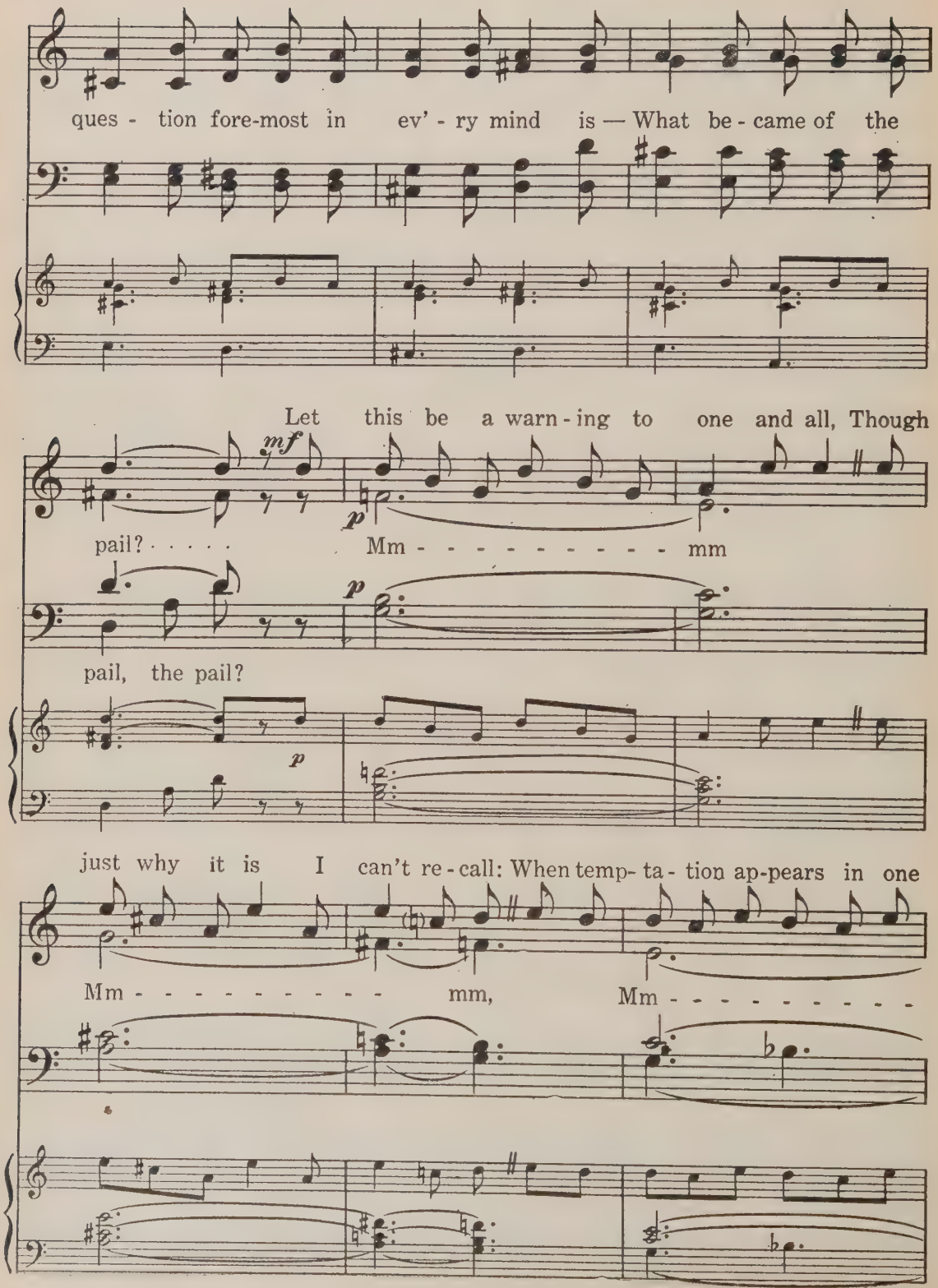

fall! - - - - - Let it fall! - - - - - It's
London Bridge is fall-ing down! London Bridge is fall-ing down! Fall-ing
Oh,
fall-ing, It's fall - ing, It's fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing!
cresc. molto
down, fall - ing down, fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing!
Lon - don Bridge is fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing!
fall-ing!
Lon - don Bridge is fall-ing down, fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dy!

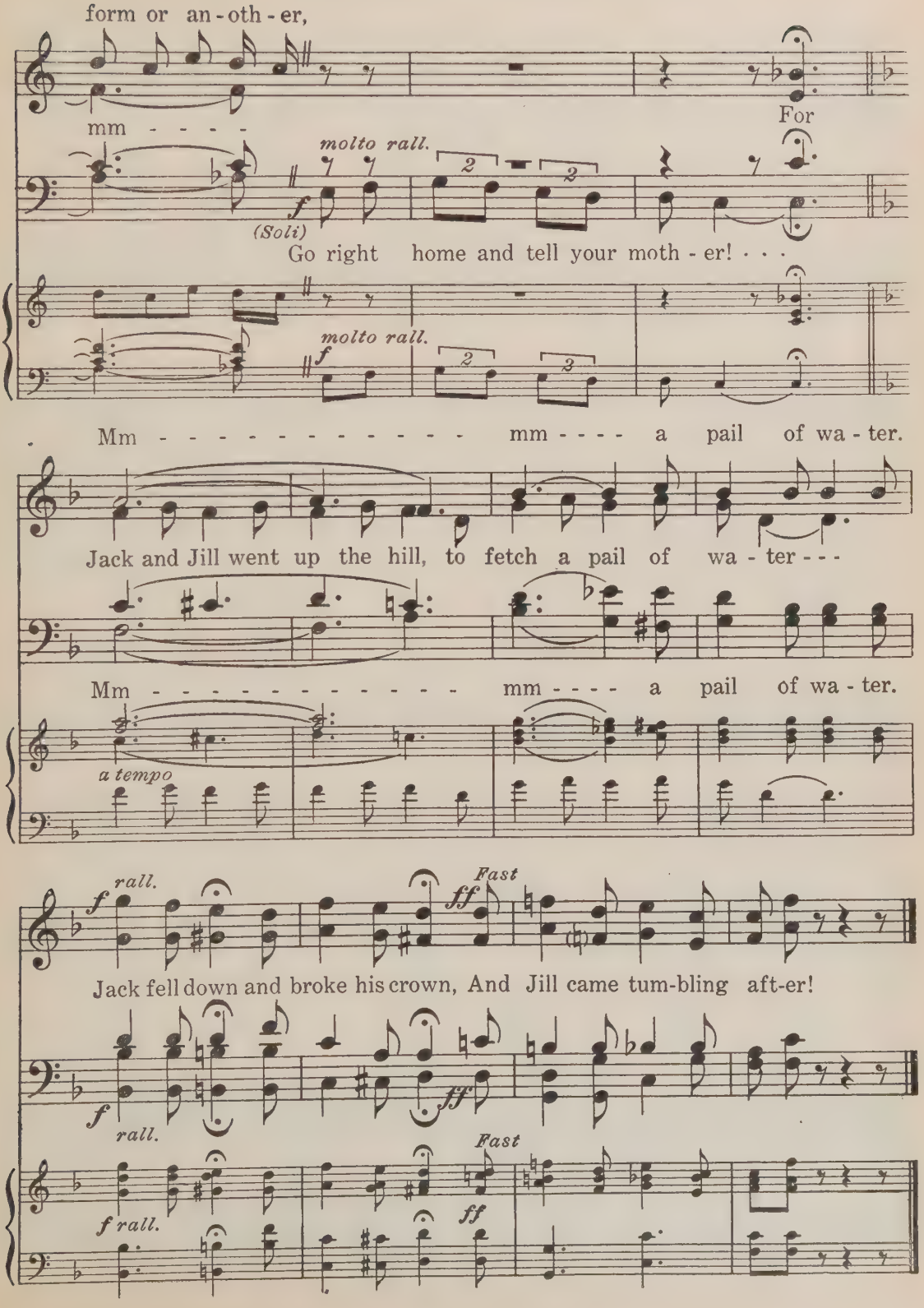
JACK AND JILL

Mayhew L. Lake



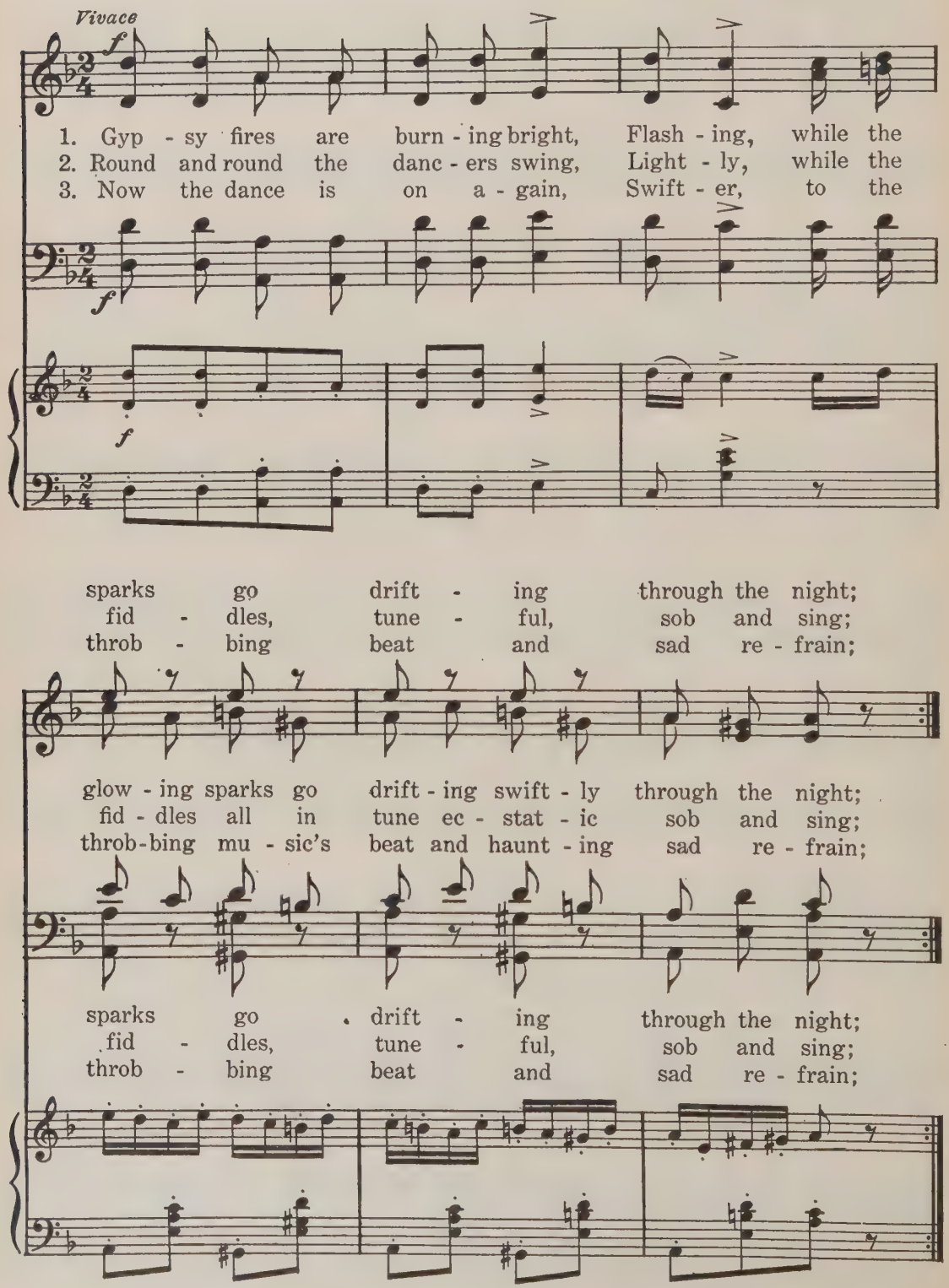

rall.
a tempo
Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling
rall.
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
aft - er. . . . This in - fan - tile jin - gle fails to re - late the
tum - bling aft - er,
most im - por - tant de - tail. . . . . The
de - tail.

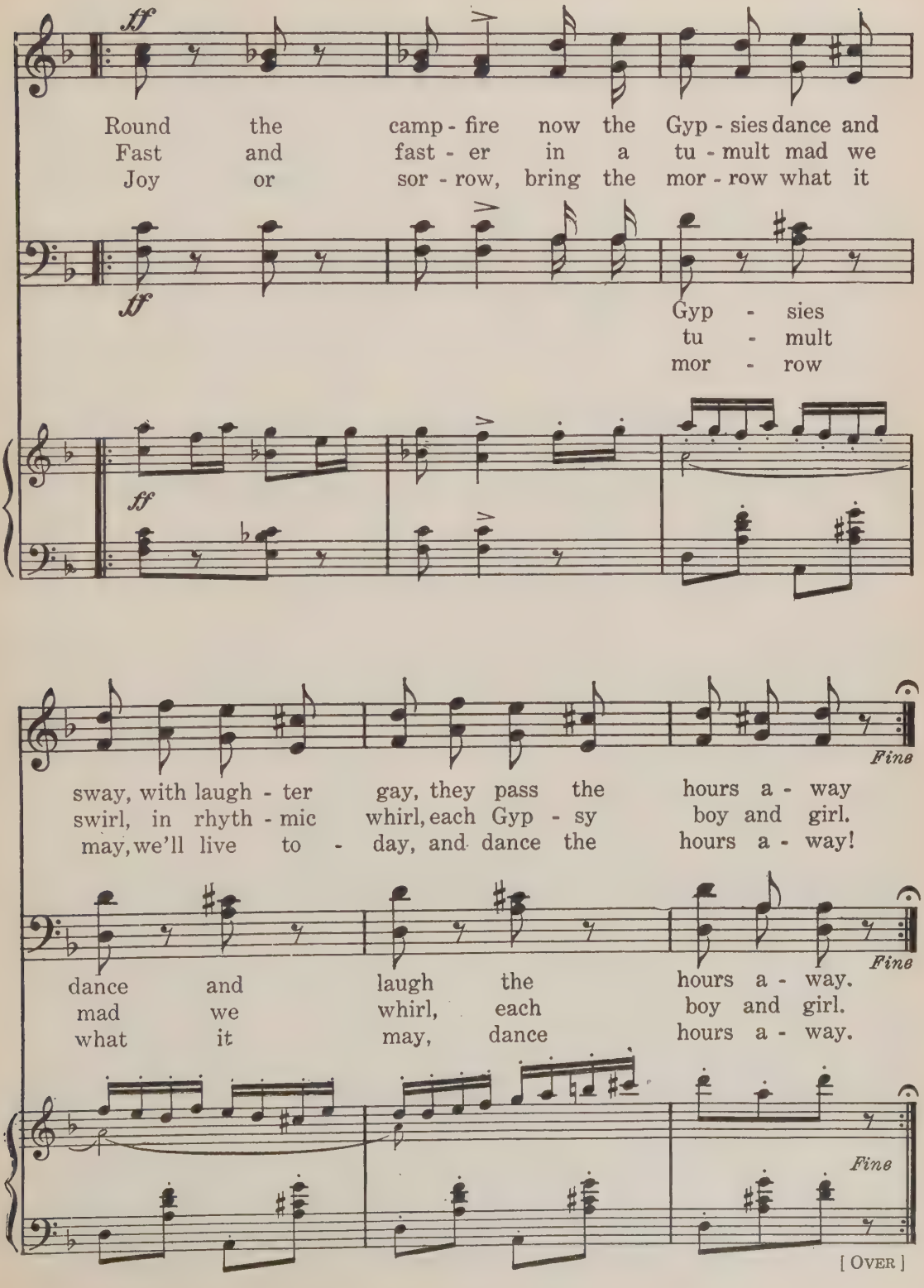

ques - tion fore-most in ev' - ry mind is — What be - came of the
Let this be a warn - ing to one and all, Though
mf
p
pail? Mm - - - - - - - - - - mm
p
pail, the pail?
p
just why it is I can't re - call: When temp- ta - tion ap-pears in one
Mm - - - - - - - - - - mm, Mm - - - - - - - - -


form or an - oth - er,
mm - - - -
For
molto rall.
f
(Soli)
Go right home and tell your moth - er! . . .
molto rall.
f
Mm - - - - - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - a pail of wa - ter.
Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of wa - ter - - -
Mm - - - - - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - a pail of wa - ter.
a tempo
f rall.
Fast
ff
Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling aft-er!
f rall.
ff
f rall.
Fast
ff

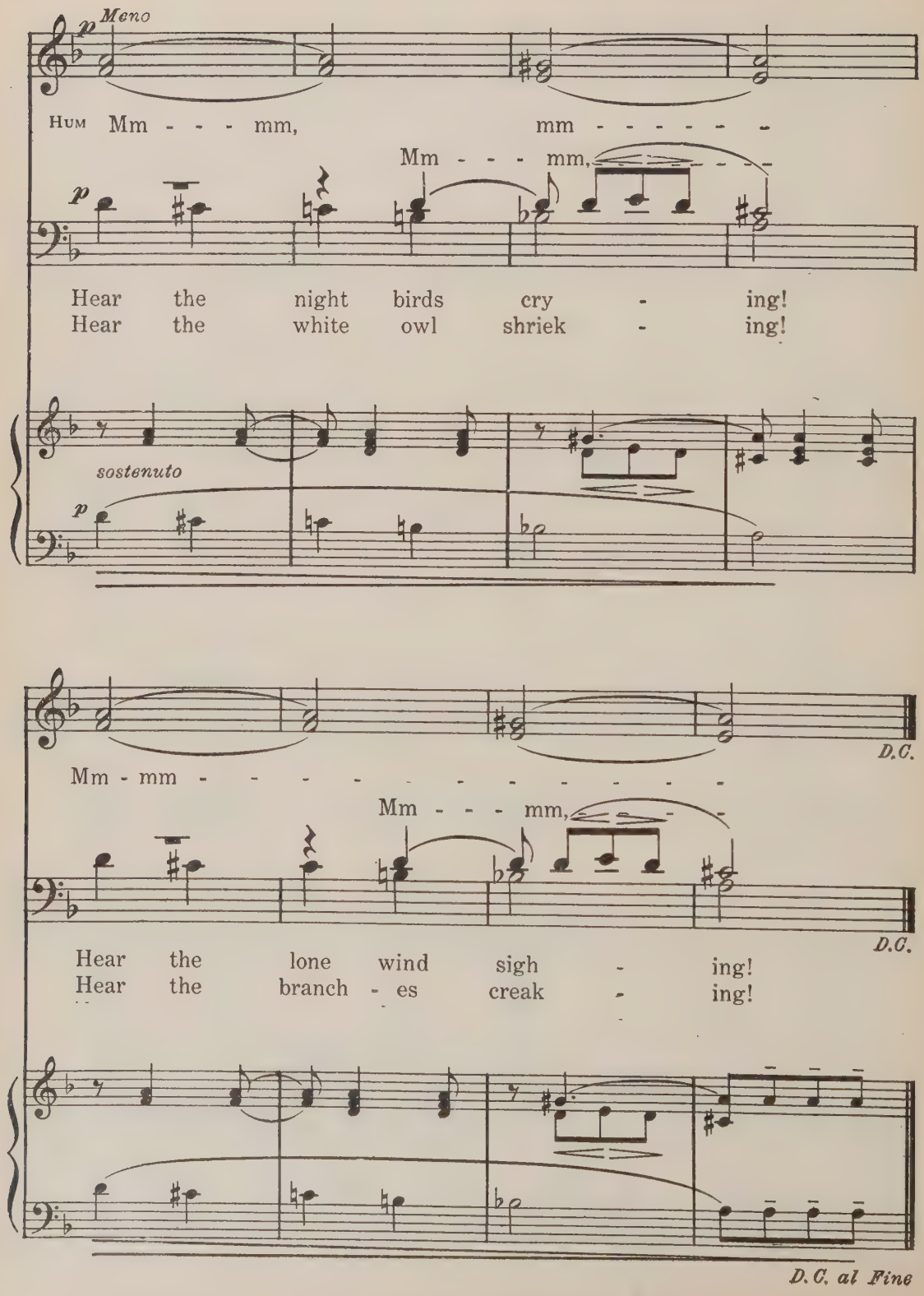
GYPSY FIRES ARE BURNING BRIGHT

Pablo Martin Sarasate
From *Zigeunerweisen*




ff
Round the camp - fire now the Gyp - sies dance and
Fast and fast - er in a tu - mult mad we
Joy or sor - row, bring the mor - row what it
ff
Gyp - sies
tu - mult
mor - row
ff
sway, with laugh - ter gay, they pass the hours a - way
swirl, in rhyth - mic whirl, each Gyp - sy boy and girl.
may, we'll live to - day, and dance the hours a - way!
Fine
dance and laugh the hours a - way.
mad we whirl, each boy and girl.
what it may, dance hours a - way.
Fine
Fine

[OVER]

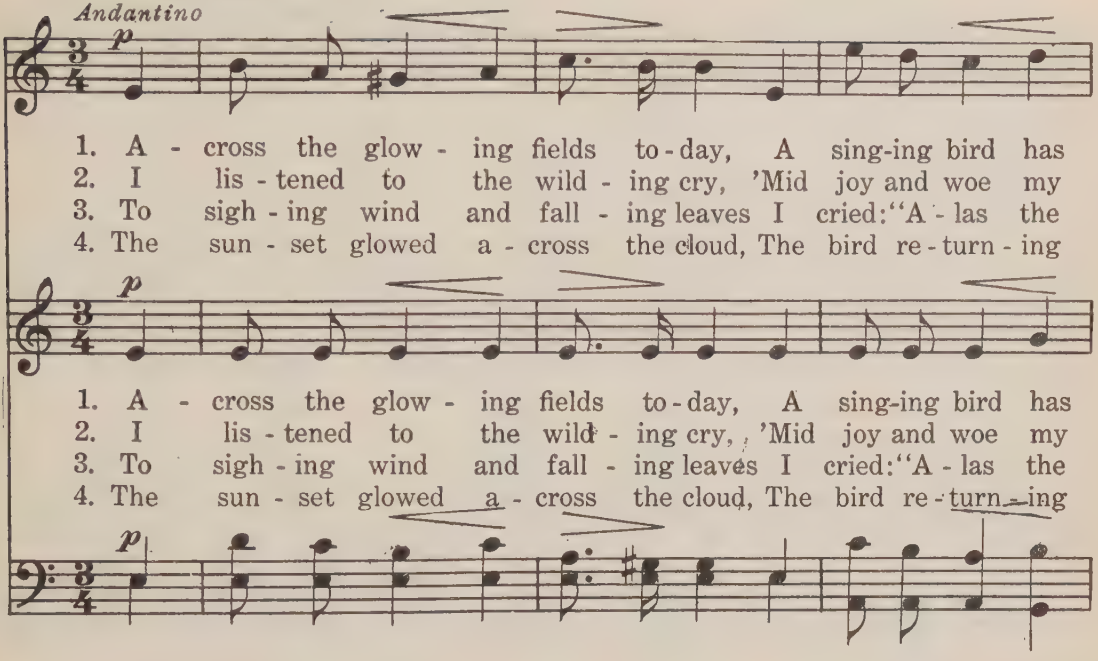

Meno
p
Hum Mm - - - mm, mm - - - - - -
Mm - - - mm,
p
Hear the night birds cry - ing!
Hear the white owl shriek - ing!
sostenuto
p
D.C.
Mm - mm - - - - - - - - - - - -
Mm - - - mm,
D.C.
Hear the lone wind sigh - ing!
Hear the branch - es creak - ing!
D.C. al Fine

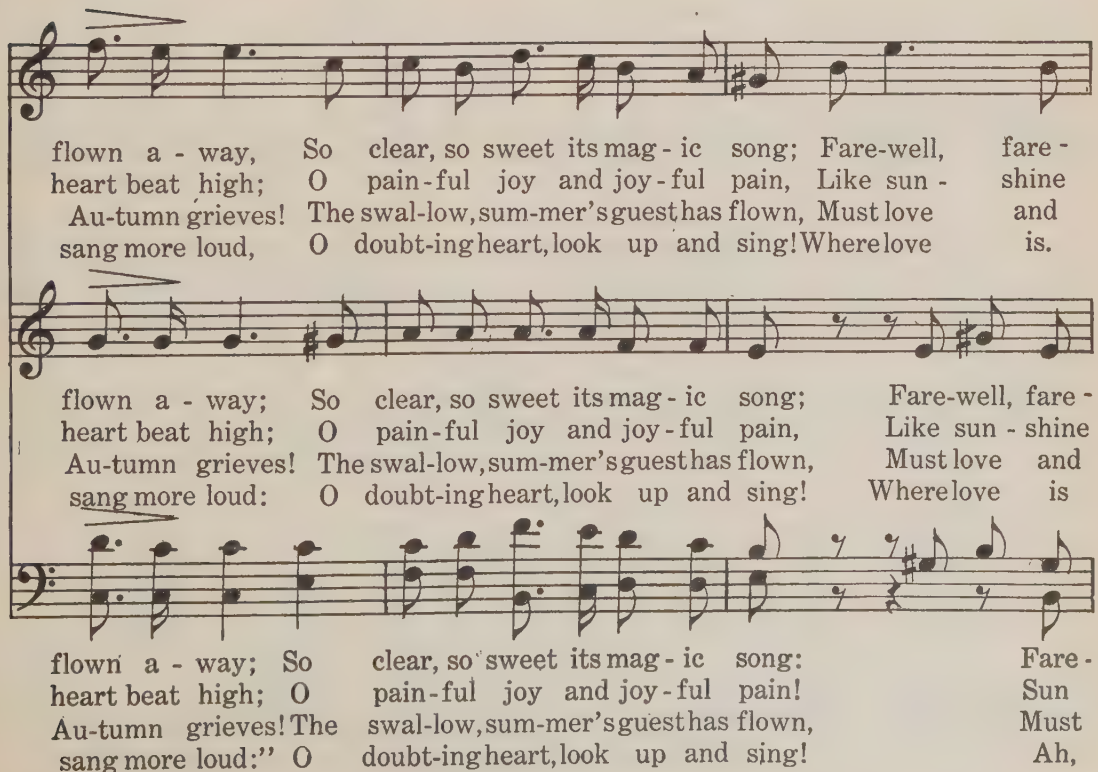
IN AUTUMN

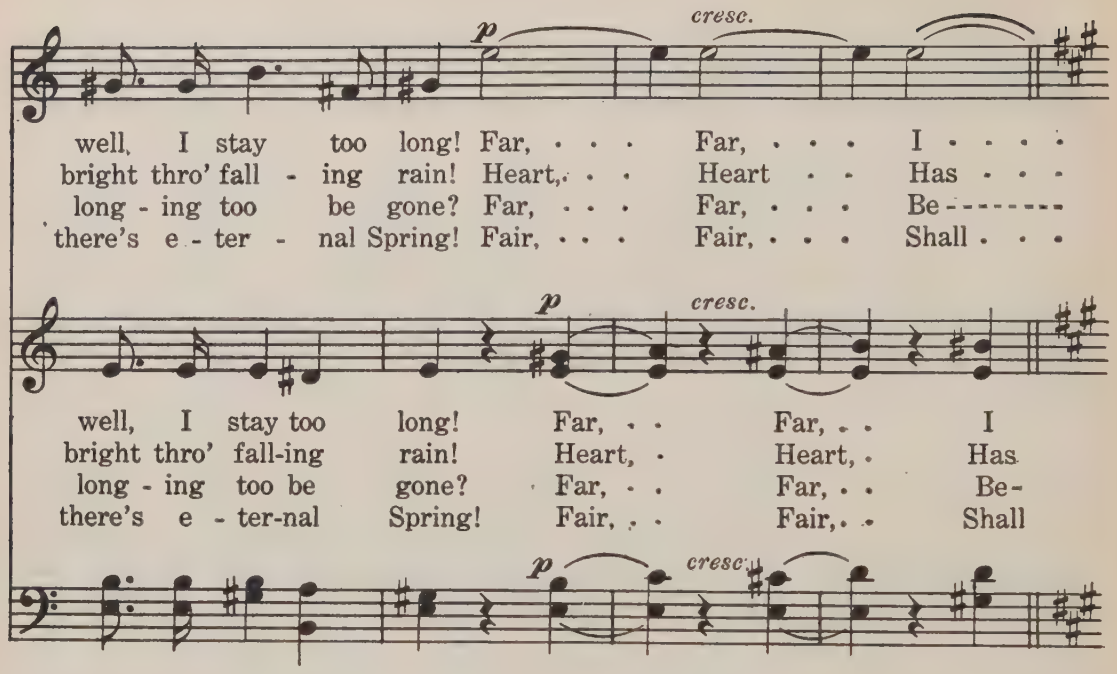
From the German
of Ludwig Tieck.

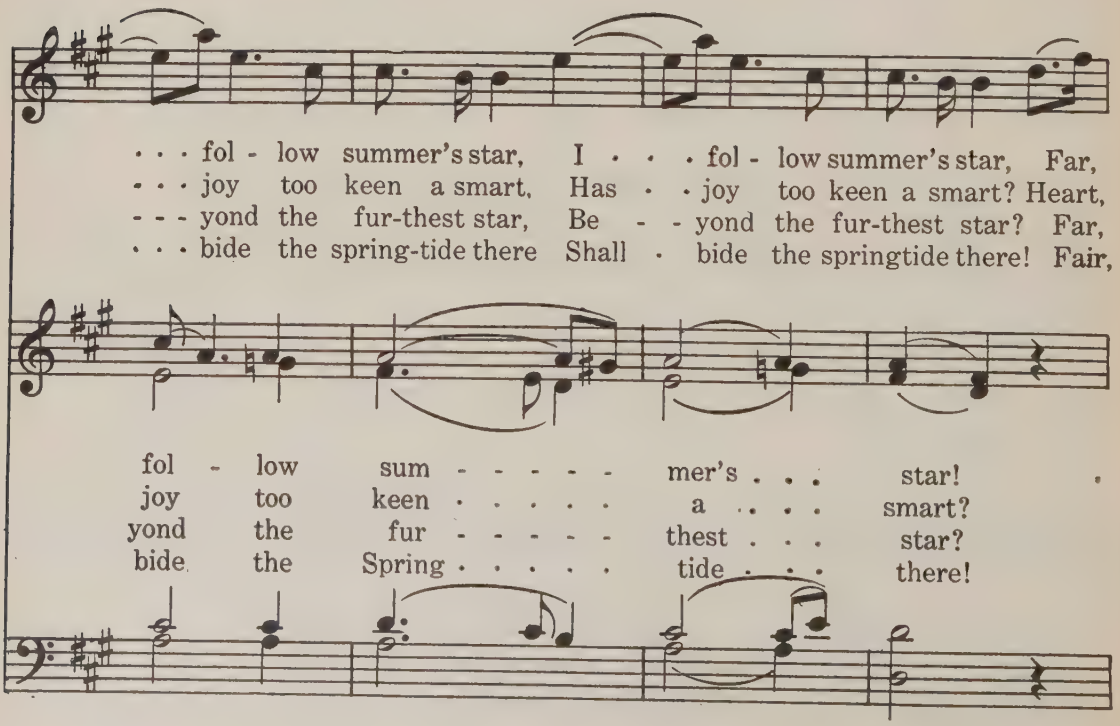
Niels W. Gade

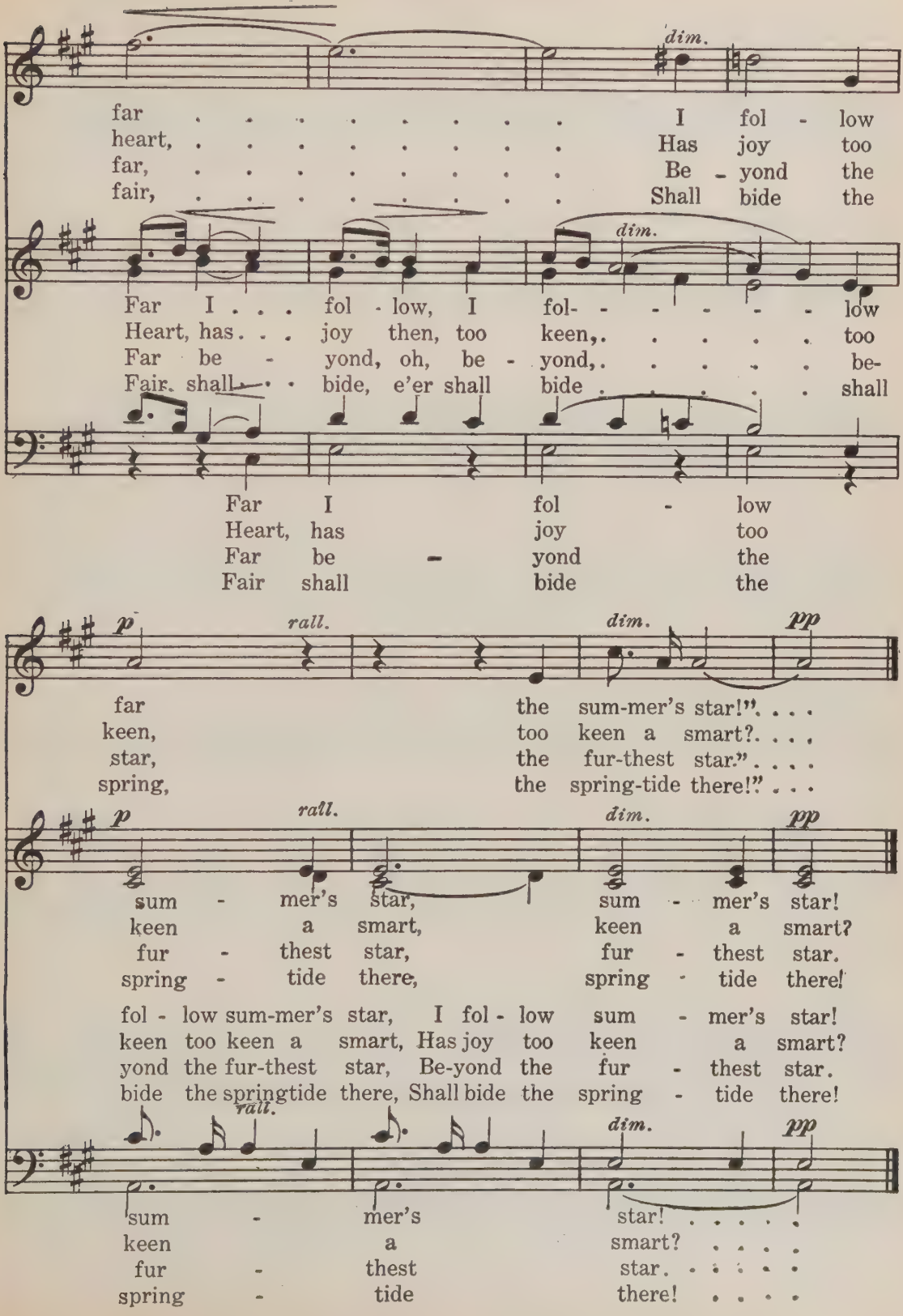
Andantino






p
cresc.
well, I stay too long! Far, . . . Far, . . . I . . . .
bright thro' fall - ing rain! Heart, . . . Heart . . Has . . .
long - ing too be gone? Far, . . . Far, . . . Be - - - - - - - -
there's e - ter - nal Spring! Fair, . . . Fair, . . . Shall . . .
p
cresc.
well, I stay too long! Far, . . Far, . . I
bright thro' fall-ing rain! Heart, . Heart, . Has
long - ing too be gone? Far, . . Far, . . Be-
there's e - ter-nal Spring! Fair, . . Fair, . . Shall
p
cresc.

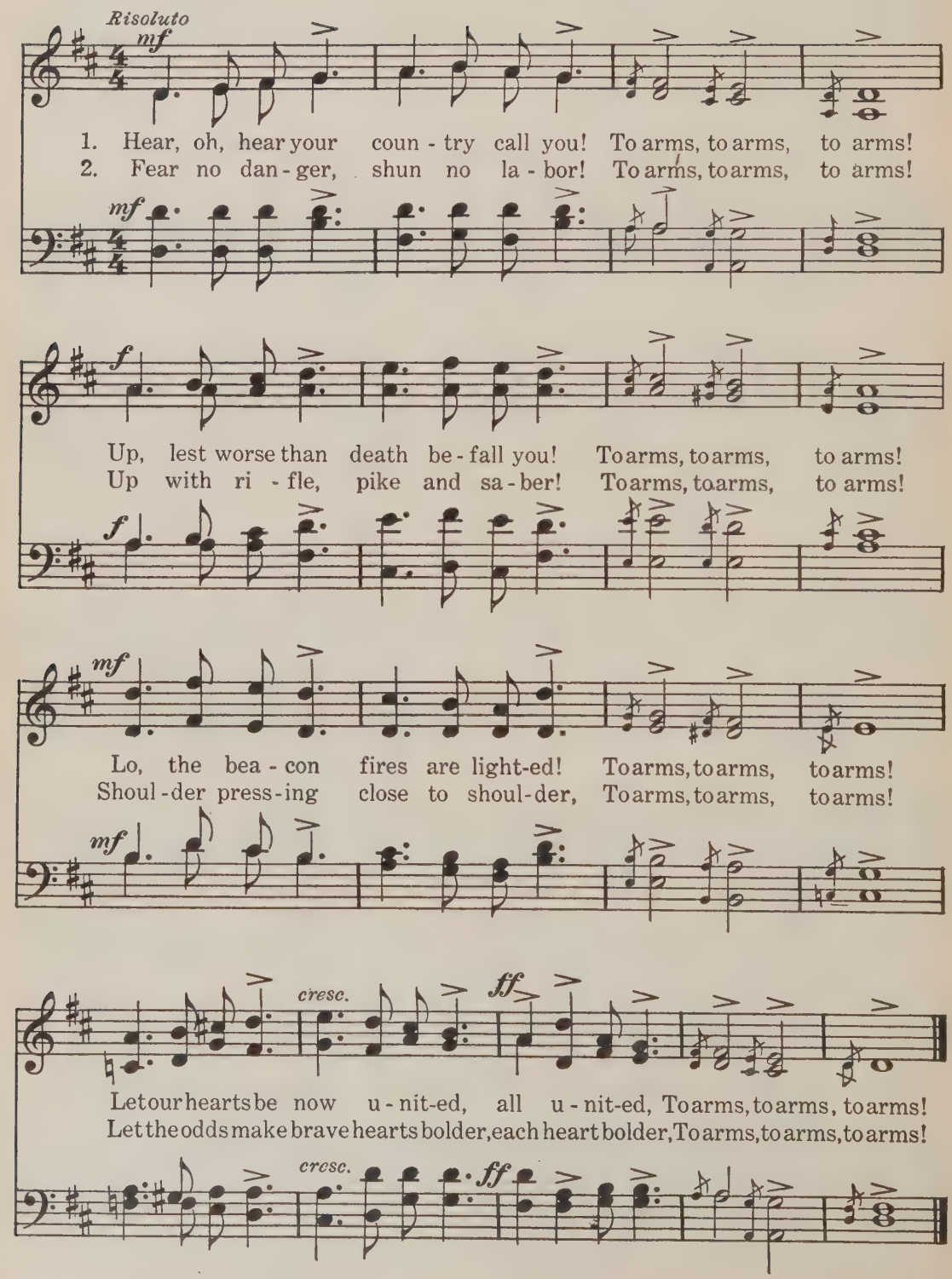

. . . fol - low summer's star, I . . . fol - low summer's star, Far,
. . . joy too keen a smart, Has . . joy too keen a smart? Heart,
. . . yond the fur-thest star, Be . . yond the fur-thest star? Far,
. . . bide the spring-tide there Shall . bide the springtide there! Fair,
fol - low sum - - - - - mer's . . . star!
joy too keen . . . . . a . . . . smart?
yond the fur - - - - - thest . . . star?
bide the Spring . . . . . tide . . . there!


dim.
far . . . . . I fol - low
heart, ... Has joy too
far, ... Be - yond the
fair, ... Shall bide the
dim.
Far I . . . fol - low, I fol- - - - - low
Heart, has . . . joy then, too keen, ... too
Far be - yond, oh, be - yond, ... be-
Fair shall . . . bide, e'er shall bide . . . . . shall
Far I fol - low
Heart, has joy too
Far be - yond the
Fair shall bide the
p rall. dim. pp
far the sum-mer's star!" . . .
keen, too keen a smart? . . .
star, the fur-thest star." . . .
spring, the spring-tide there!" . . .
p rall. dim. pp
sum - mer's star, sum - mer's star!
keen a smart, keen a smart?
fur - thest star, fur - thest star.
spring - tide there, spring - tide there!
fol - low sum-mer's star, I fol - low sum - mer's star!
keen too keen a smart, Has joy too keen a smart?
yond the fur-thest star, Be-yond the fur - thest star.
bide the springtide there, Shall bide the spring - tide there!
rall. dim. pp
sum - mer's star! . . . . .
keen a smart? . . . .
fur - thest star. . . . . .
spring - tide there! . . . .

TO ARMS

Albert Pike
(Slightly adapted)

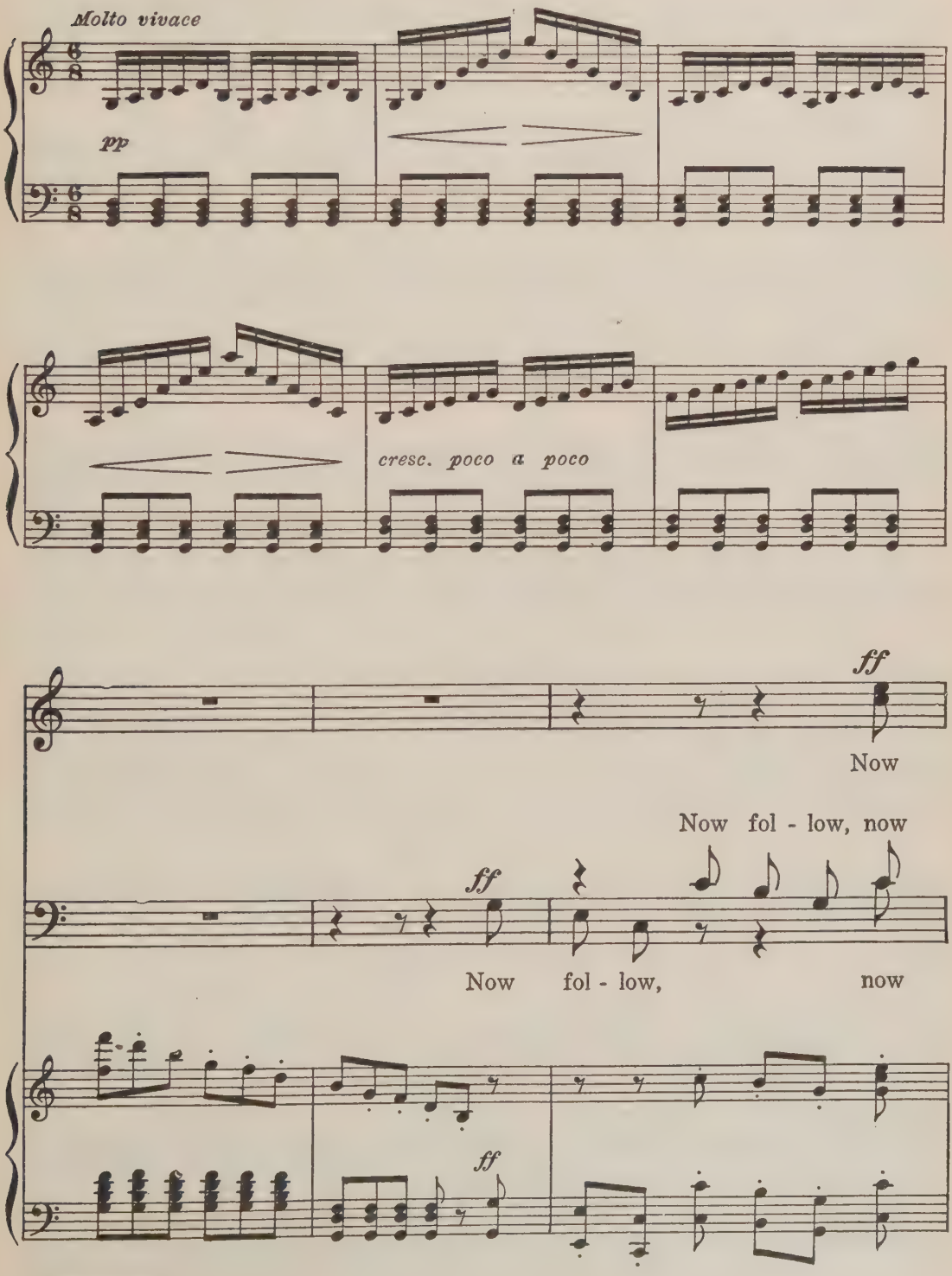
Franz Liszt

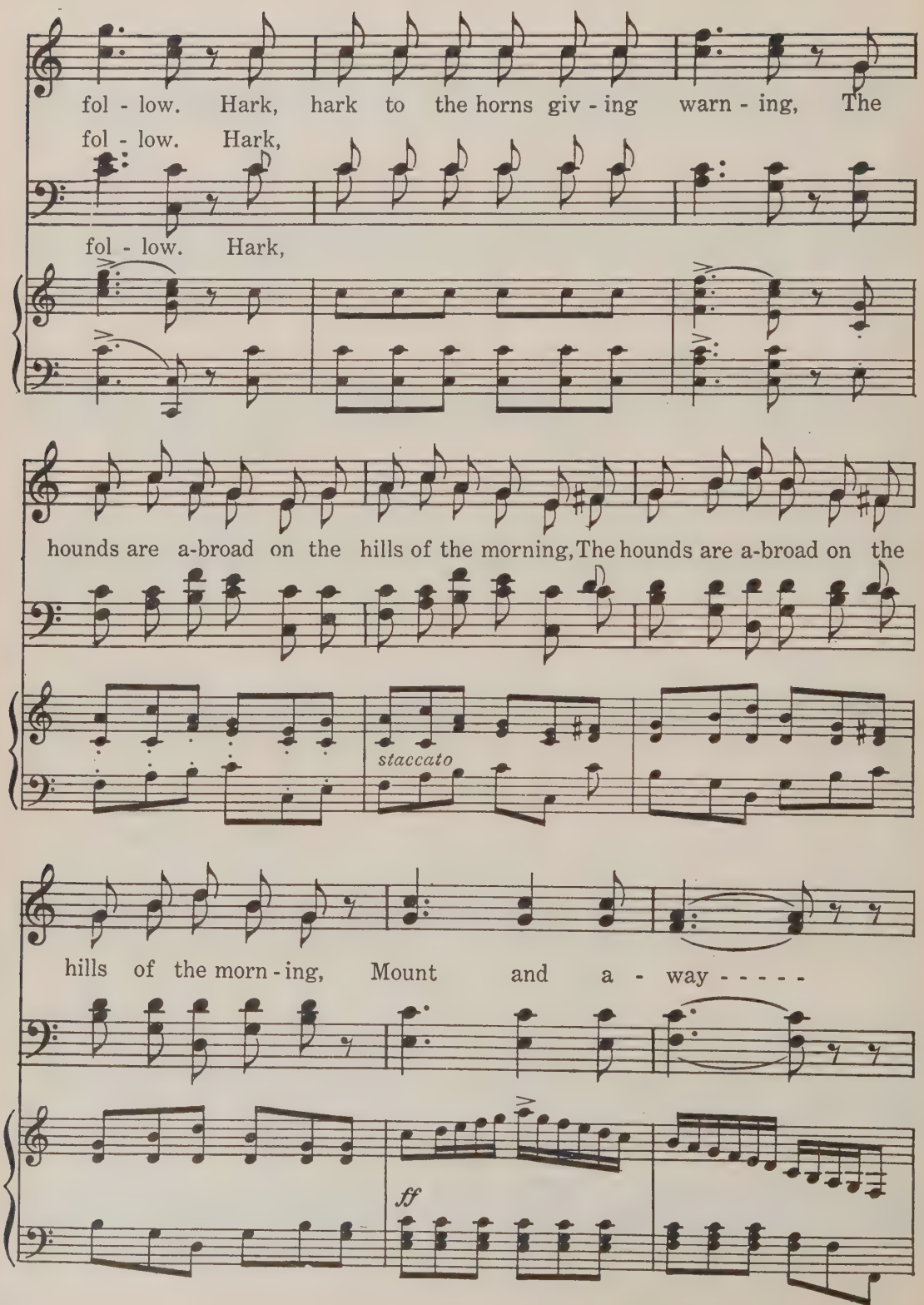


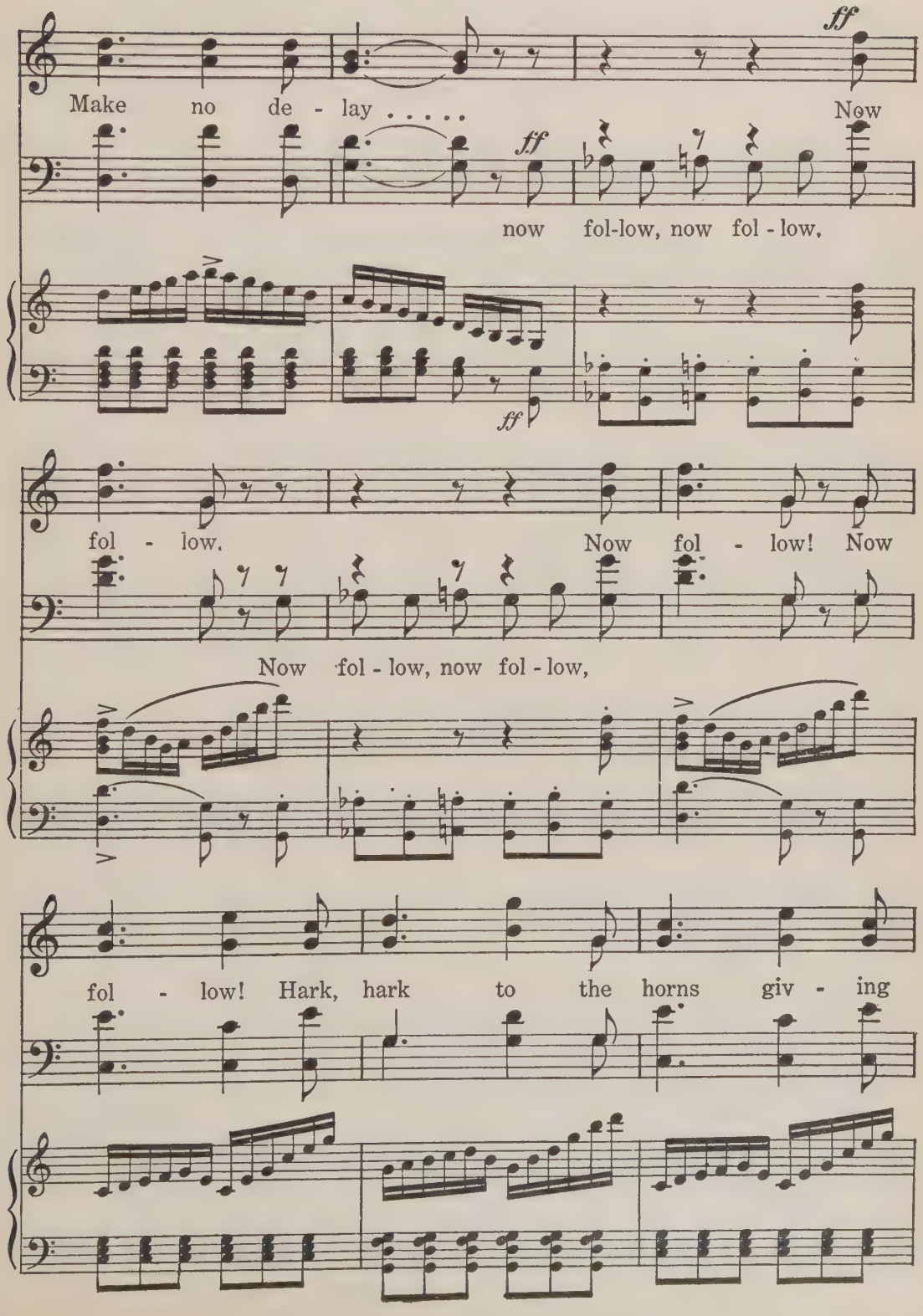
HUNTING SONG

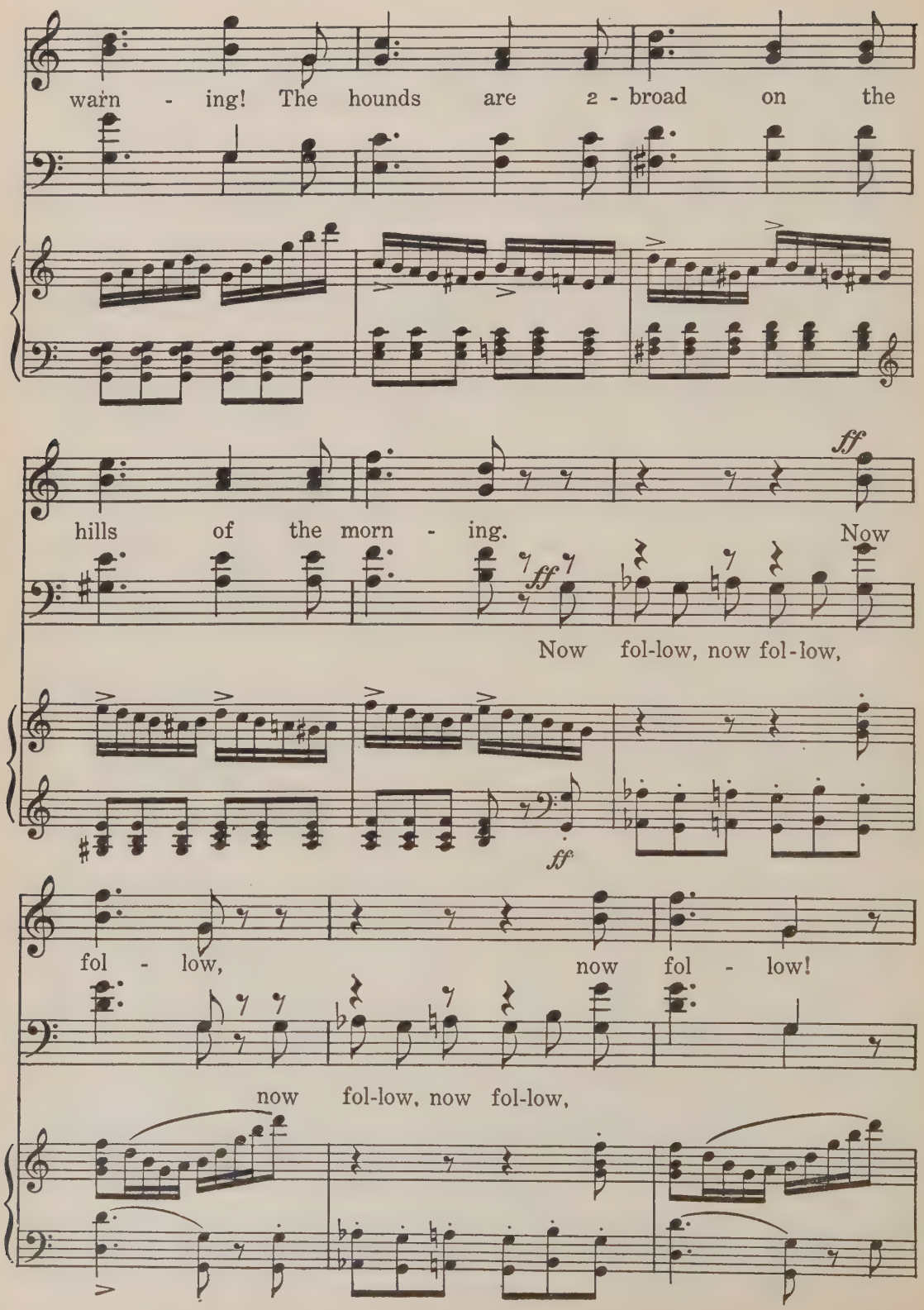
Arthur W. Colton

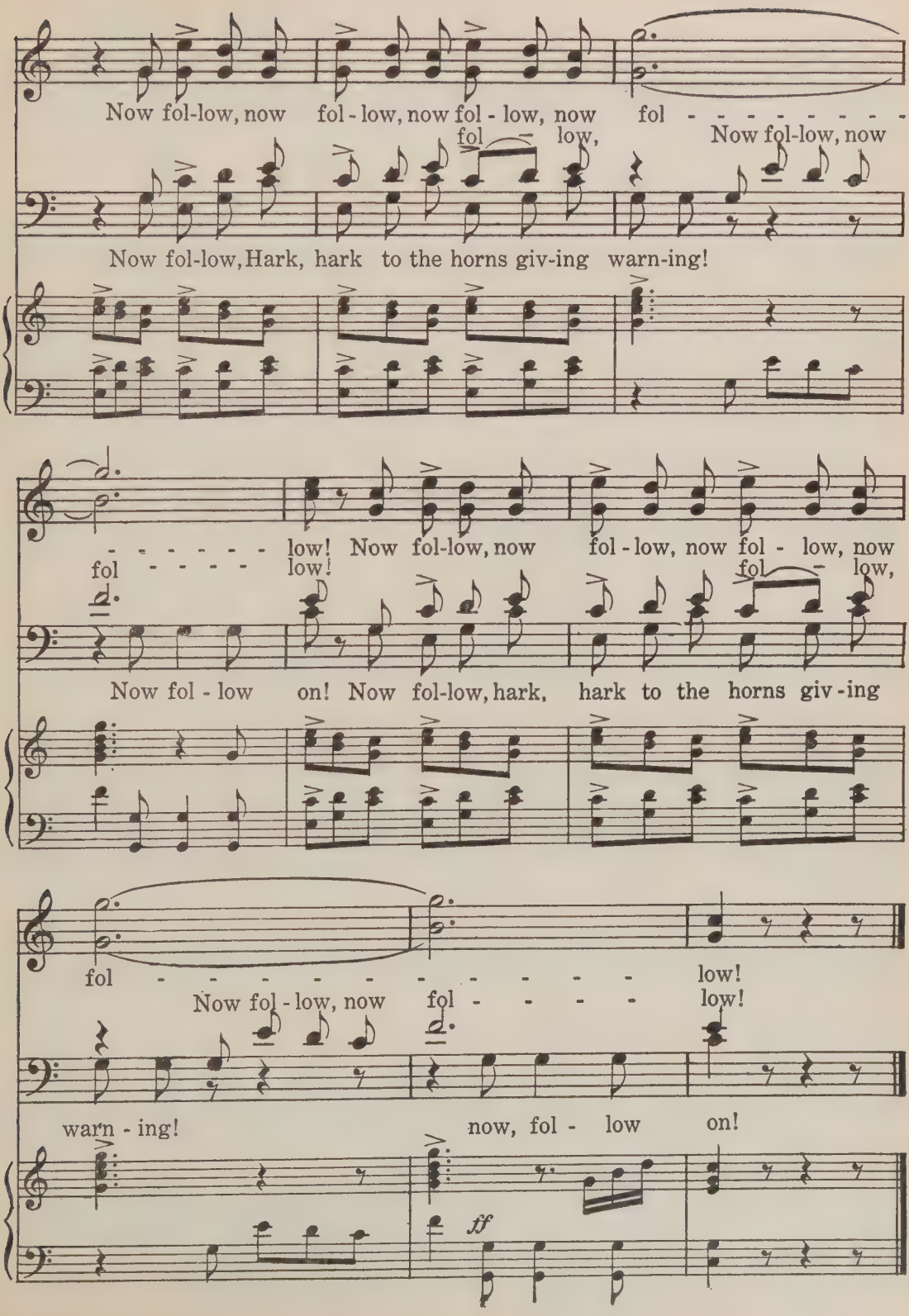
Carl Maria von Weber
From "Der Freischutz"




fol - low. Hark, hark to the horns giv - ing warn - ing, The
fol - low. Hark,
fol - low. Hark,
hounds are a-broad on the hills of the morning, The hounds are a-broad on the
staccato
hills of the morn - ing, Mount and a - way - - - - -
ff

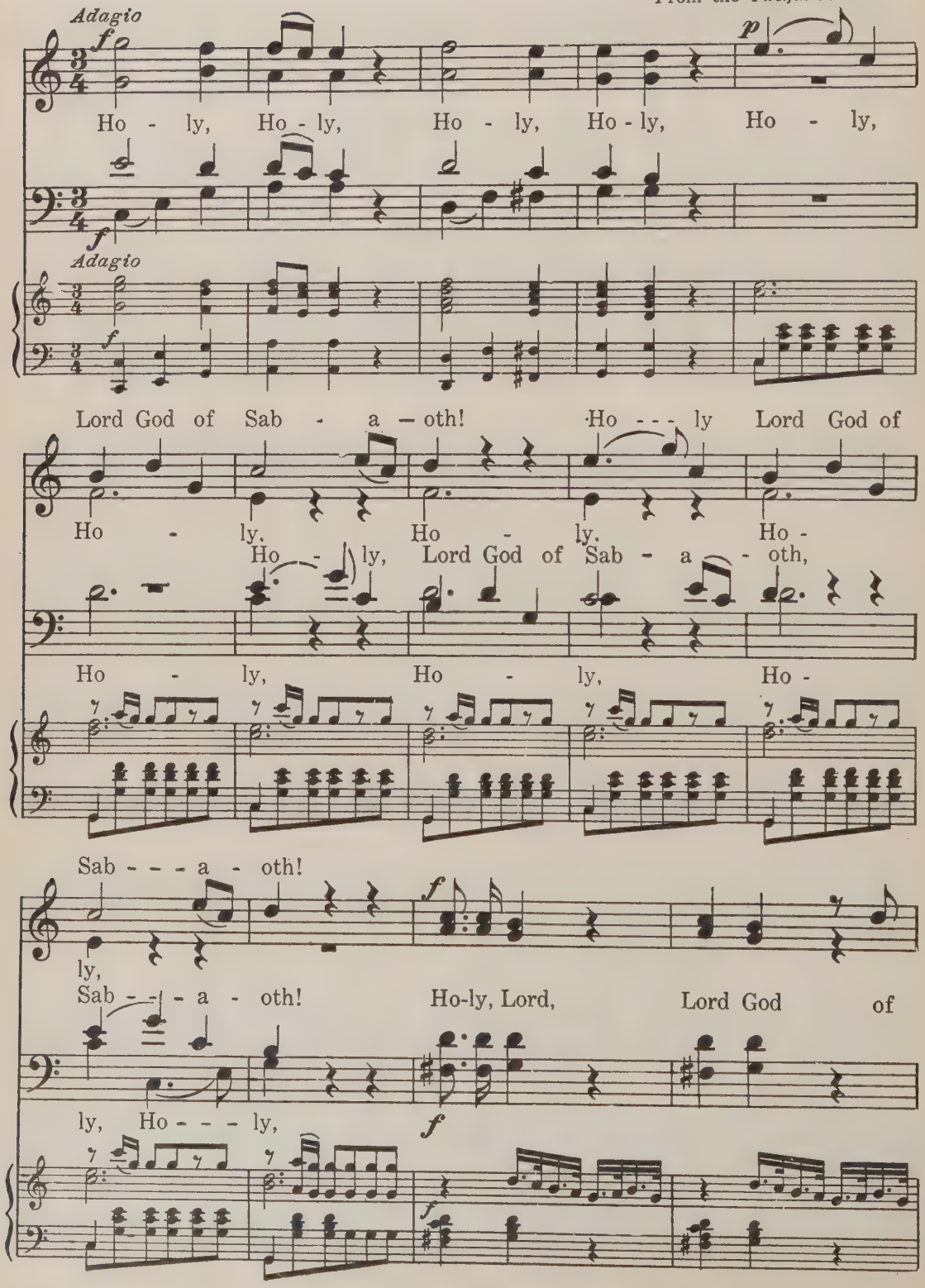

ff
Make no de - lay . . . . . Now
ff
now fol-low, now fol - low,
ff
fol - low. Now fol - low! Now
Now fol - low, now fol - low,
fol - low! Hark, hark to the horns giv - ing

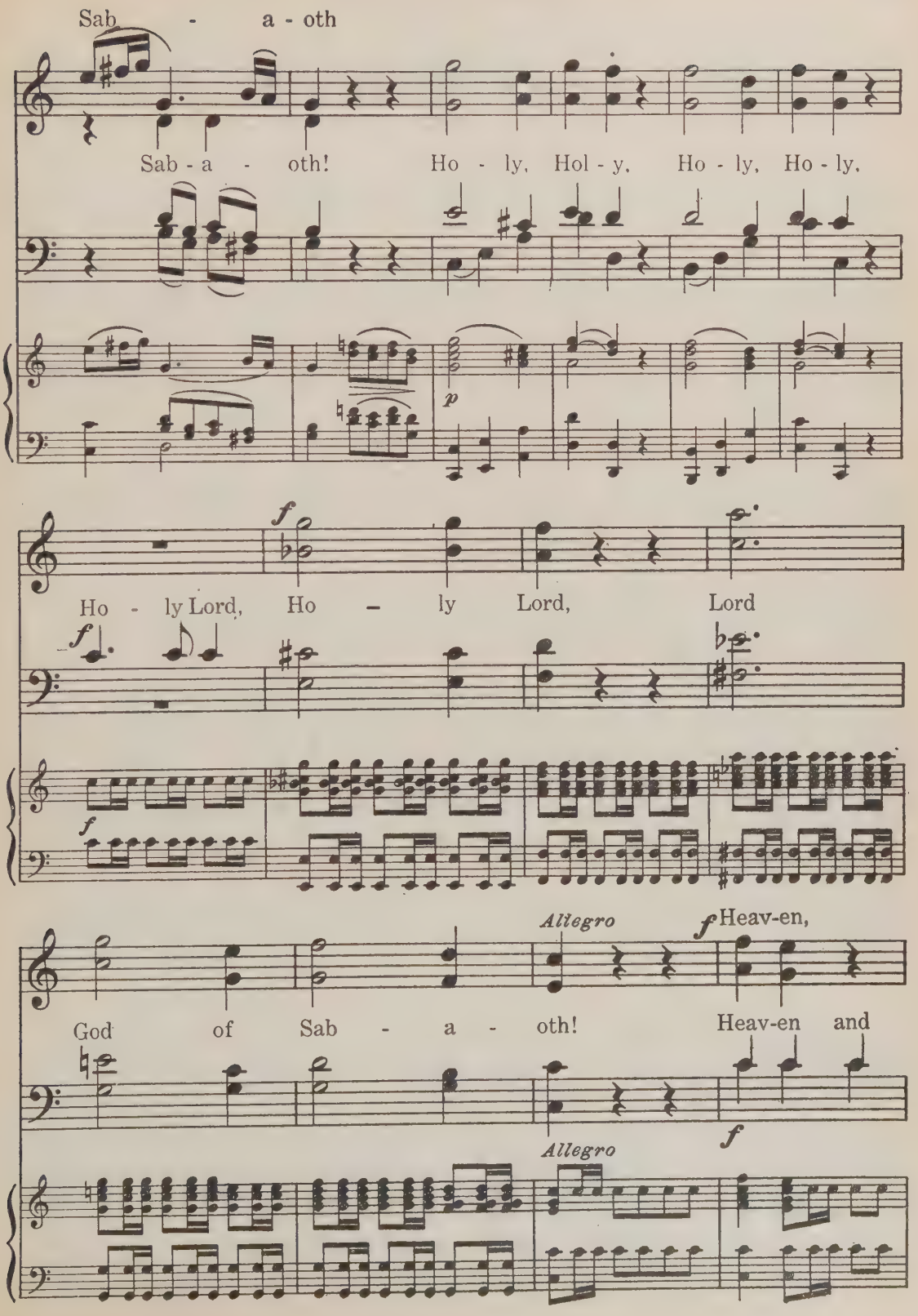

warn - ing! The hounds are 2 - broad on the
hills of the morn - ing. Now
ff
ff
Now fol-low, now fol-low,
ff
fol - low, now fol - low!
now fol-low, now fol-low,

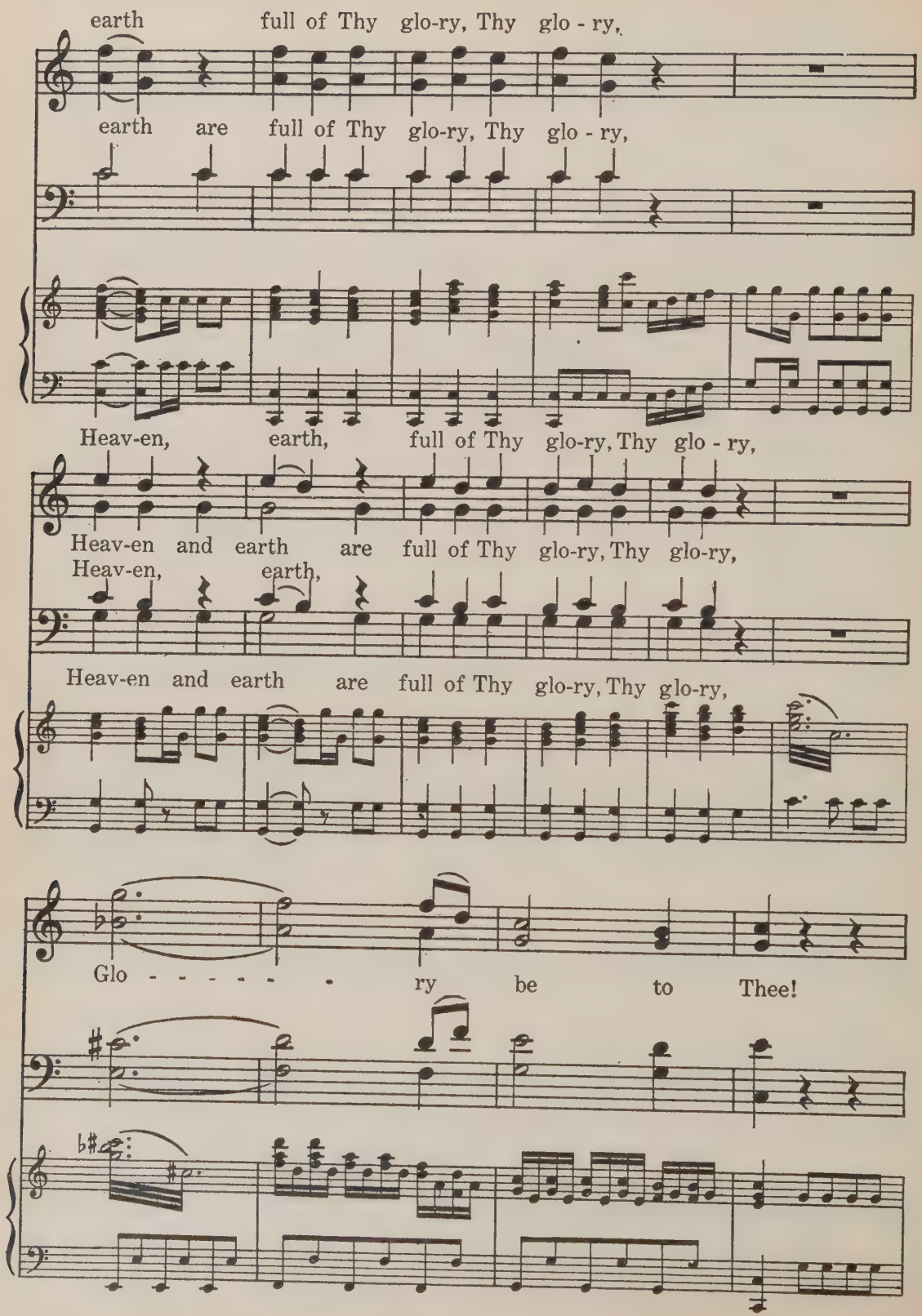

Now fol-low, now fol - low, now fol - low, now fol - - - - - - - - - -
fol - low,
Now fol-low, now
Now fol-low, Hark, hark to the horns giv-ing warn-ing!
- - - - - - low! Now fol-low, now fol - low, now fol - low, now
fol - - - - - low!
fol - low,
Now fol - low on! Now fol-low, hark, hark to the horns giv - ing
fol - - - - - - - - - - - - - low!
Now fol - low, now fol - - - - low!
warn - ing!
now, fol - low on!
ff

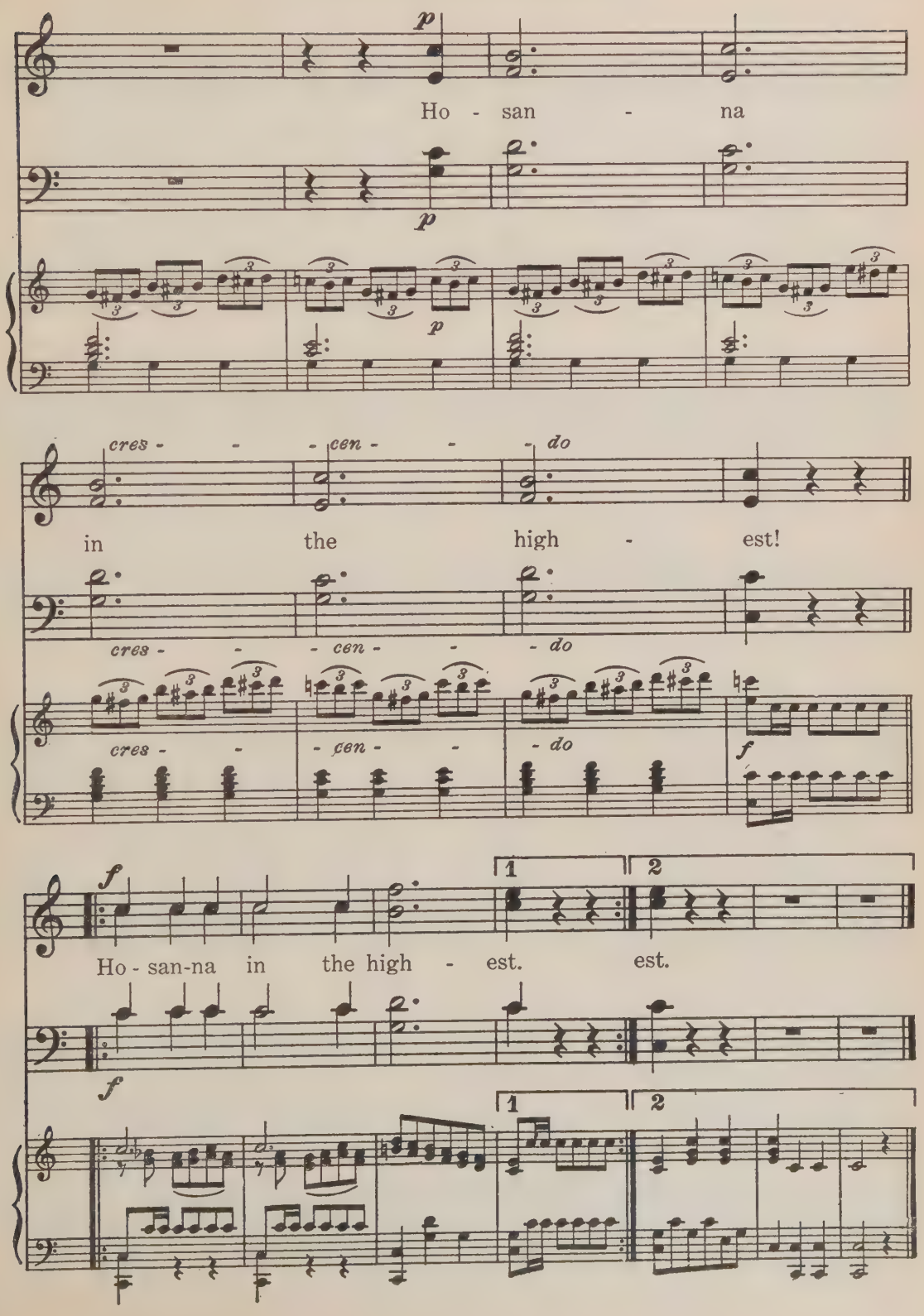
SANCTUS

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
From the *Twelfth Mass*



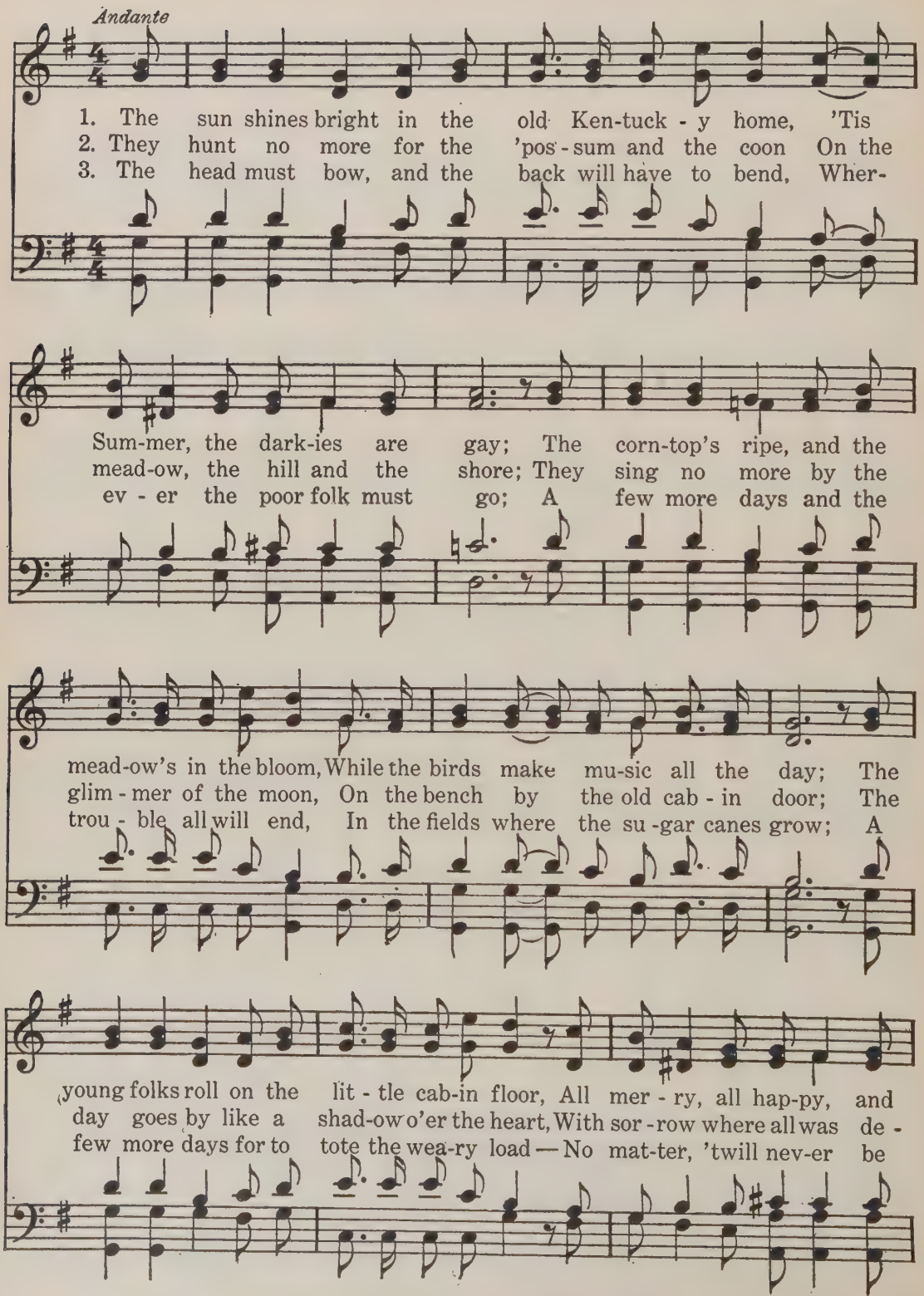

Sab - a - oth
Sab - a - oth! Ho - ly, Hol - y, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
p
f
Ho - ly Lord, Ho - ly Lord, Lord
f
Allegro
f Heav-en,
God of Sab - a - oth! Heav-en and
f
Allegro

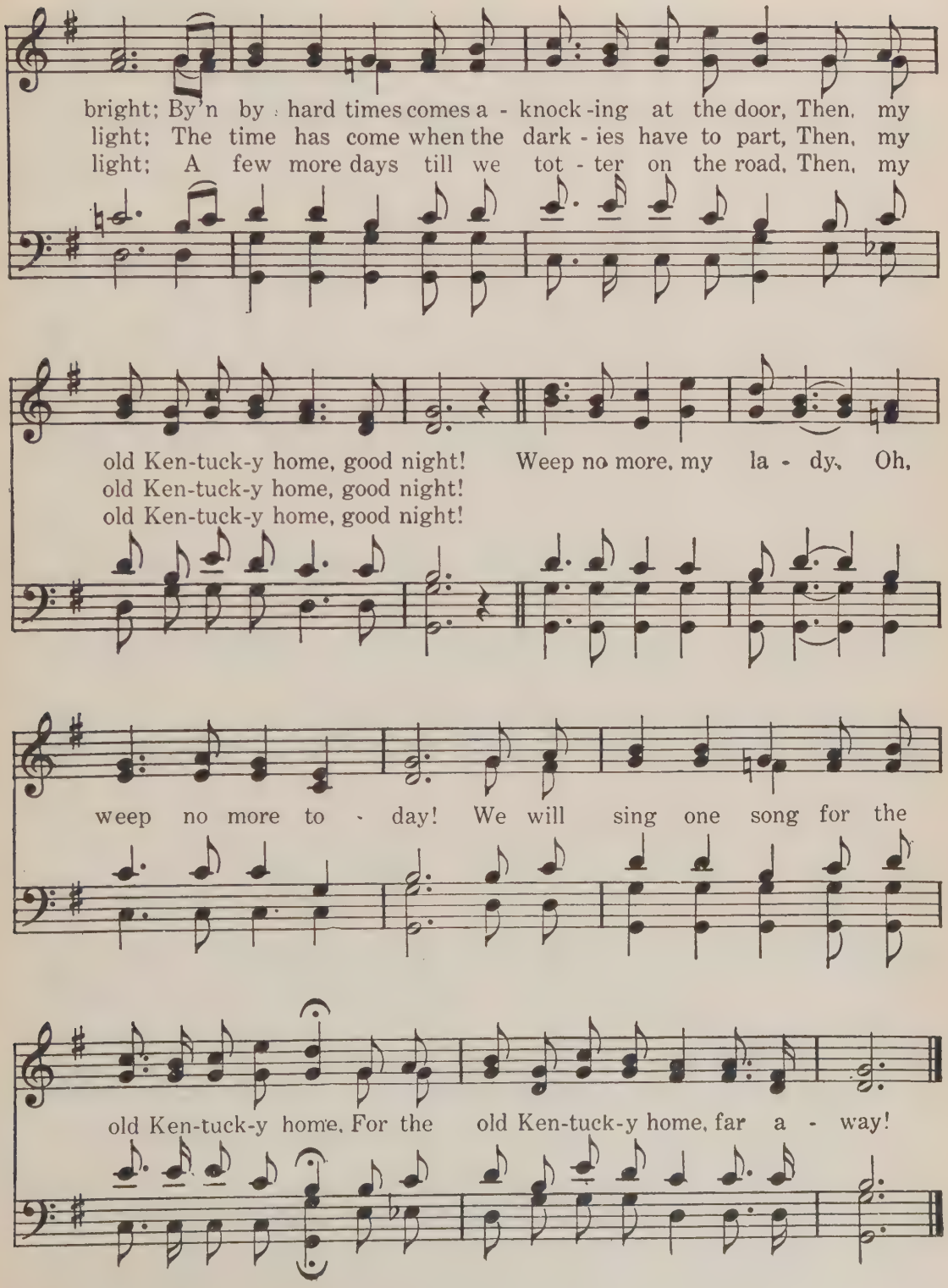

earth full of Thy glo-ry, Thy glo - ry,
earth are full of Thy glo-ry, Thy glo - ry,
Heav-en, earth, full of Thy glo-ry, Thy glo - ry,
Heav-en and earth are full of Thy glo-ry, Thy glo-ry,
Heav-en, earth,
Heav-en and earth are full of Thy glo-ry, Thy glo-ry,
Glo - - - - - - ry be to Thee!


p
Ho - san - na
p
p
cres - - - cen - - - do
in the high - est!
cres - - - cen - - - do
cres - - - cen - - - do
f
f
1
2
Ho - san-na in the high - est. est.
f
1
2

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

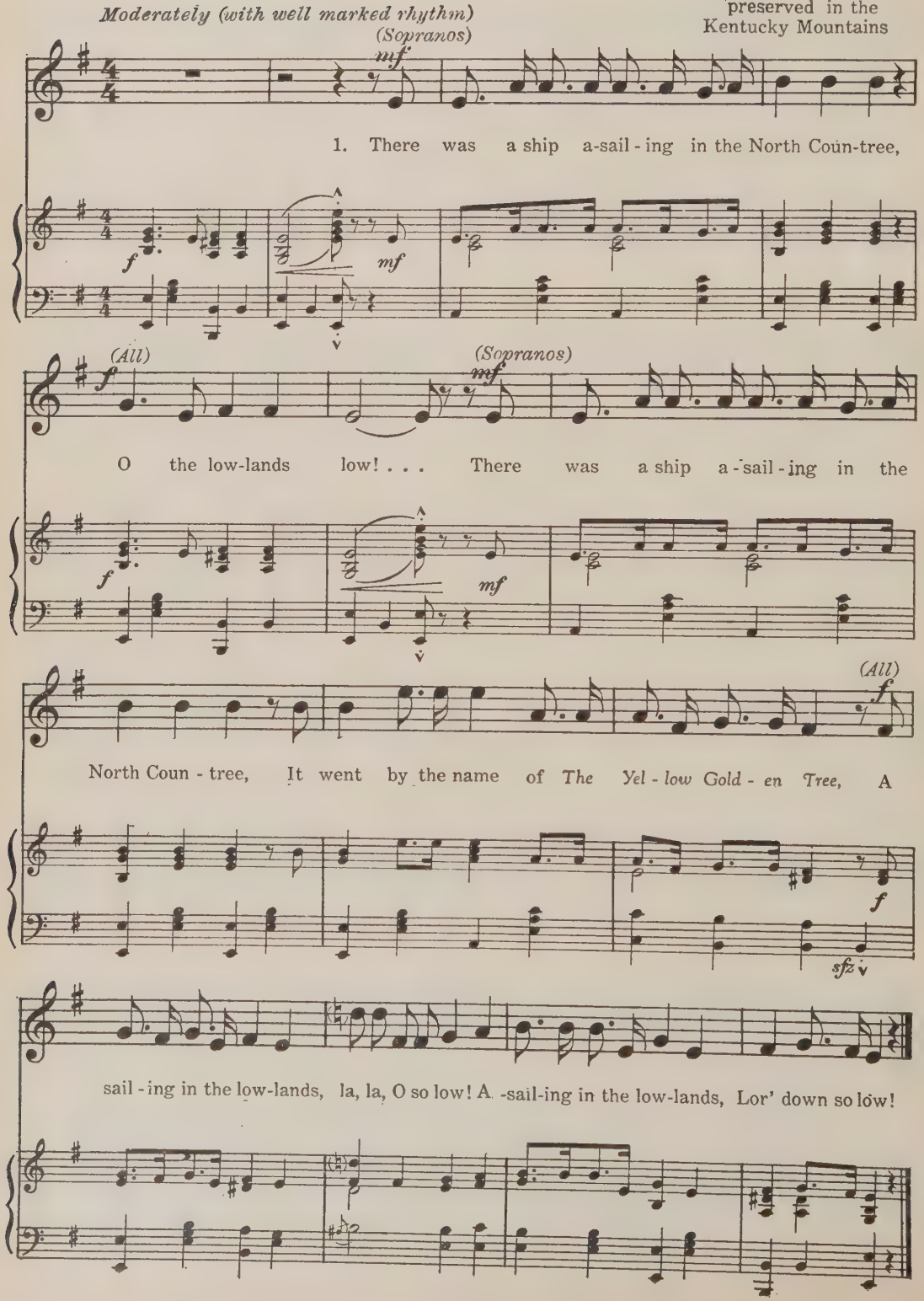
Stephen C. Foster




bright; By'n by hard times comes a - knock-ing at the door, Then, my
light; The time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then, my
light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my
old Ken-tuck-y home, good night! Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh,
old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way!

THE LOWLANDS LOW

English Folk Song.
Words and melody
preserved in the
Kentucky Mountains



2. It hadn't sailed for past weeks two or three;
O the lowlands, low!
It hadn't sailed for past weeks two or three,
Until it came in sight of *The Turkish Chivalree,*
A-sailing in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
A-sailing in the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

3. "O Captain! O Captain!" the Captain's boy cried:
O the lowlands, low!
"O Captain! O Captain!" the Captain's boy cried,
"It's what will you give me to sink her in the tide?
To sink her in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
To sink her in the lowlands, Lor' down so low."

4. "It's I will give you gold, and I will give you fee:"
O the lowlands, low!
"It's I will give you gold, and I will give you fee,
And my oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,
To sink her in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
To sink her in the lowlands, Lor' down so low!"

5. This boy beat his breast and away swam he:
O the lowlands, low!
This boy beat his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to *The Turkish Chivalree,*
A-sailing in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
A-sailing in the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

6. This boy had an augur just fitted for his use:
O the lowlands, low!
This boy had an augur just fitted for his use:
He bored nine holes in the bottom all at once;
He sunk her in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
He sunk her in the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

7. Some were at cards while others were at dice:
O the lowlands, low!
Some were at cards while others were at dice,
And some were giving the best of advice
To keep them from the lowlands, la la, O so low!
To keep them from the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

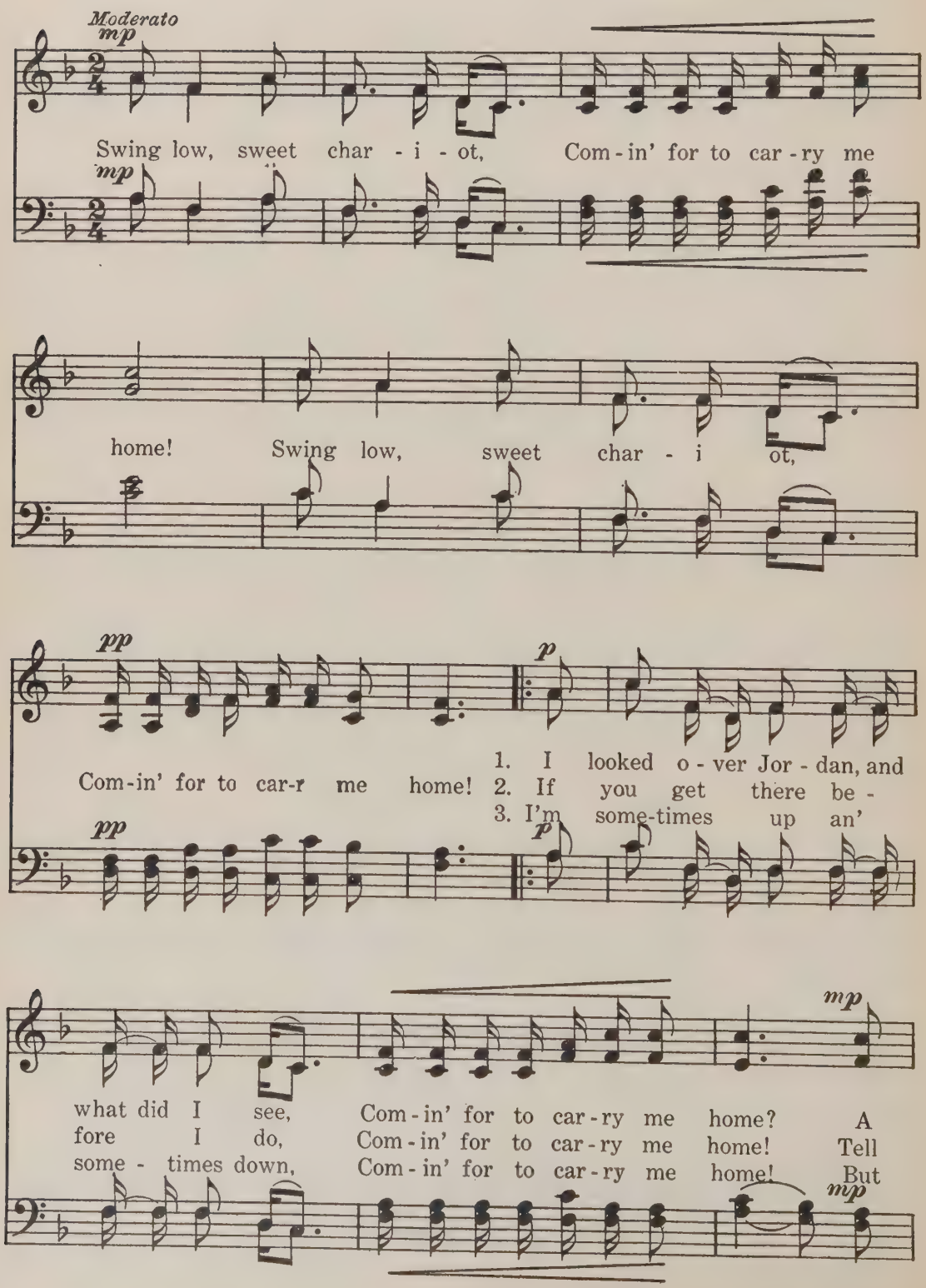
8. Some cut their caps, while others cut their hats:
O the lowlands, low!
Some cut their caps, while others cut their hats,
All for to stop up the salt-water gaps,
To keep them from the lowlands, la la, O so low!
To keep them from the lowlands, Lor' down so low!

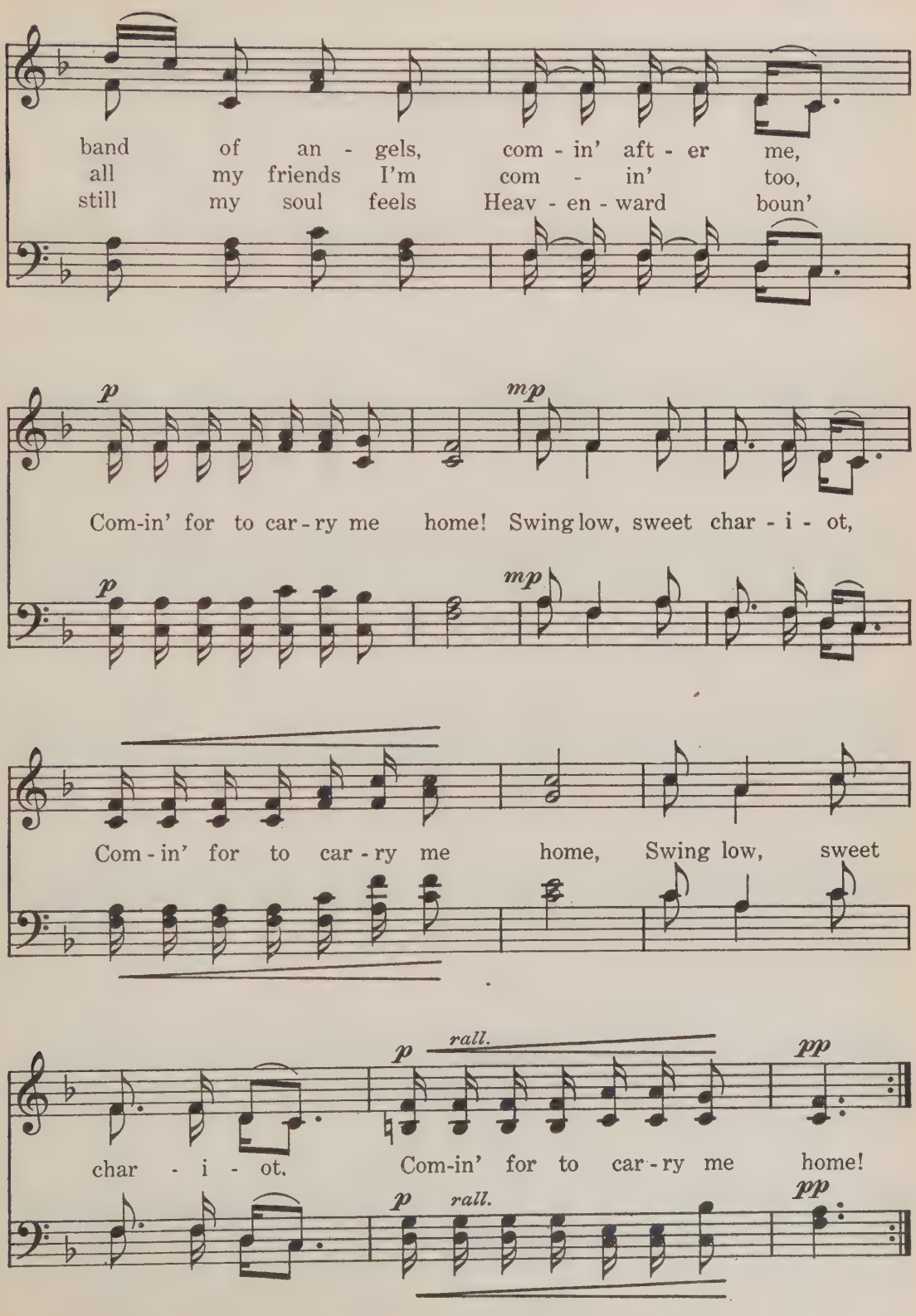
9. This boy beat his breast and away swam he:
O the lowlands, low!
This boy beat his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to *The Yellow Golden Tree,*
A-sailing in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
A-sailing in the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

10. "O Captain, O Captain! It's take me on board:"
O the lowlands, low!
"O Captain, O Captain! It's take me on board,
For I have been as good as my word:
I sank her in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
I sank her in the lowlands, Lor' down so low!"

11. They threw him a rope all on the larboard side:
O the lowlands, low!
They threw him a rope all on the larboard side,
They swept him away by the wind and tide,
They sunk him in the lowlands, la la, O so low!
They sunk him in the lowlands, Lor' down so low.

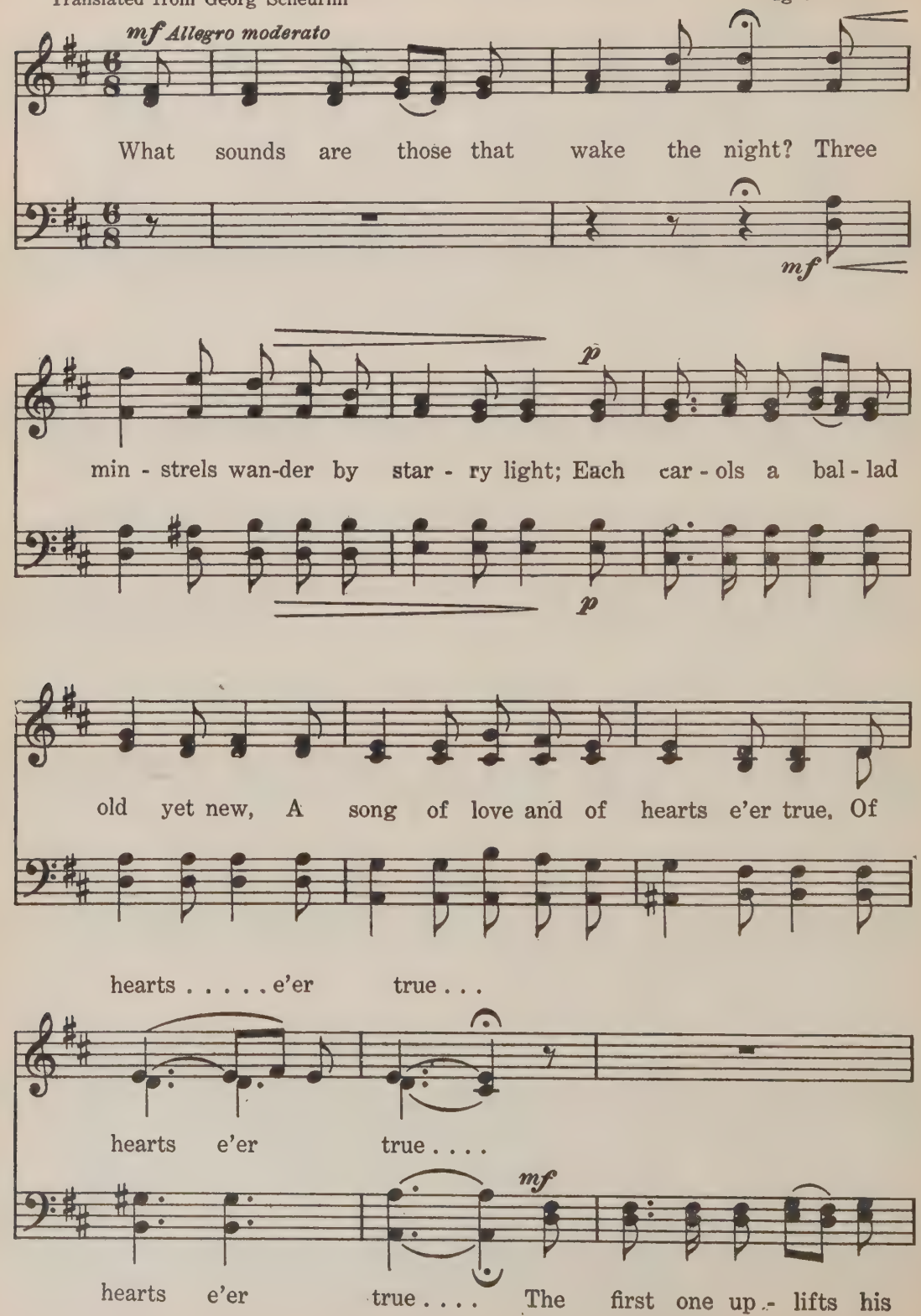
Negro Spiritual

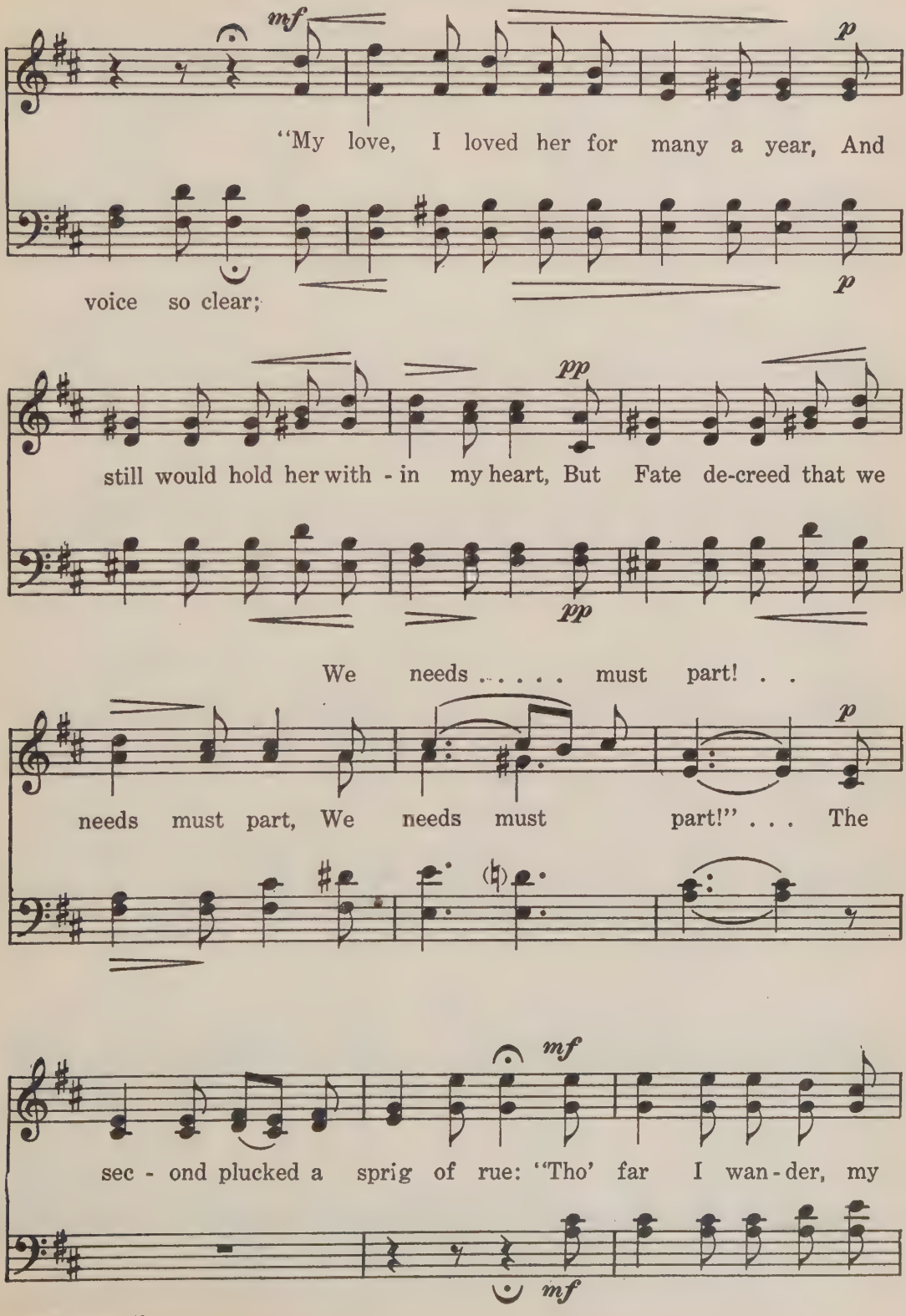


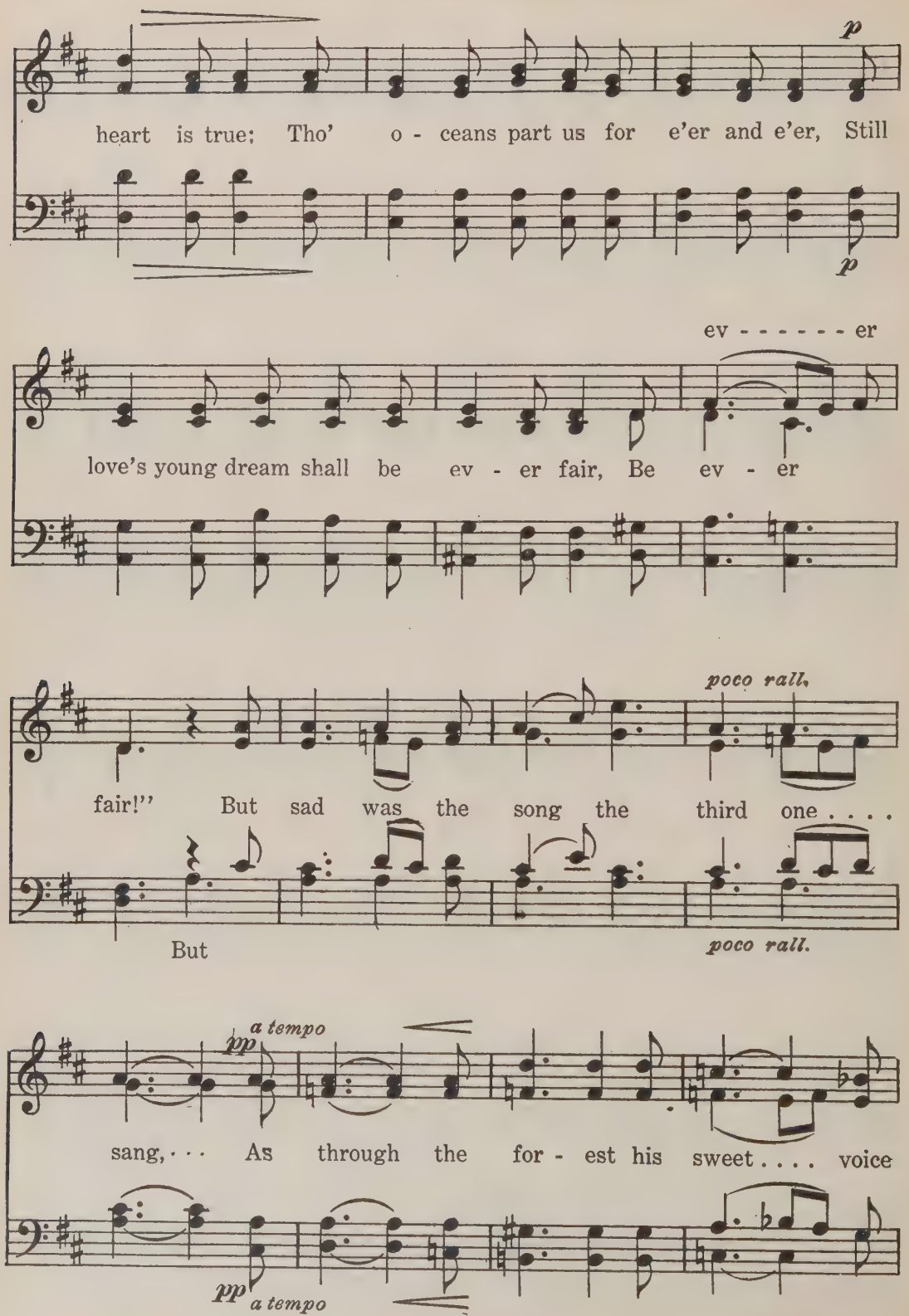

band of an - gels, com - in' aft - er me,
all my friends I'm com - in' too,
still my soul feels Heav - en - ward boun'
p mp
Com-in' for to car - ry me home! Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,
p mp
Com - in' for to car - ry me home, Swing low, sweet
p rall. pp
char - i - ot, Com-in' for to car - ry me home!
p rall. pp

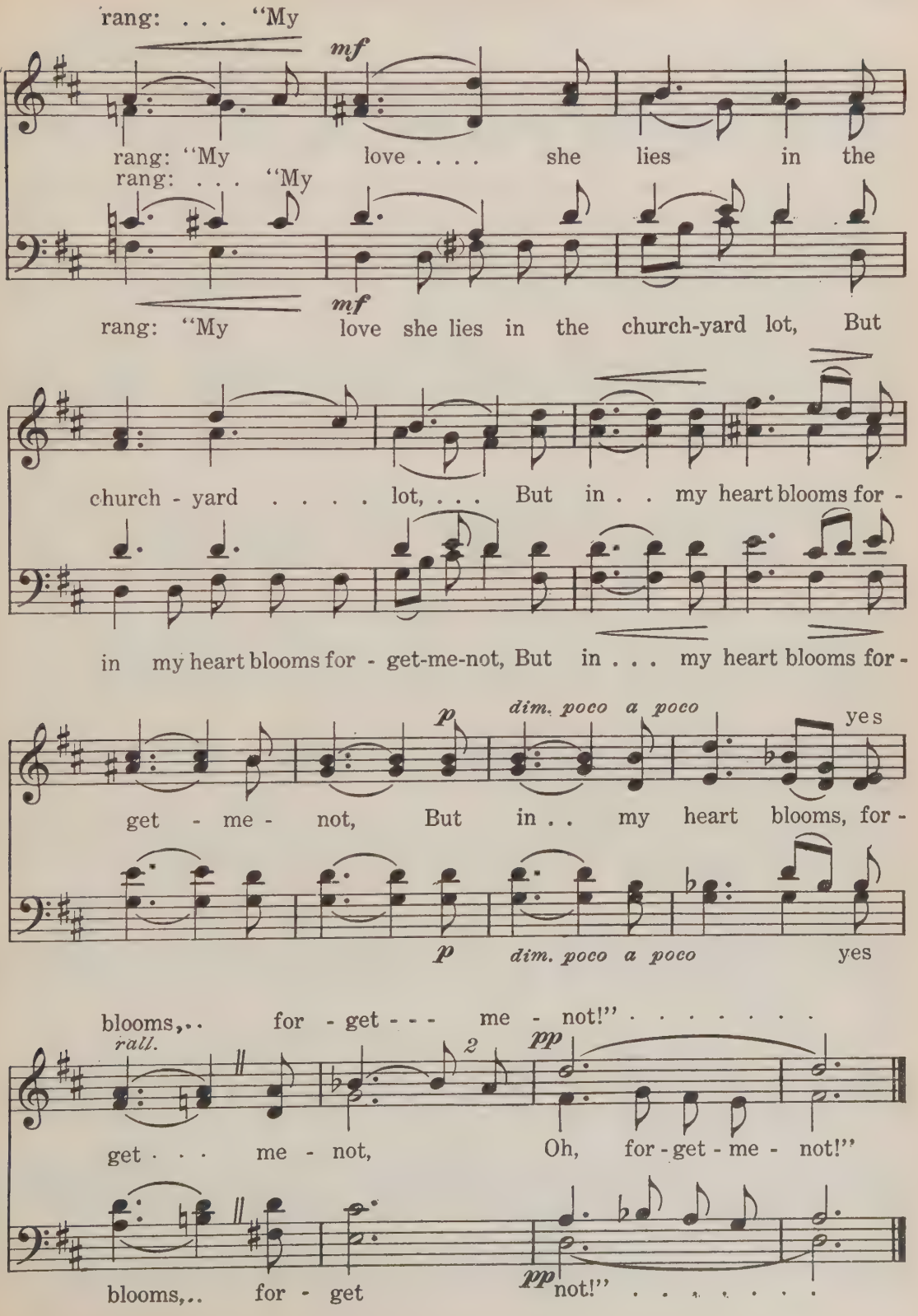
Translated from Georg Scheurlin

Ignaz Brüll




mf
p
"My love, I loved her for many a year, And
voice so clear;
p
pp
still would hold her with - in my heart, But Fate de-creed that we
pp
We needs . . . . . must part! . .
p
needs must part, We needs must part!" . . . The
mf
sec - ond plucked a sprig of rue: "Tho' far I wan - der, my
mf

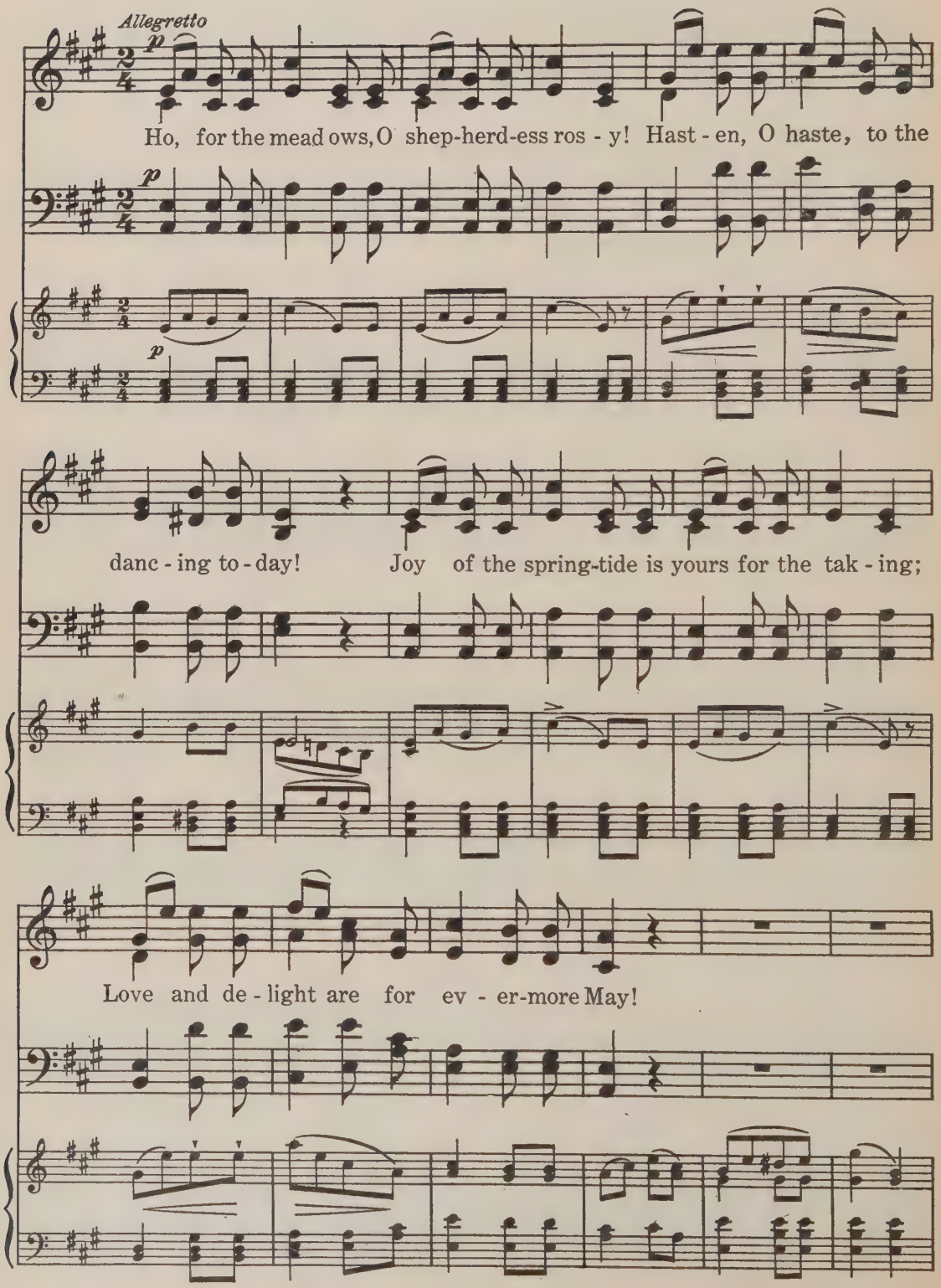

p
heart is true; Tho' o - ceans part us for e'er and e'er, Still
p
ev - - - - - - er
love's young dream shall be ev - er fair, Be ev - er
poco rall.
fair!'' But sad was the song the third one . . . .
But
poco rall.
pp a tempo
sang, · · · As through the for - est his sweet . . . . voice
pp a tempo

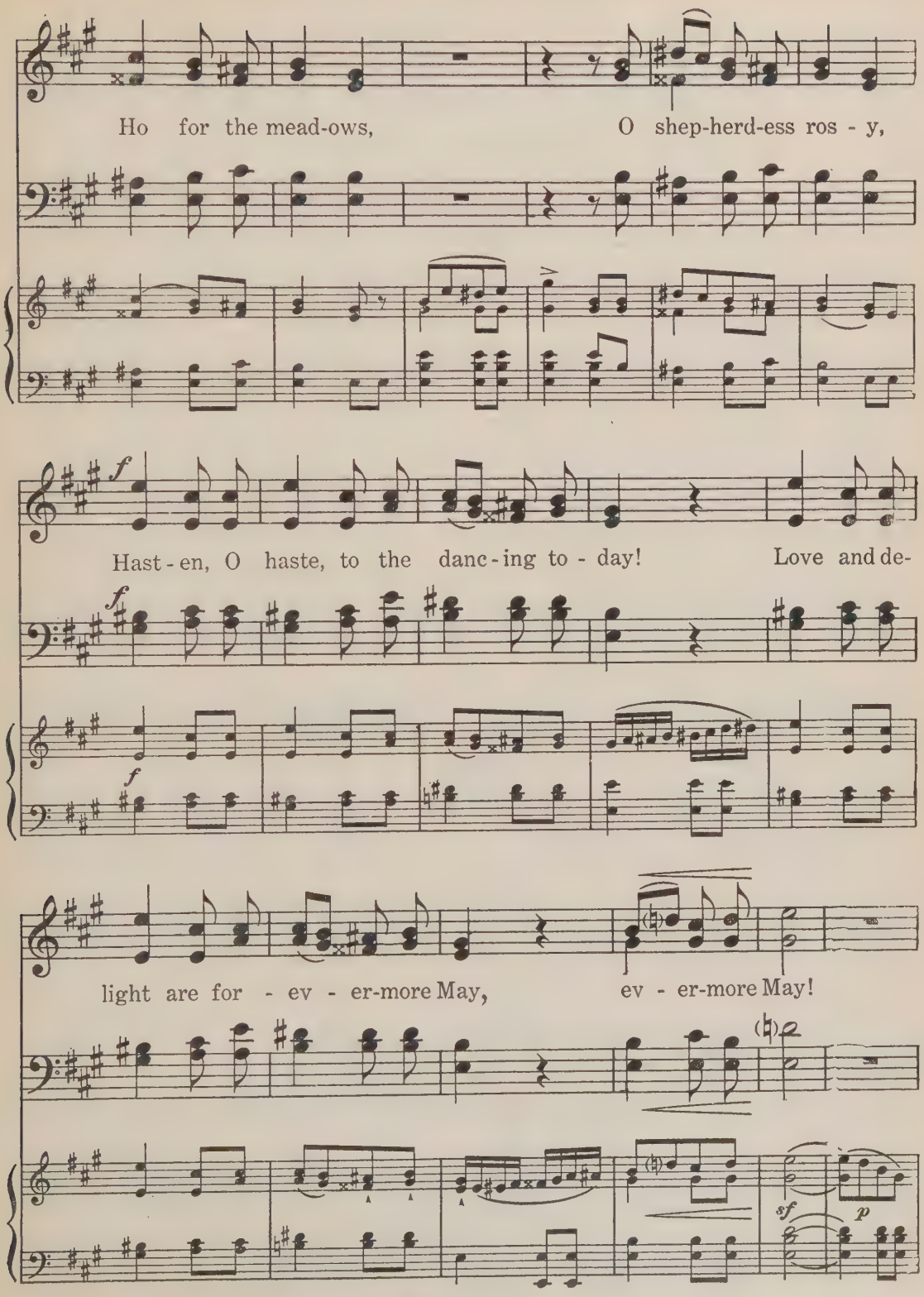

rang: . . . "My
mf
rang: "My love . . . . she lies in the
rang: . . . "My
mf
rang: "My love she lies in the church-yard lot, But
church - yard . . . . lot, . . . But in . . my heart blooms for -
in my heart blooms for - get-me-not, But in . . . my heart blooms for -
p
dim. poco a poco
yes
get - me - not, But in . . my heart blooms, for -
p
dim. poco a poco
yes
blooms,.. for - get - - - me - not!" . . . . . .
rall.
2
pp
get . . . me - not, Oh, for - get - me - not!"
blooms,.. for - get
pp
not!" . . . . . .

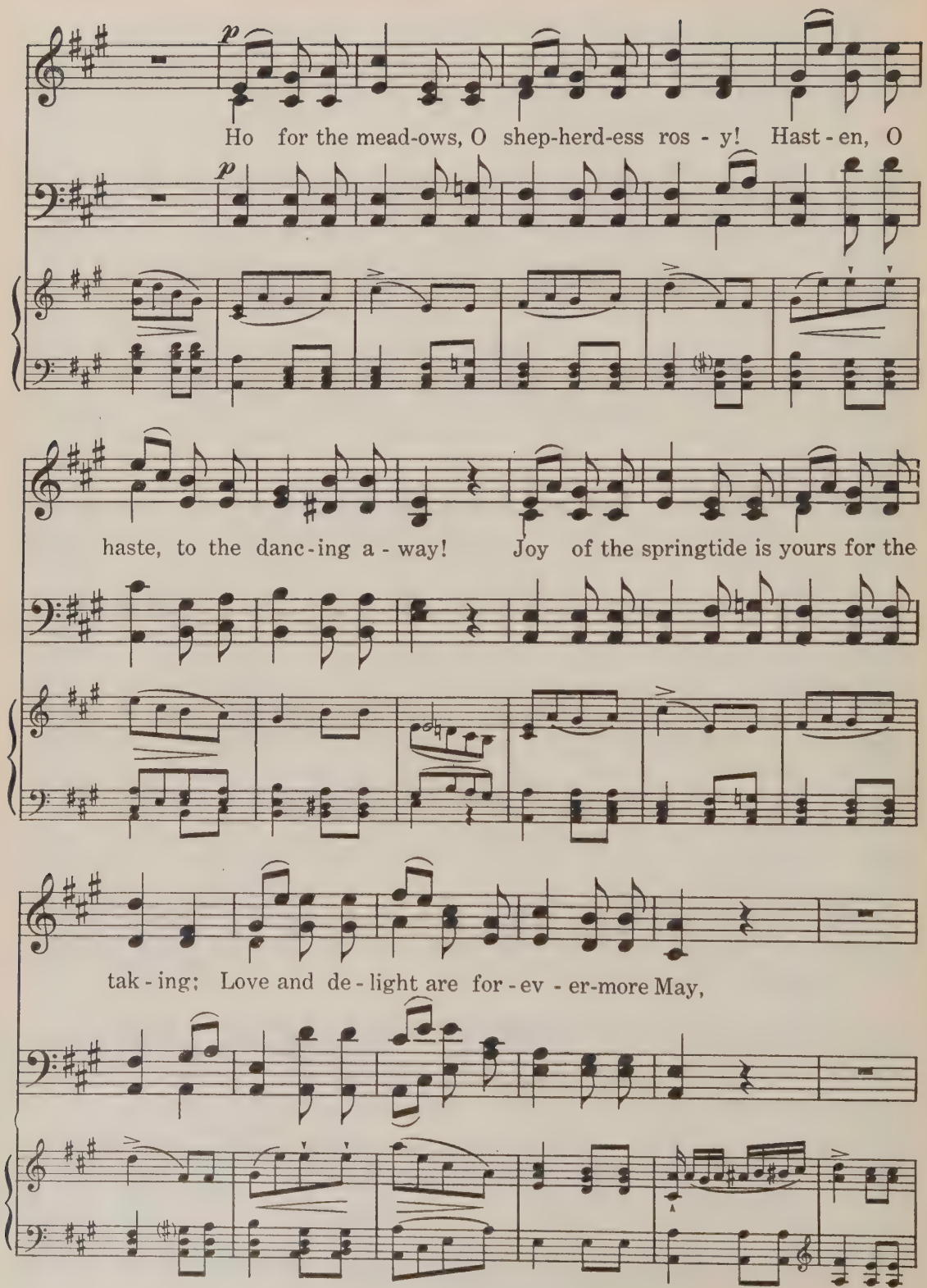
MAY SONG

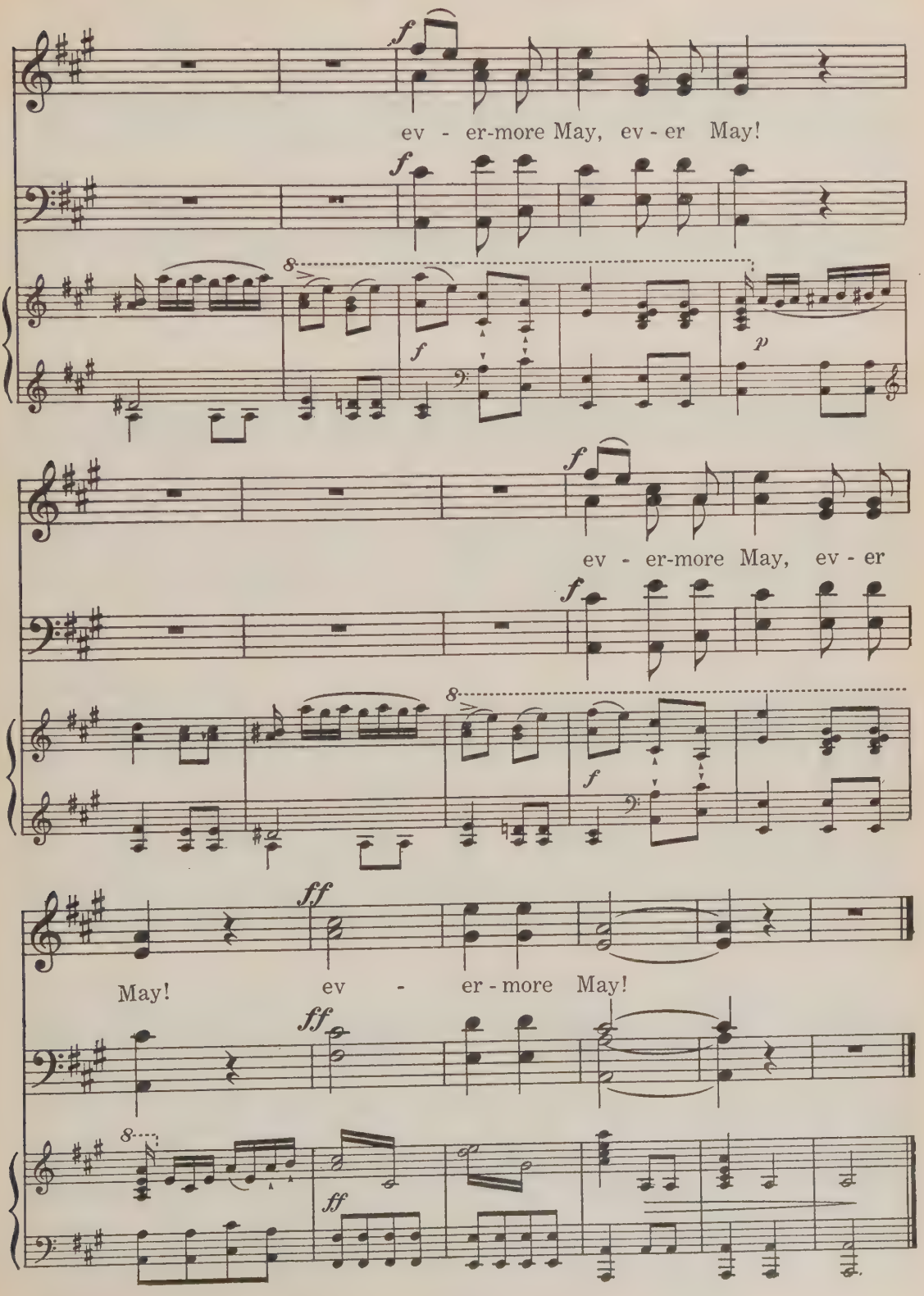
(CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS)

Franz Schubert




Ho for the mead-ows, O shep-herd-ess ros - y,
f
Hast - en, O haste, to the danc - ing to - day! Love and de-
f
f
light are for - ev - er-more May, ev - er-more May!
sf
p

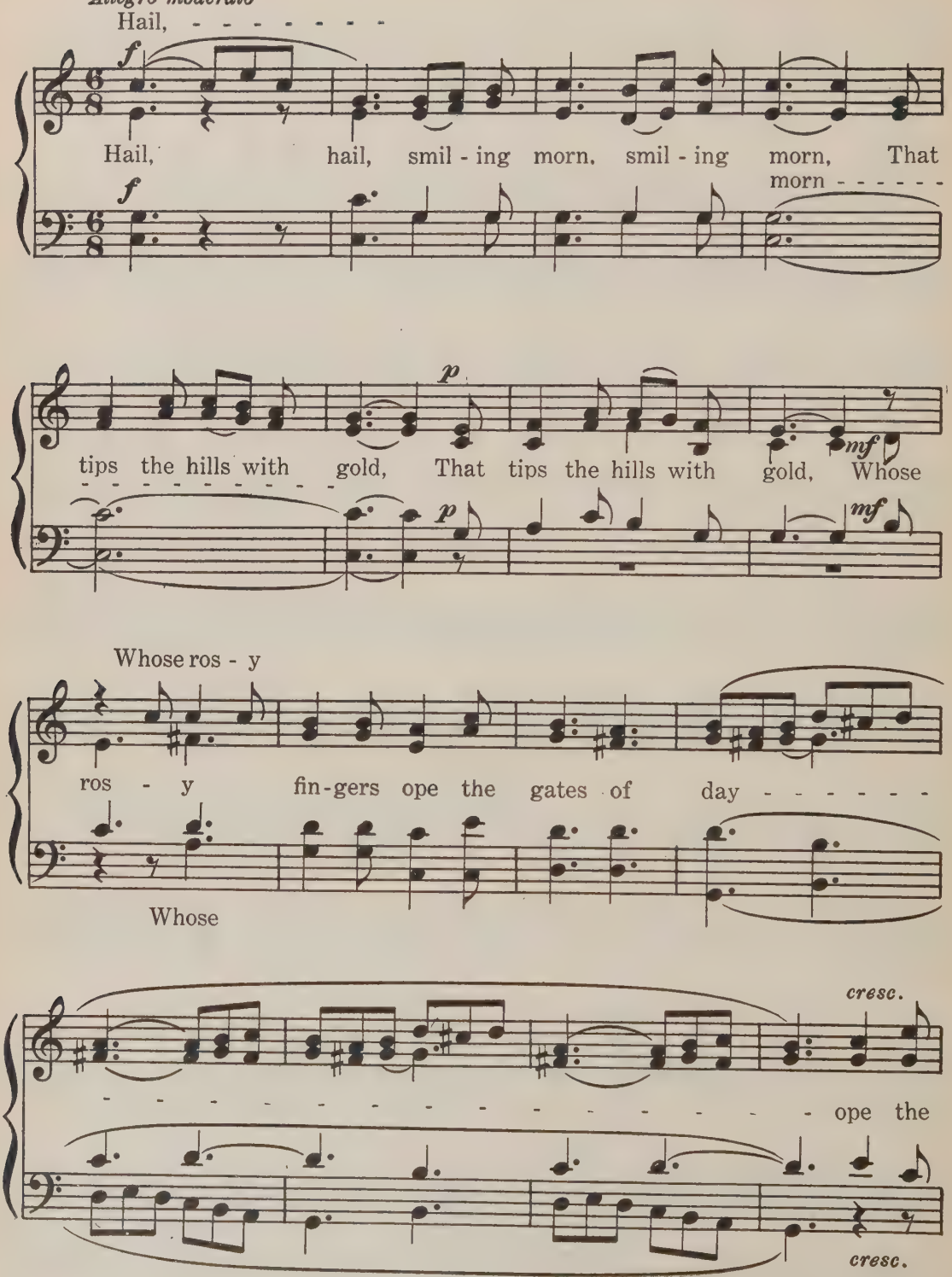

p
Ho for the mead-ows, O shep-herd-ess ros - y! Hast - en, O
haste, to the danc - ing a - way! Joy of the springtide is yours for the
tak - ing; Love and de - light are for - ev - er-more May,

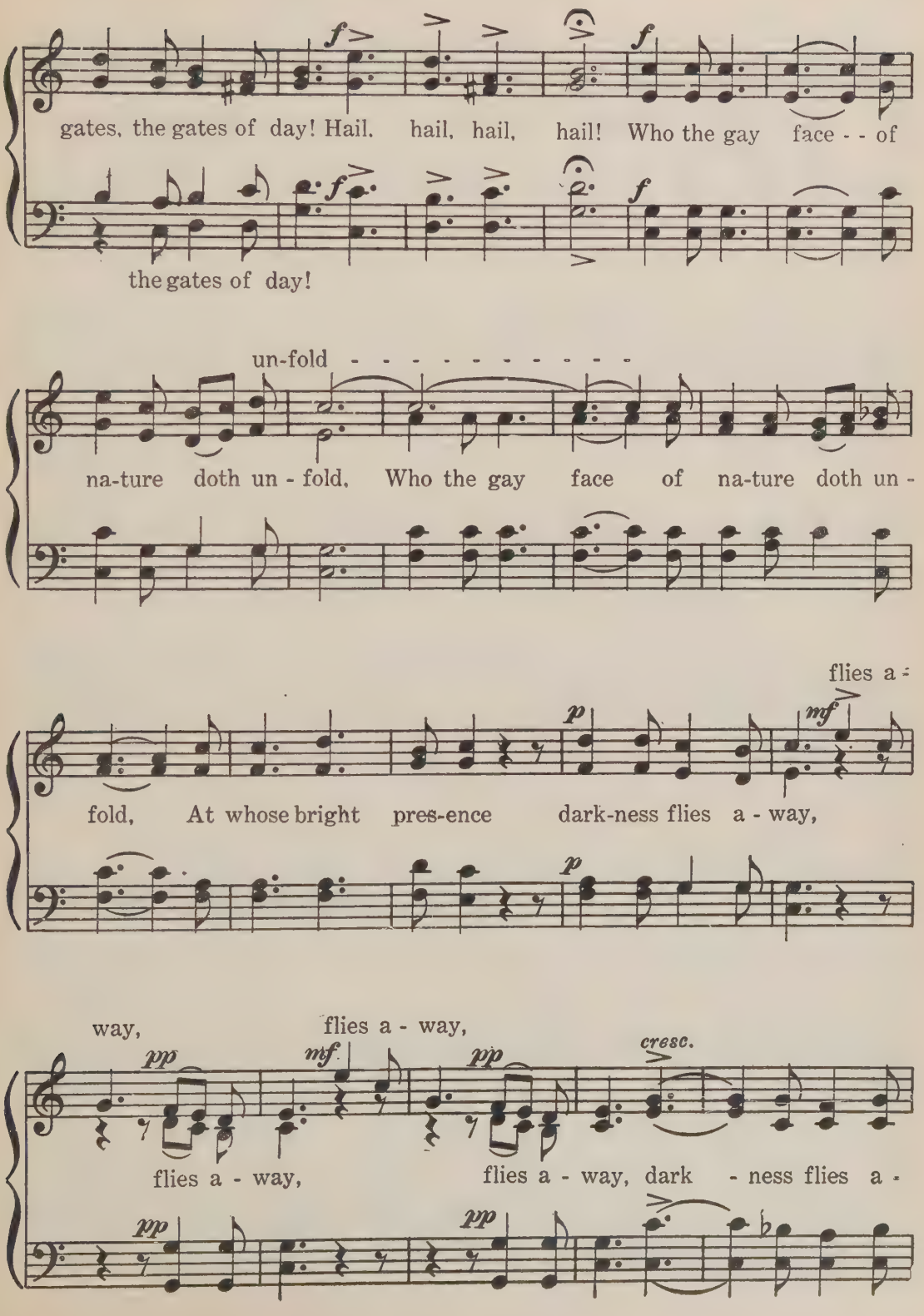

f
ev - er-more May, ev - er May!
f
8
f
p
f
ev - er-more May, ev - er
f
8
f
ff
May! ev - er - more May!
ff
8
ff

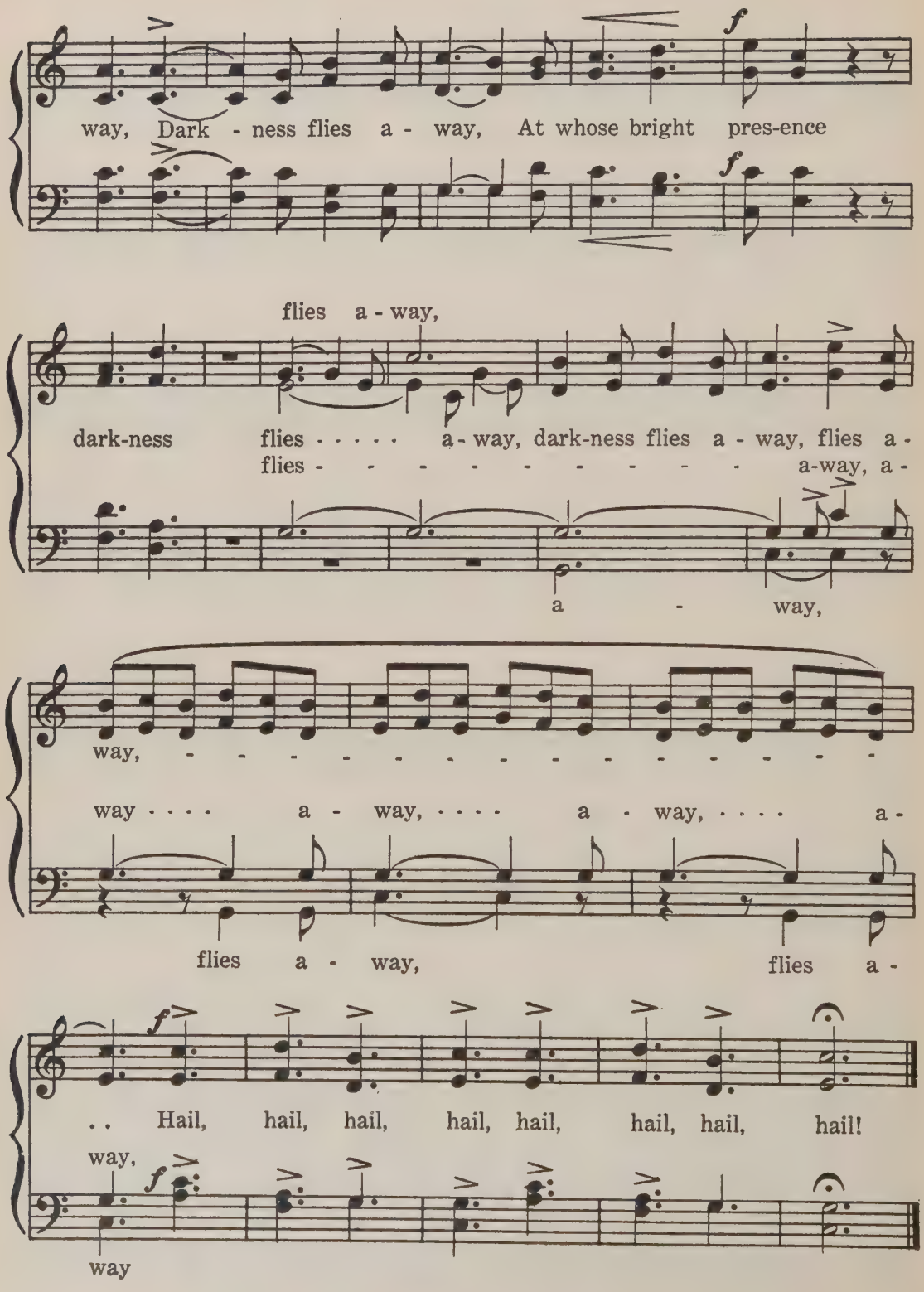
HAIL, SMILING MORN

T. H. Severn
Allegro moderato

Reginald Spofforth



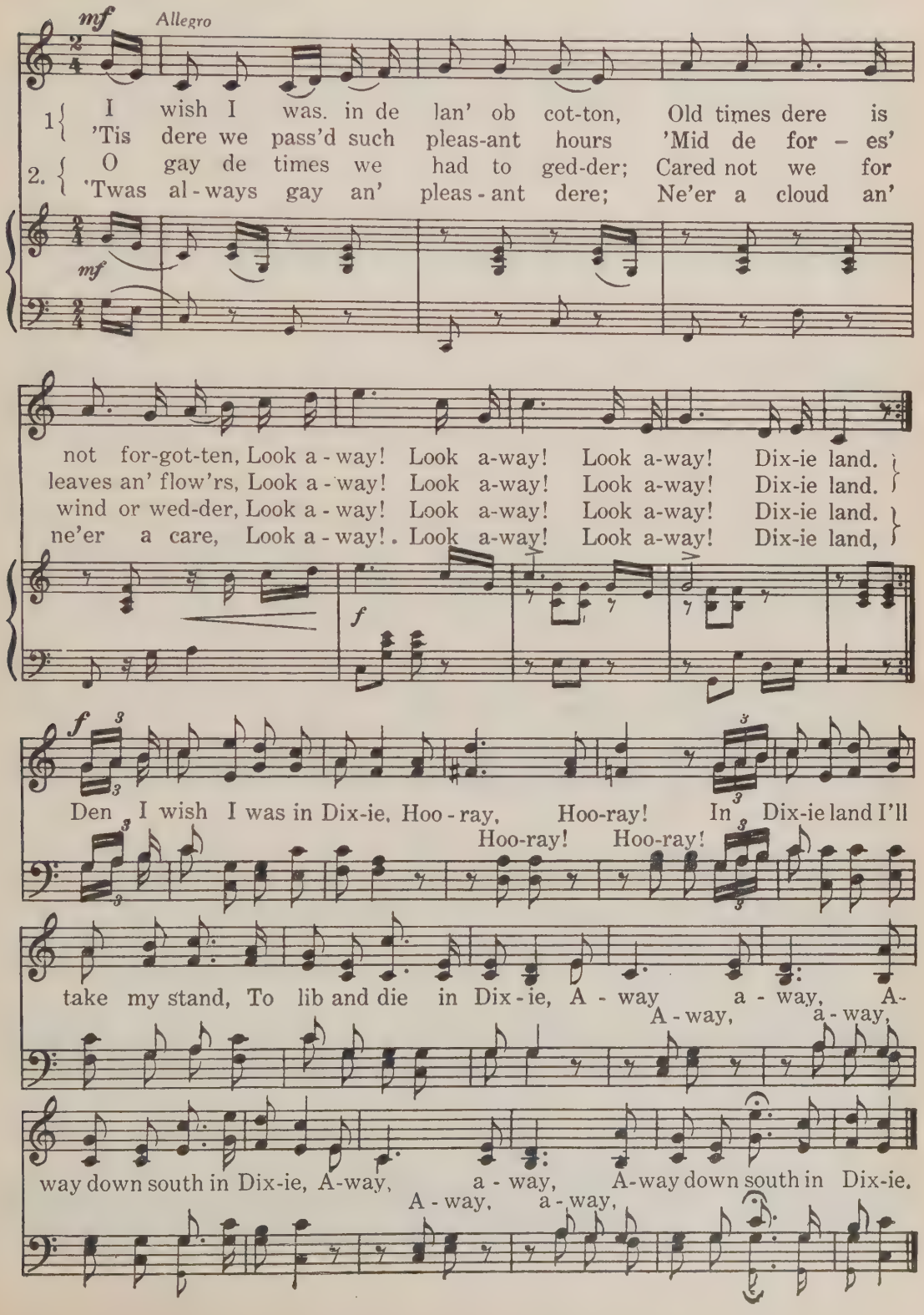

gates, the gates of day! Hail, hail, hail, hail! Who the gay face - - of
the gates of day!
un-fold - - - - - - - - - - -
na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un -
flies a -
fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a - way,
way, flies a - way,
flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a -


way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence
flies a - way,
dark-ness flies - - - - - a - way, dark-ness flies a - way, flies a -
flies - - - - - - - - - - - a-way, a -
a - way,
way, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
way - - - - a - way, - - - - a - way, - - - - a -
flies a - way, flies a -
f
.. Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!
way,
way

DIXIE

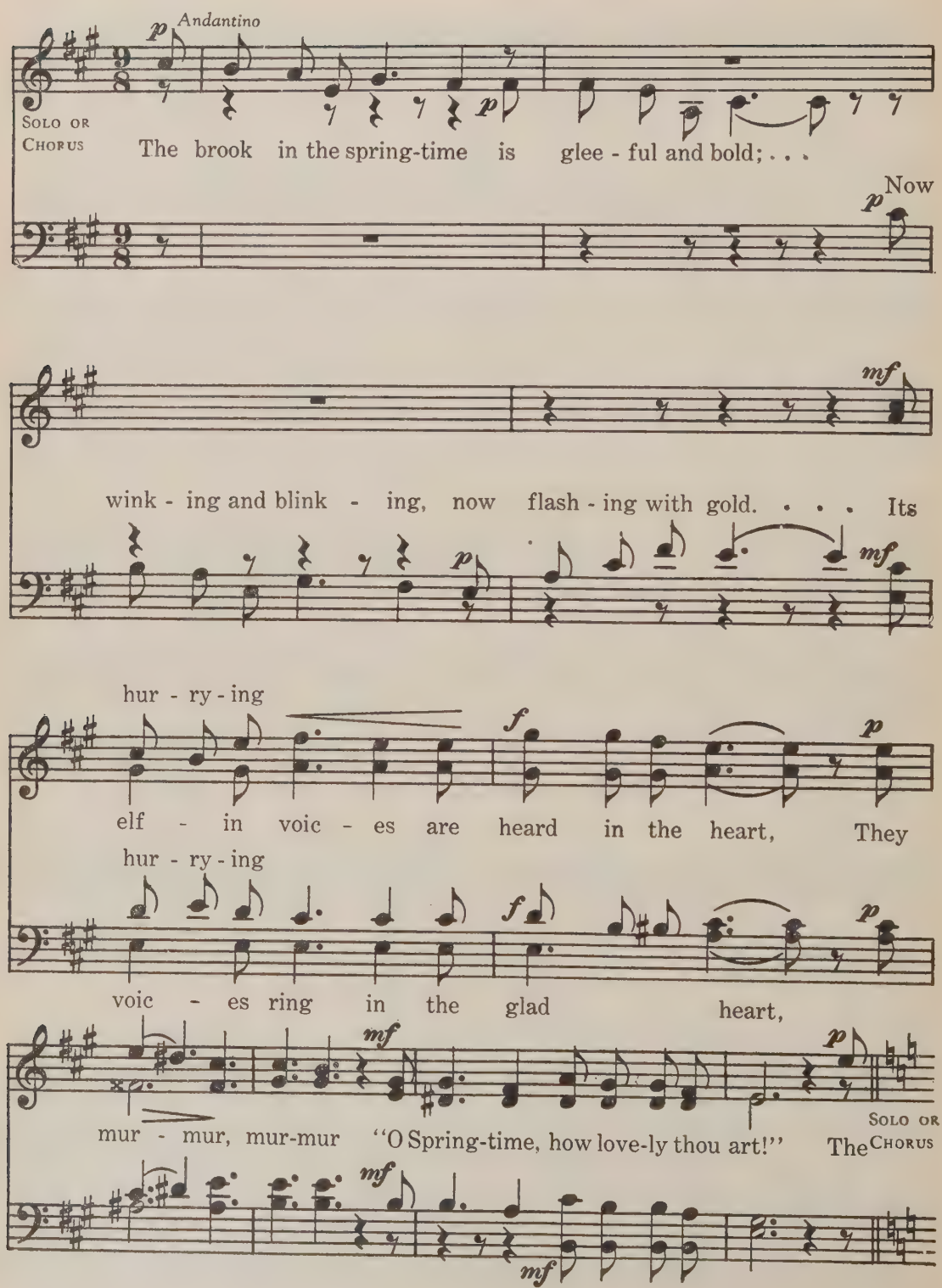
Virginia Version

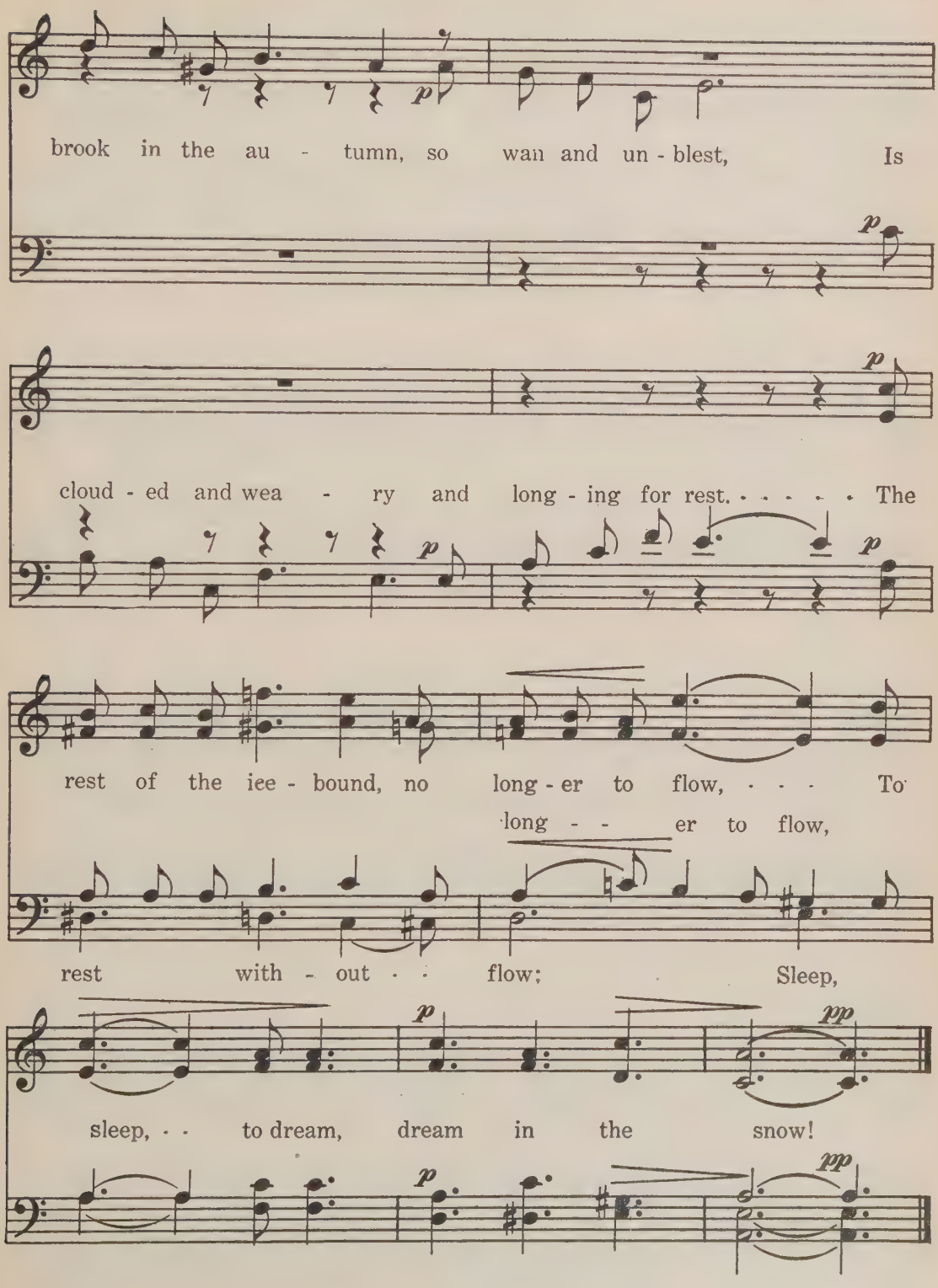
Daniel D. Emmett



TRANSFORMATION

From the Russian — Cesar Cui

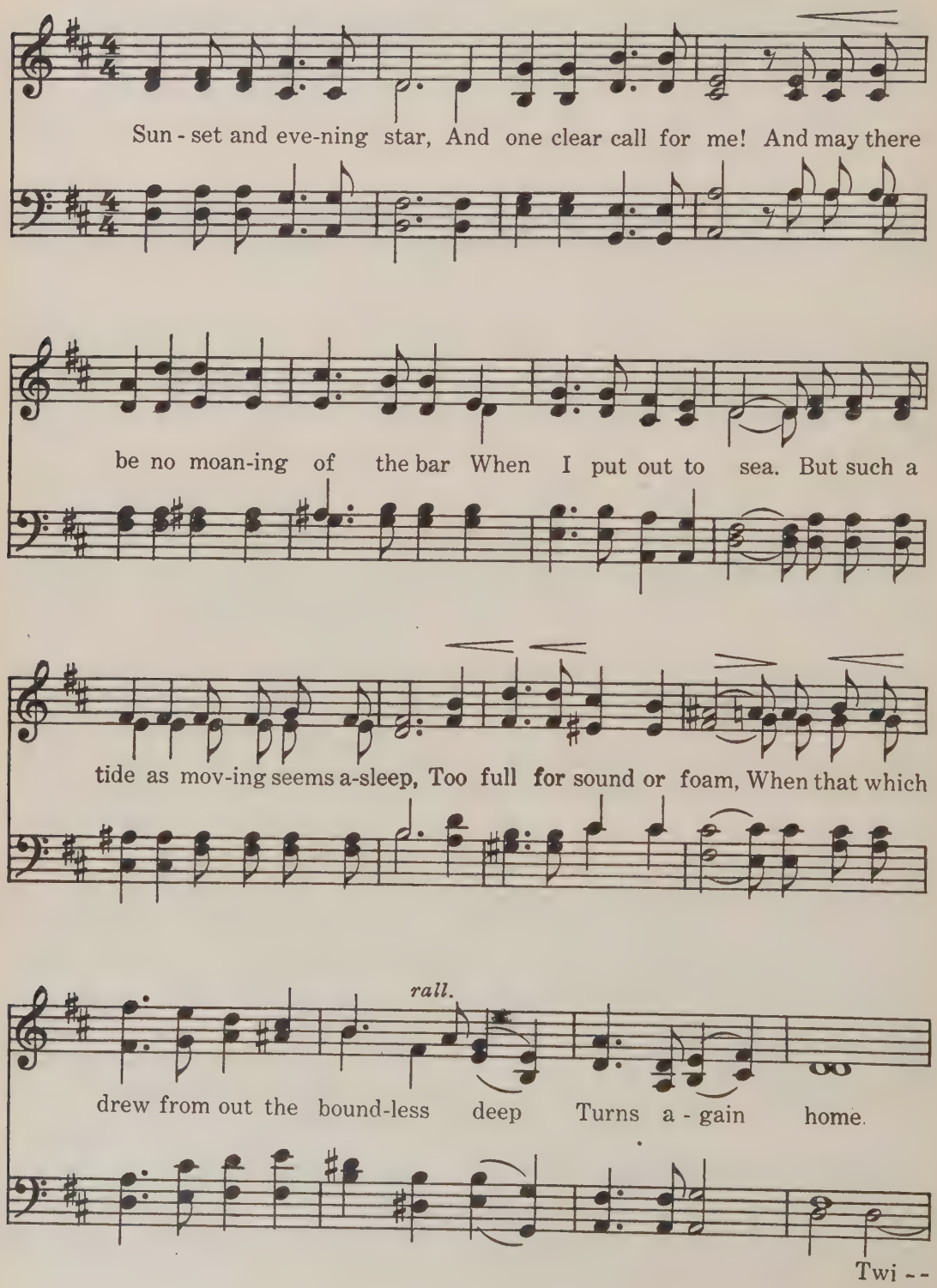


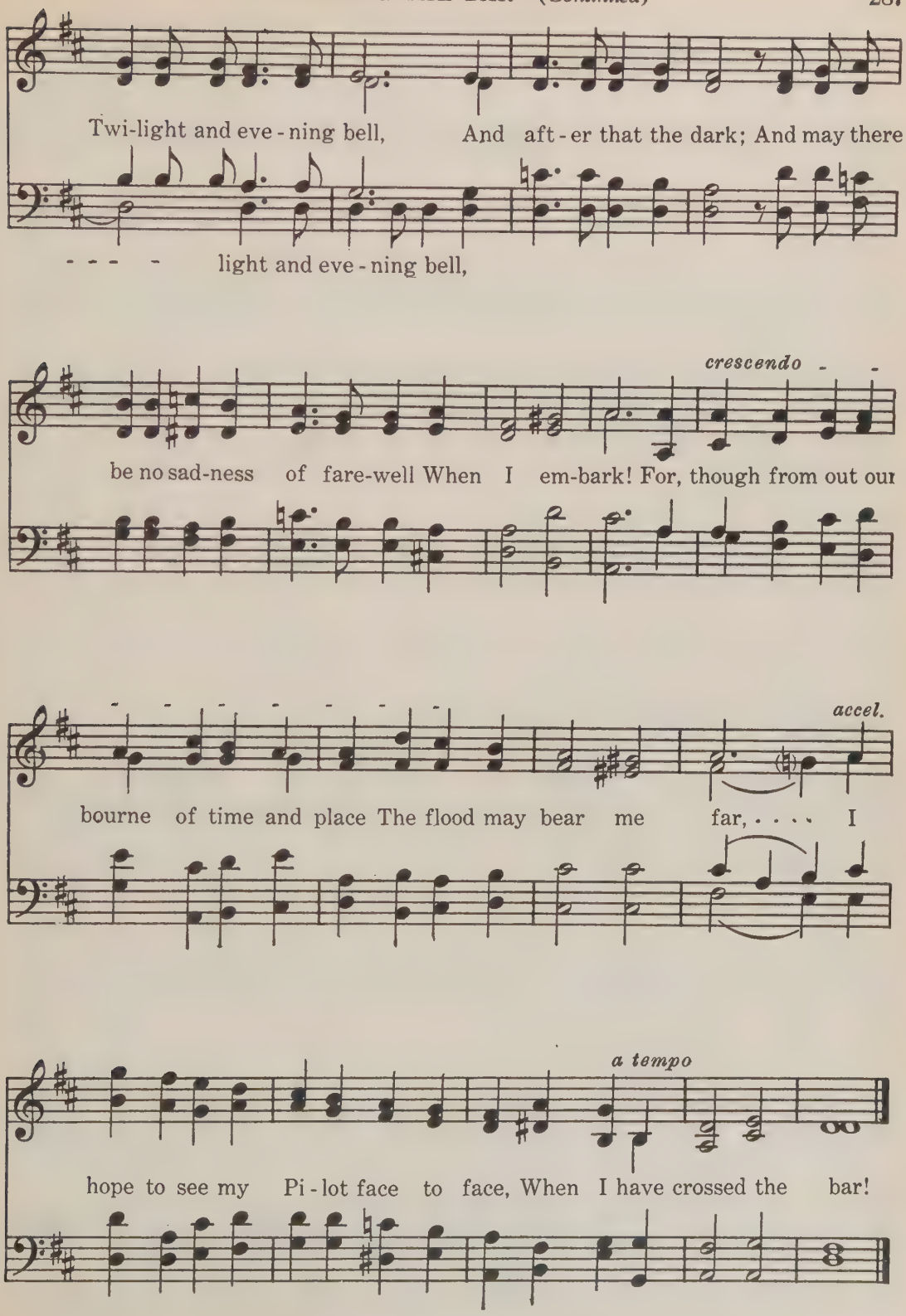

brook in the au - tumn, so wan and un - blest, Is
cloud - ed and wea - ry and long - ing for rest. The
rest of the iee - bound, no long - er to flow, To
long - er to flow,
rest with - out flow; Sleep,
sleep, to dream, dream in the snow!

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sir Joseph Barnby

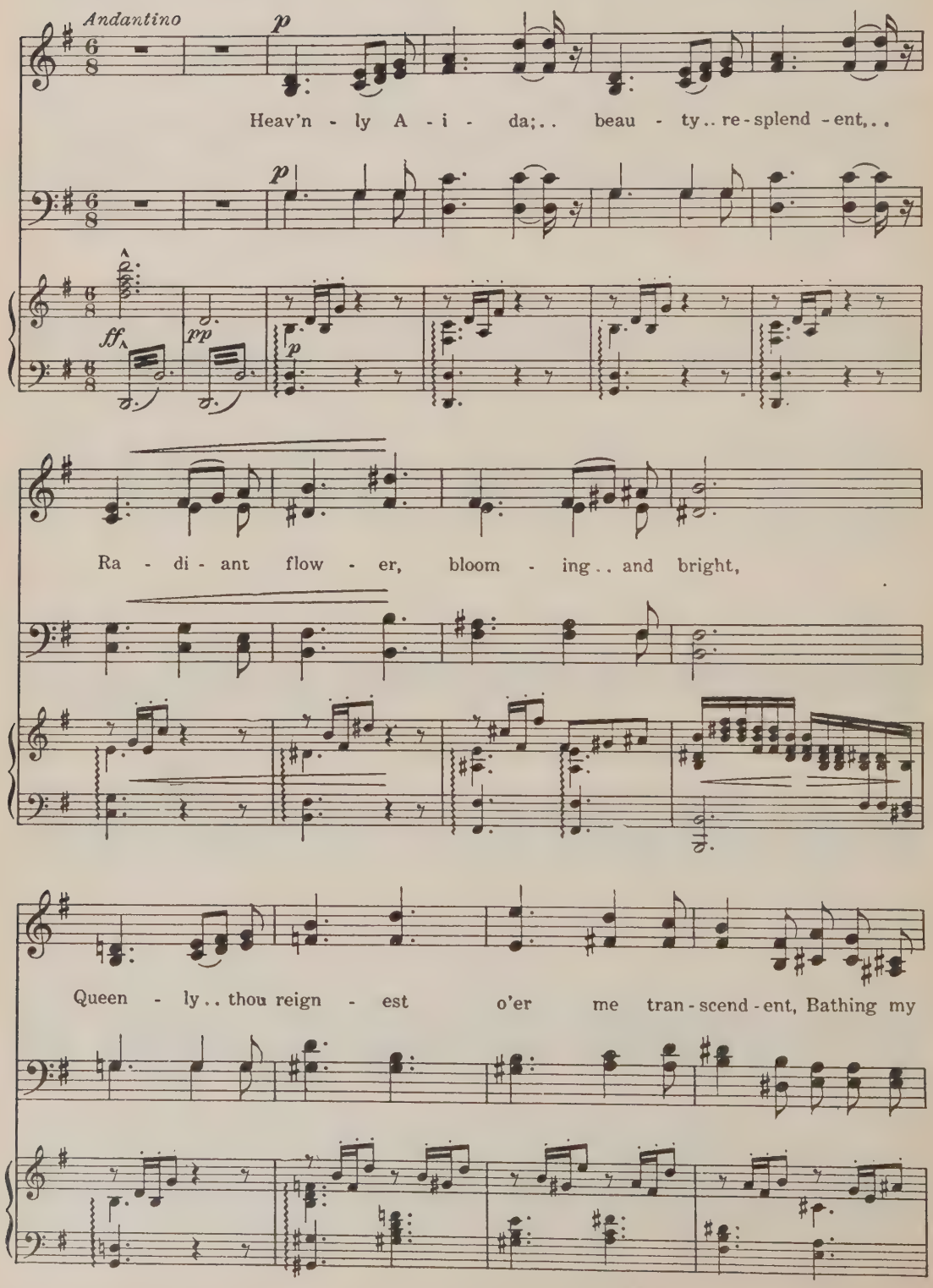


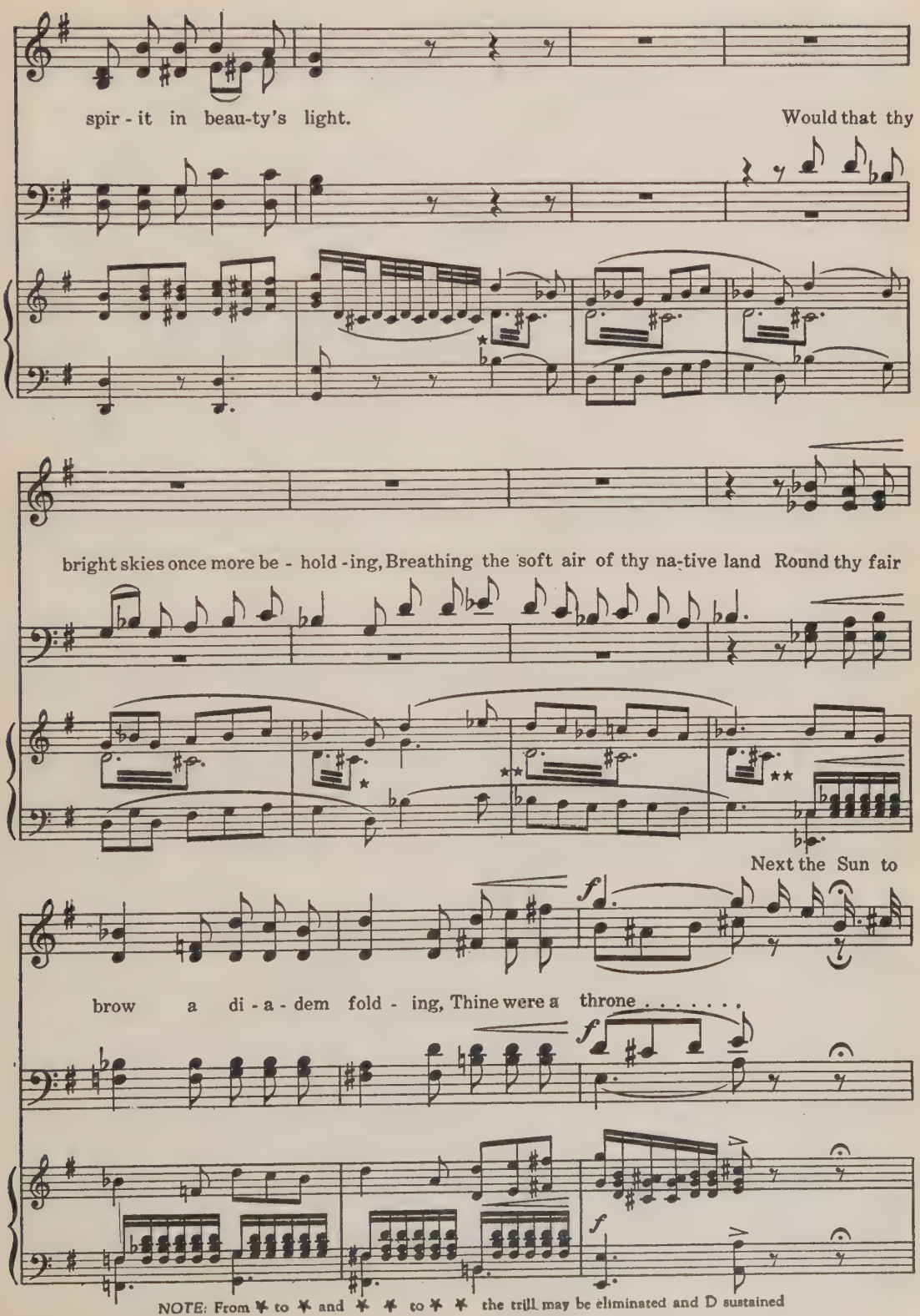

Twi-light and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark; And may there
- - - - light and eve-ning bell,
crescendo - -
be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em-bark! For, though from out our
accel.
bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, ... I
a tempo
hope to see my Pi-lot face to face, When I have crossed the bar!

O HEAVENLY AÏDA

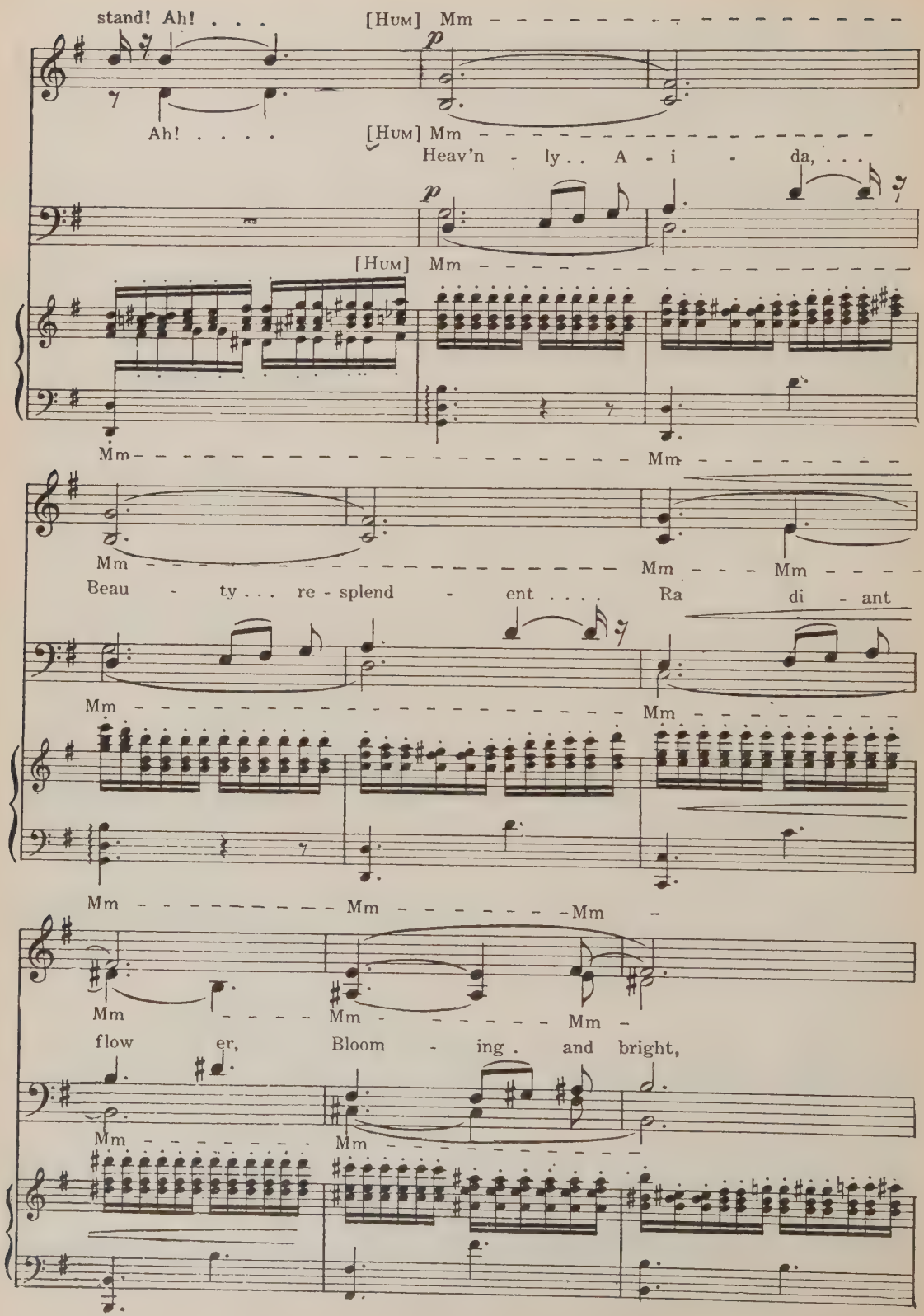
[CELESTE AÏDA]

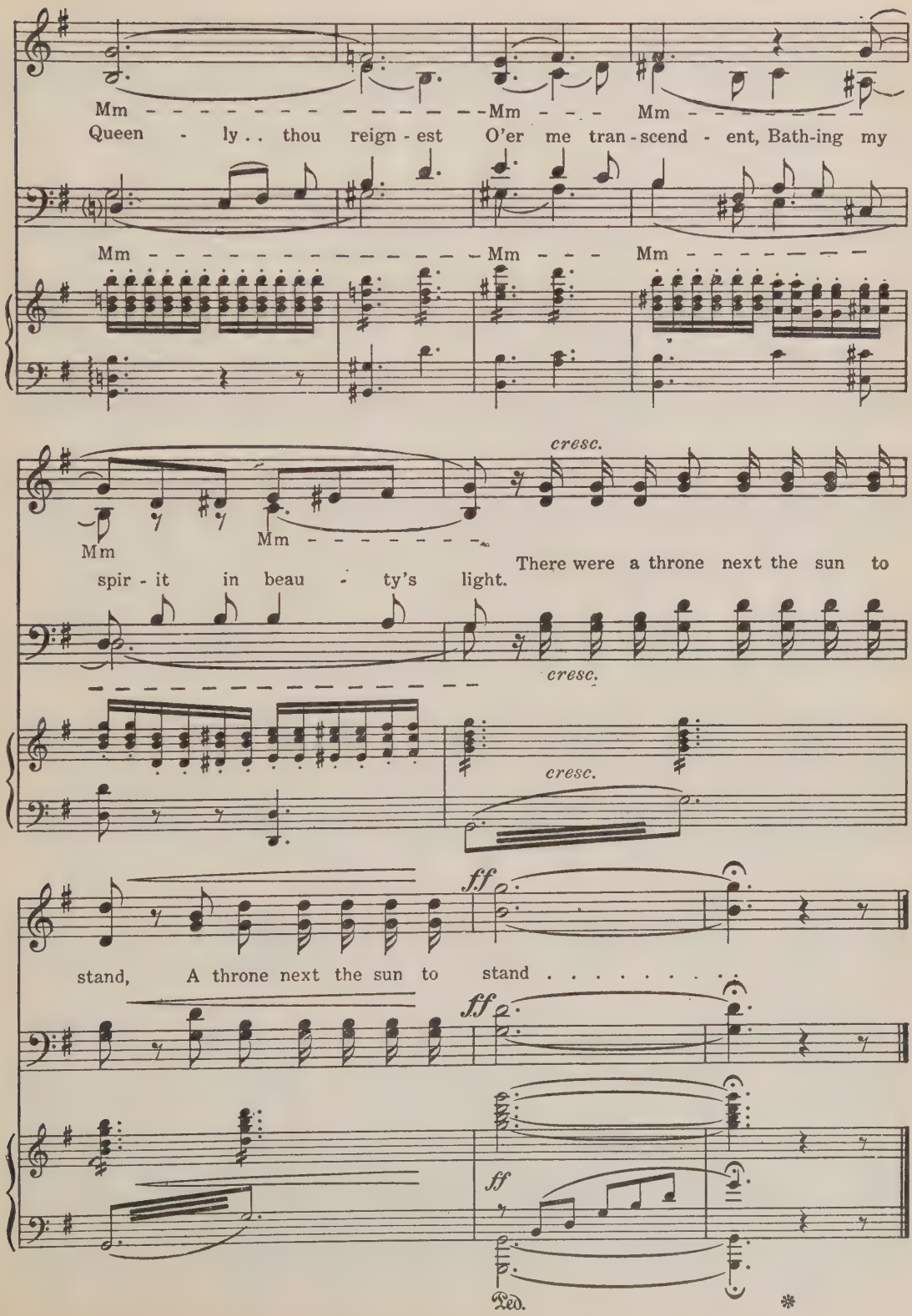
Giuseppe Verdi





NOTE: From ✱ to ✱ and ✱ ✱ to ✱ ✱ the trill may be eliminated and D sustained

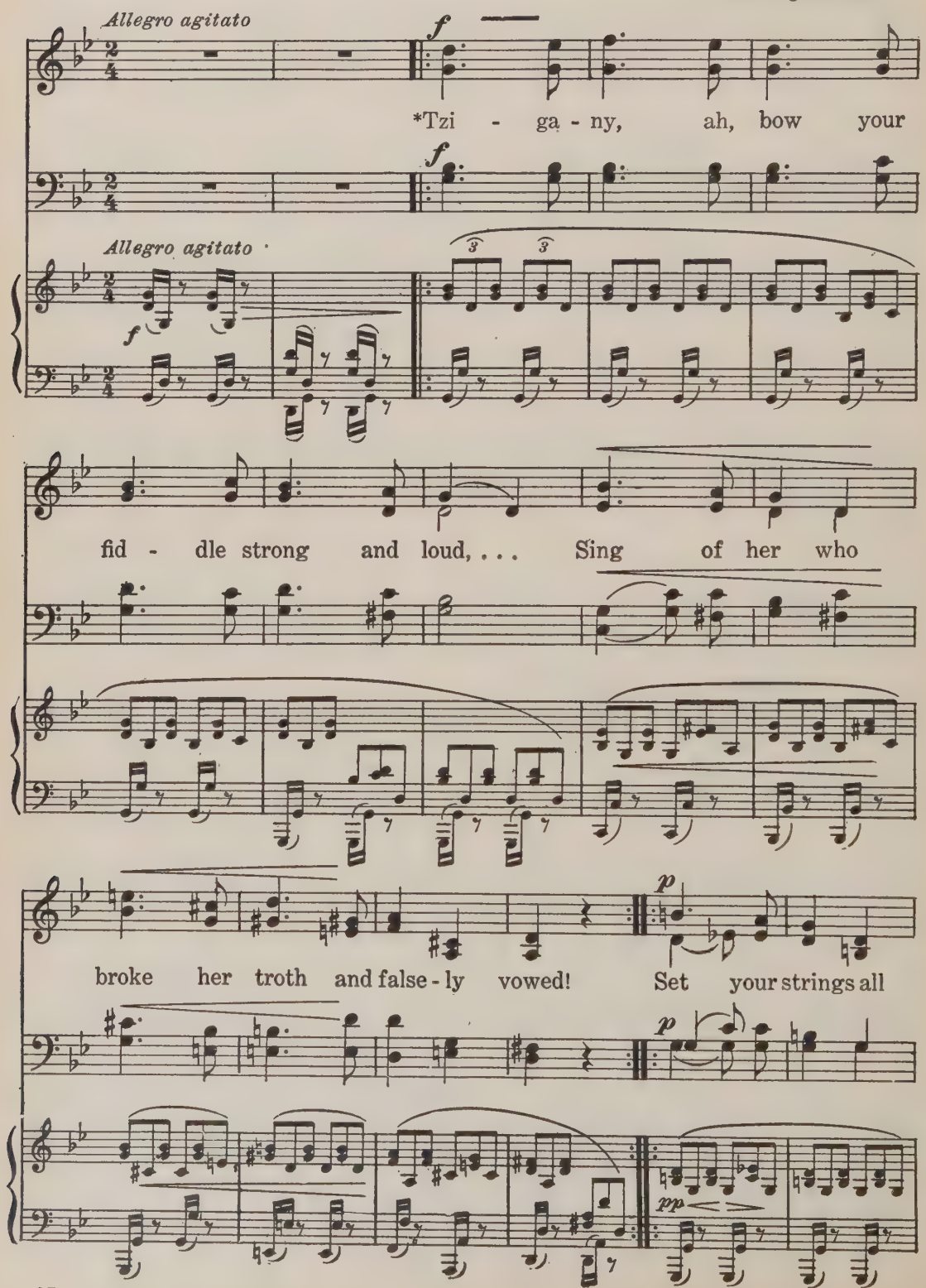

stand! Ah! . . .
[Hum] Mm
Ah! . . . .
[Hum] Mm
Heav'n - ly . . A - i - da, . . .
[Hum] Mm
Mm
Mm
Mm
Mm
Beau - ty . . . re - splend - ent . . . . Ra di - ant
Mm
Mm
Mm
Mm
Mm
Mm
flow er, Bloom - ing . and bright,
Mm
Mm


Mm
Mm
Mm
Queen - ly . . thou reign - est O'er me tran - scend - ent, Bath-ing my
Mm
Mm
Mm
cresc.
Mm
Mm
spir - it in beau - ty's light.
There were a throne next the sun to
cresc.
cresc.
ff
stand, A throne next the sun to stand . . . . . .
ff
ff
Ped.
*

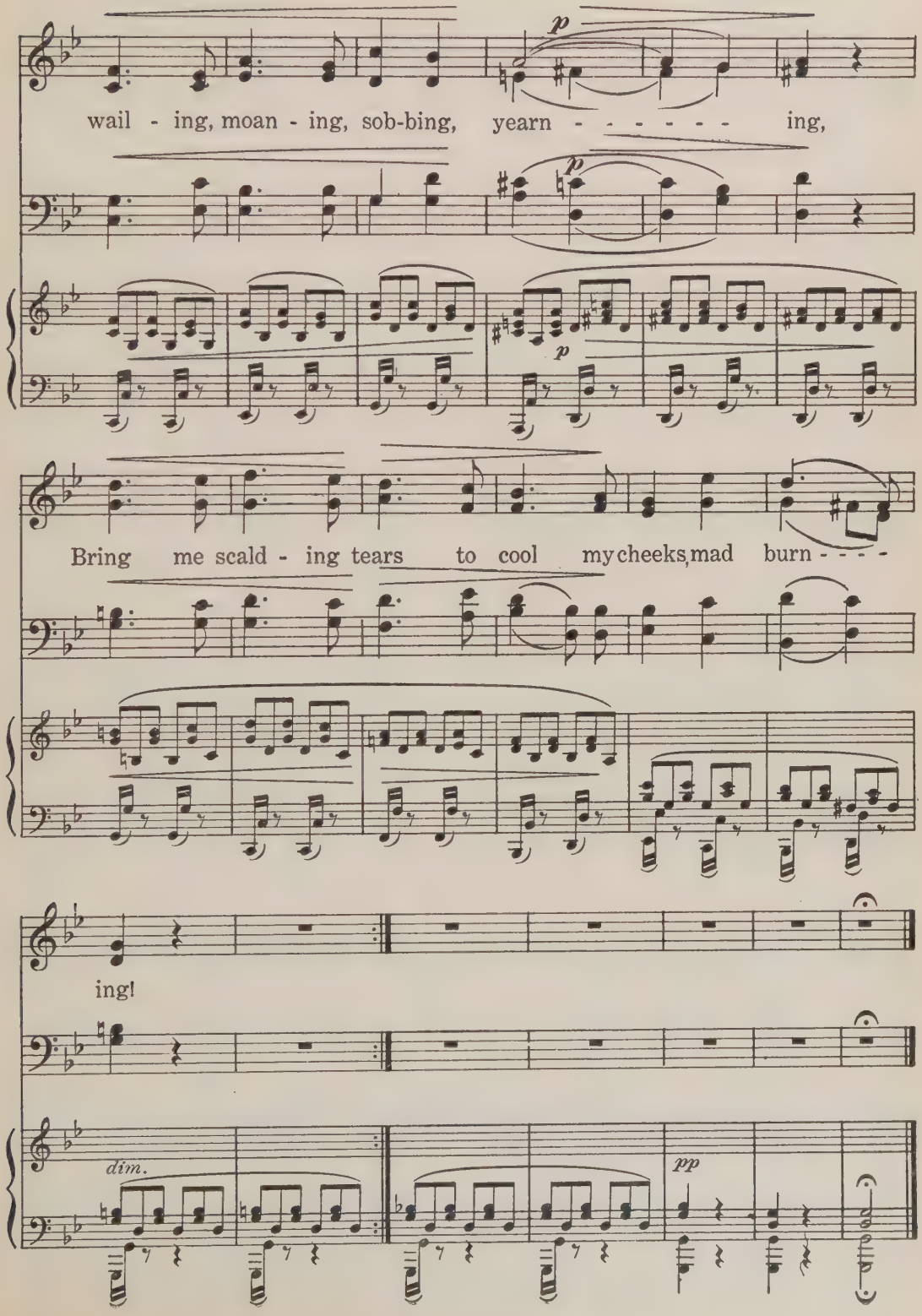
SONG OF THE FORSAKEN

Adapted from the German

Johannes Brahms
From *Zigeunerlieder*



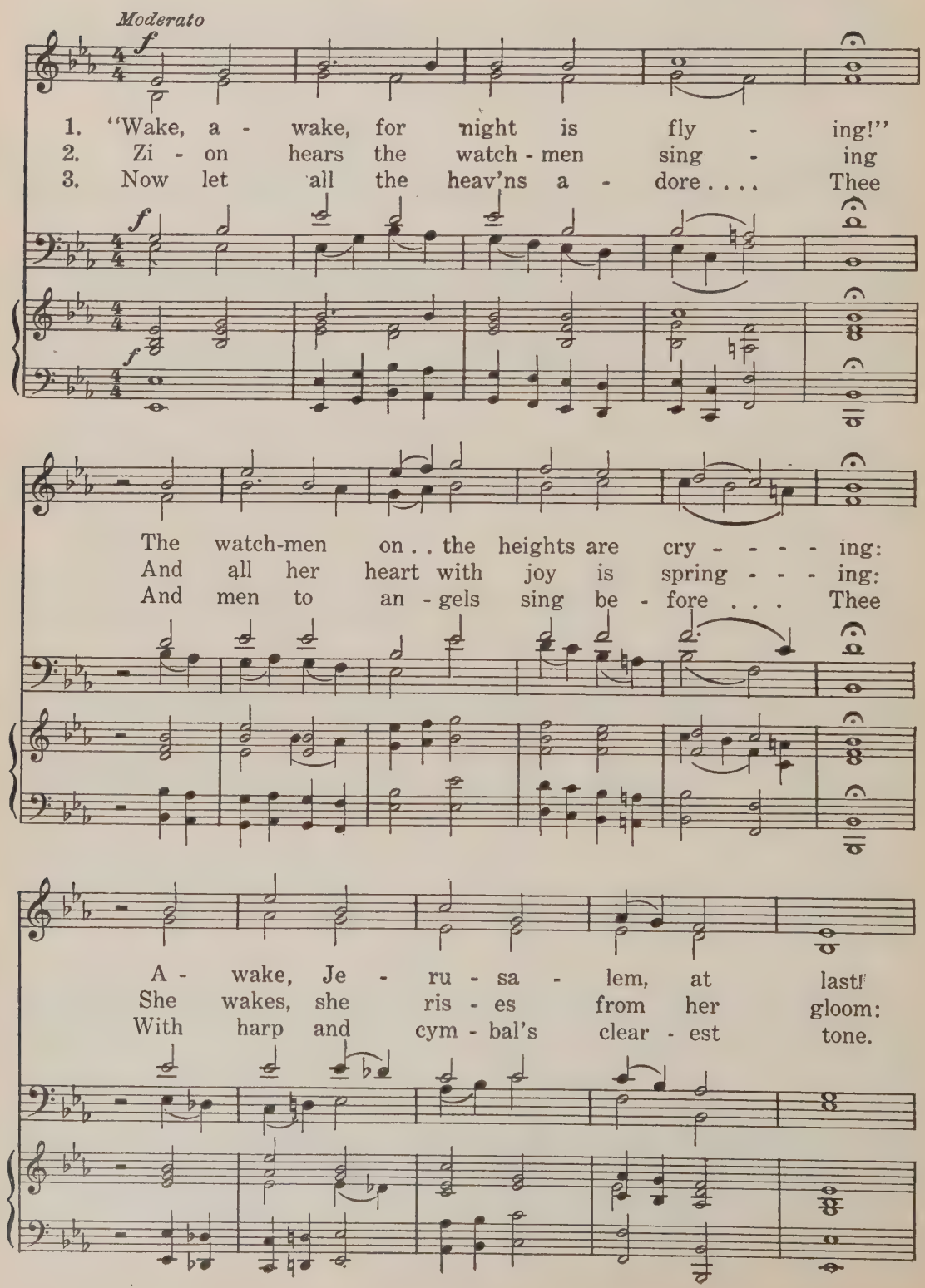
*Pronounced tsē' gä-ne. A Gypsy.

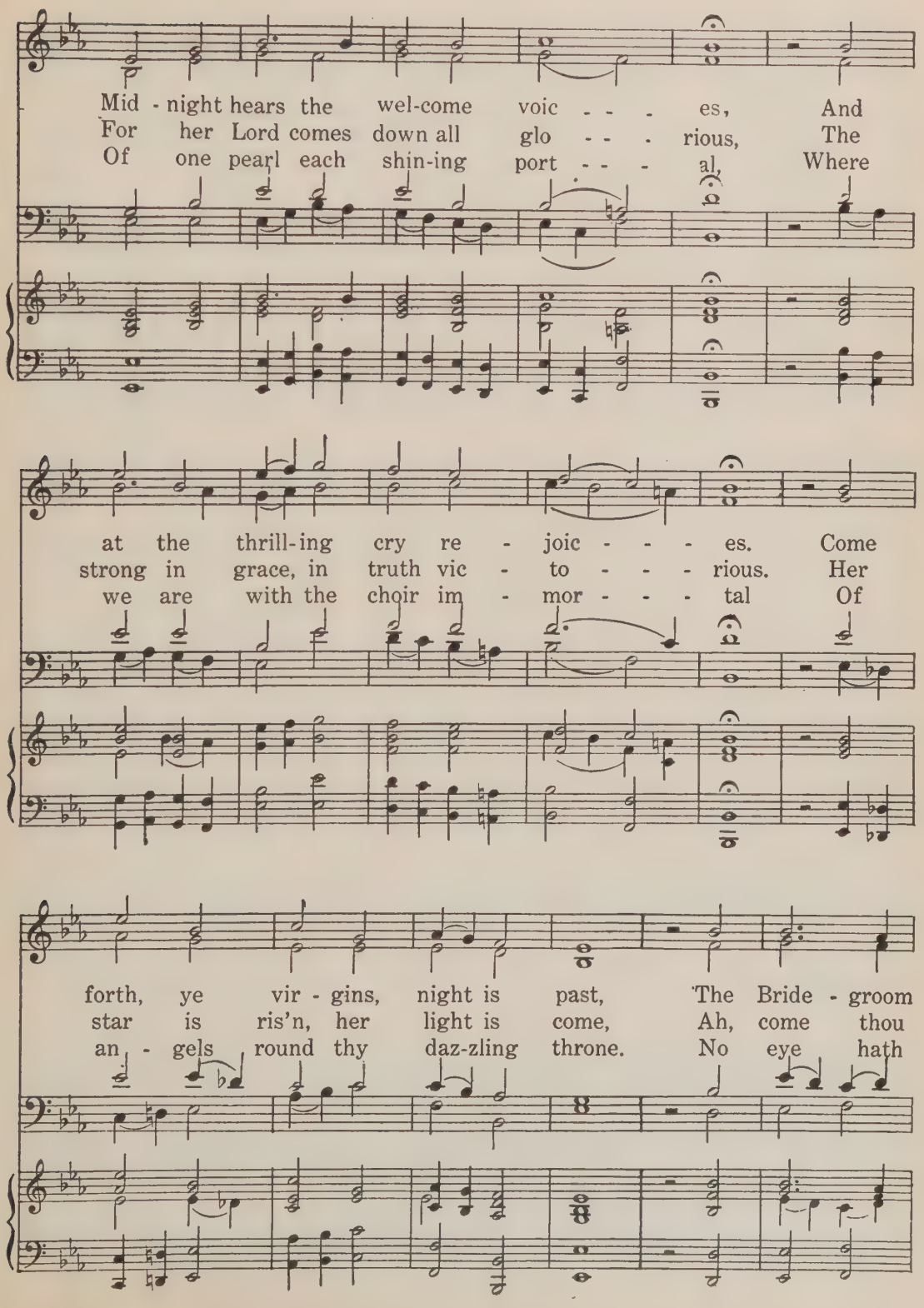

p
wail - ing, moan - ing, sob-bing, yearn - - - - - - ing,
p
p
Bring me scald - ing tears to cool my cheeks, mad burn - - - -
ing!
dim.
pp

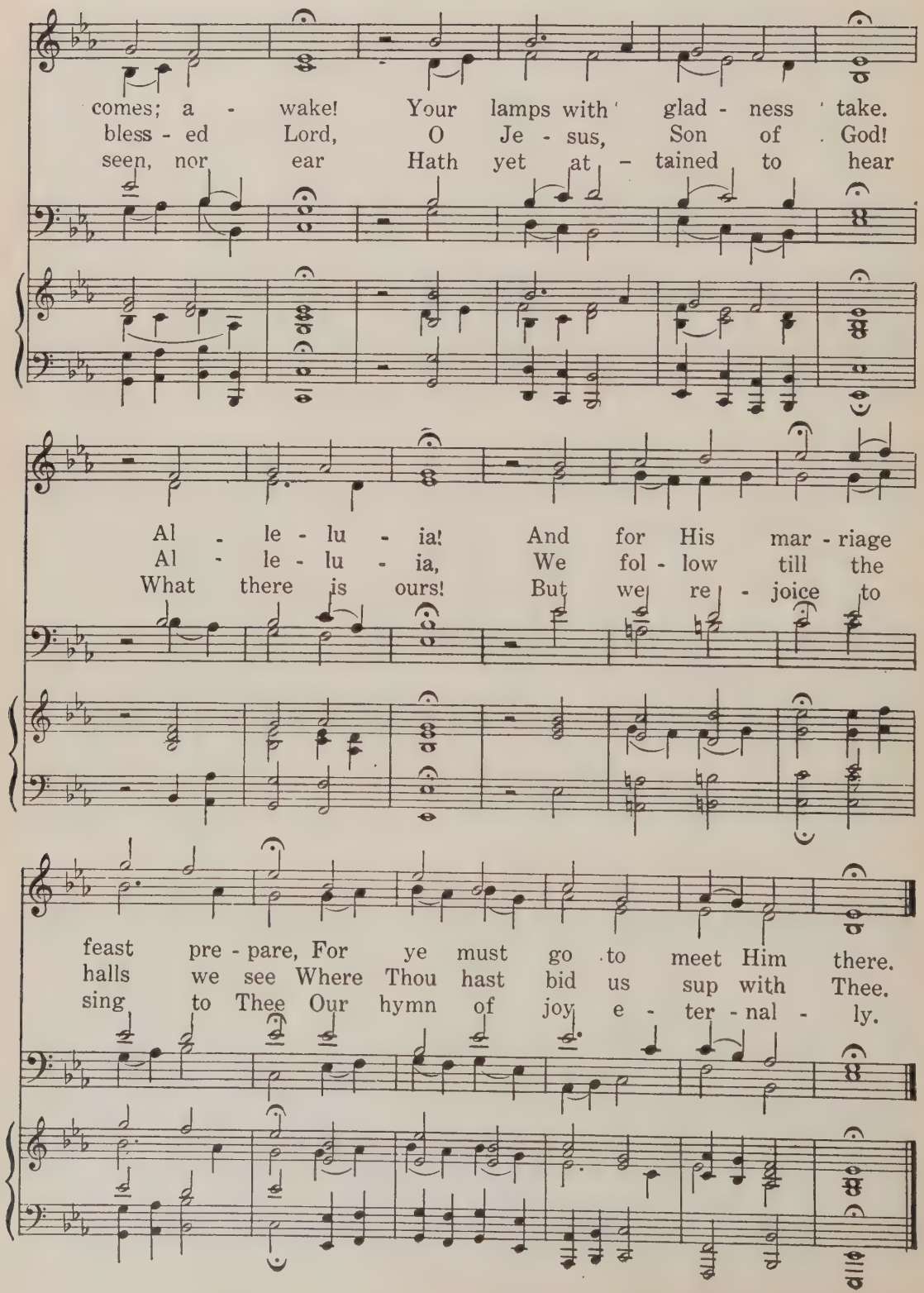
NOW LET EVERY TONGUE ADORE THEE

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach
From *Sleepers Wake*

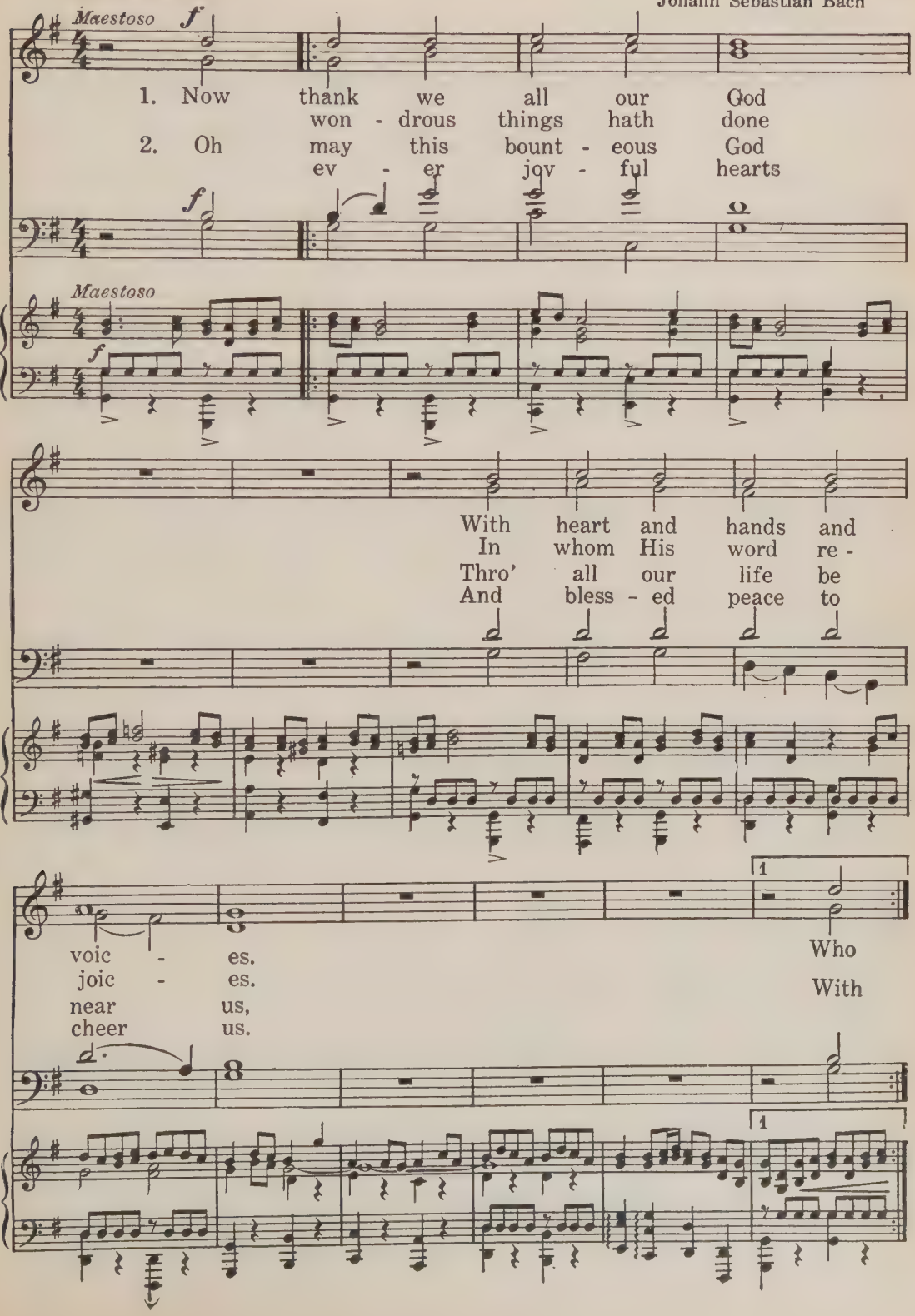


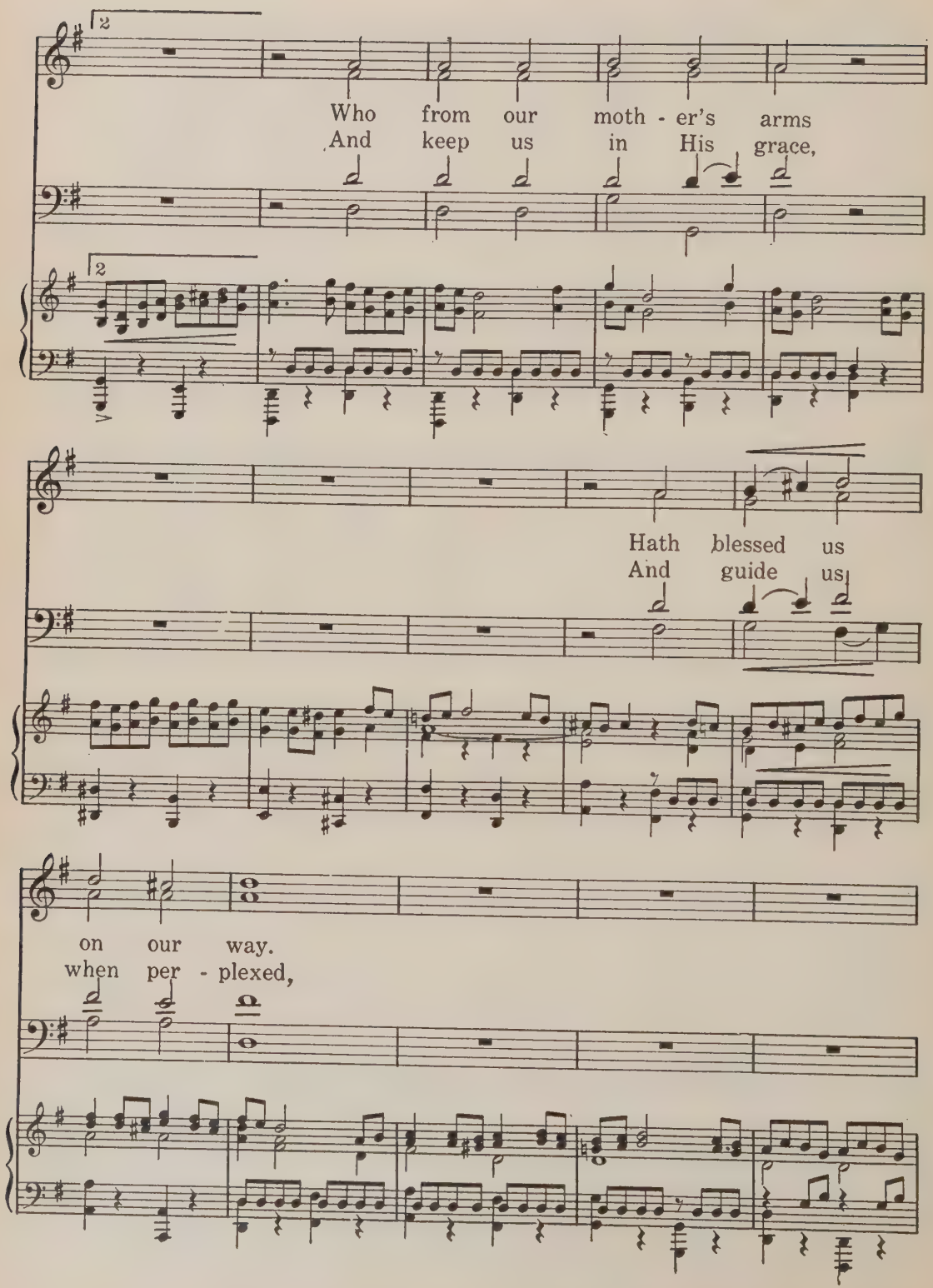

Mid - night hears the wel-come voic - - - es, And
For her Lord comes down all glo - - - rious, The
Of one pearl each shin-ing port - - - al, Where
at the thrill-ing cry re - joic - - - es. Come
strong in grace, in truth vic - to - - - rious. Her
we are with the choir im - mor - - - tal Of
forth, ye vir - gins, night is past, The Bride - groom
star is ris'n, her light is come, Ah, come thou
an - gels round thy daz-zling throne. No eye hath

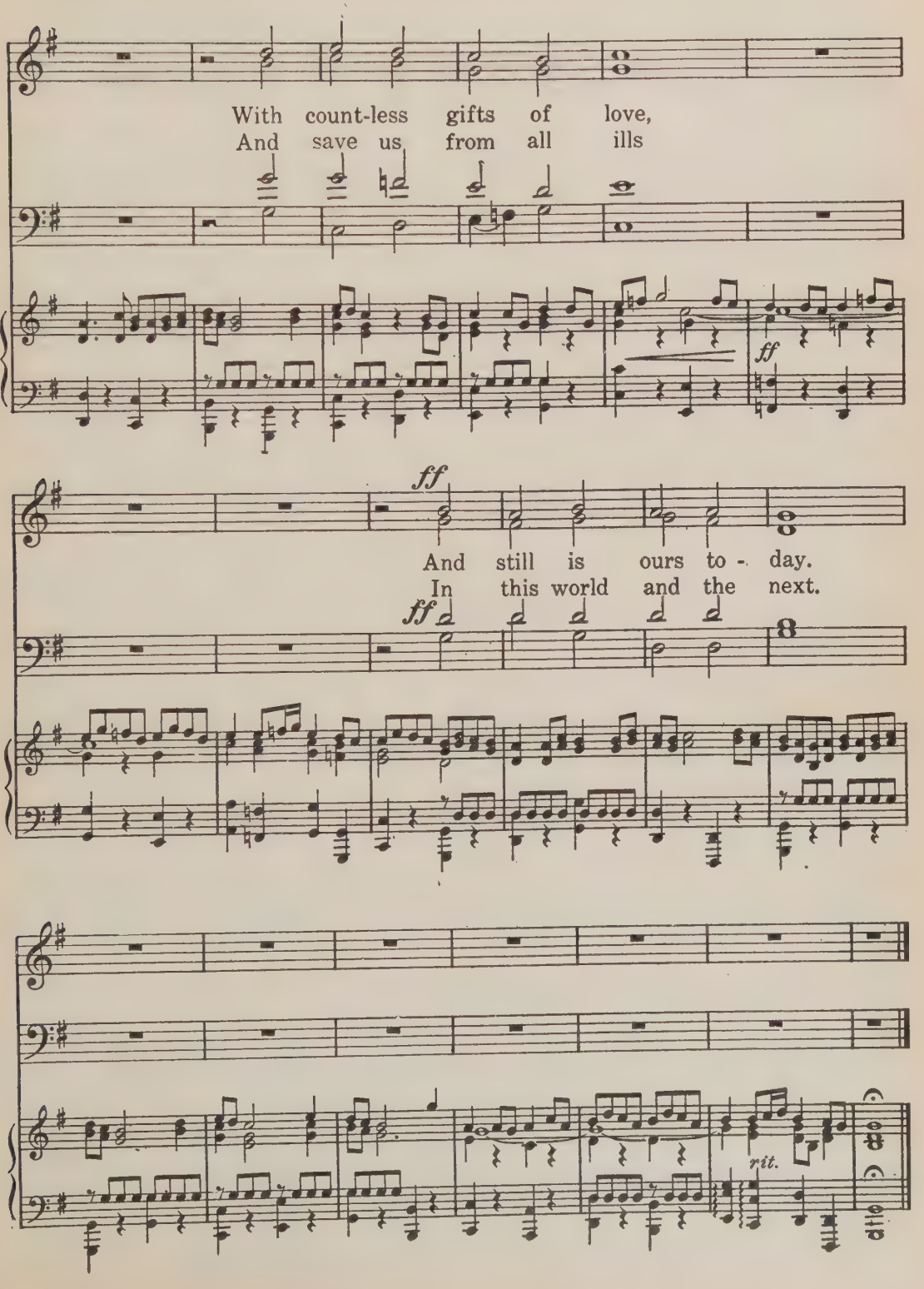

comes; a - wake! Your lamps with glad - ness take.
bless - ed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God!
seen, nor ear Hath yet at - tained to hear
Al - le - lu - ia! And for His mar - riage
Al - le - lu - ia, We fol - low till the
What there is ours! But we re - joice to
feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.
halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.
sing to Thee Our hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.

From the German

Johann Sebastian Bach

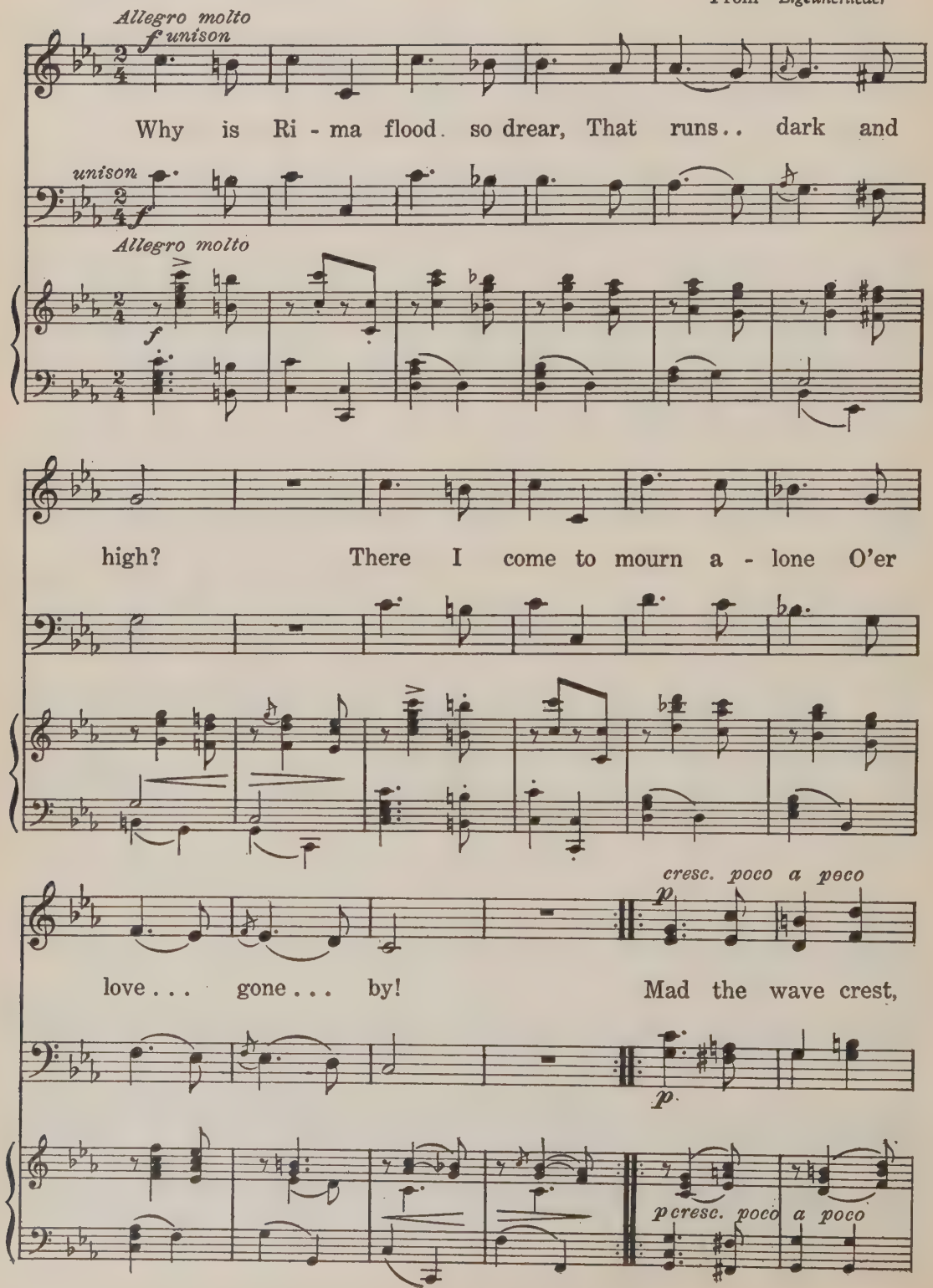


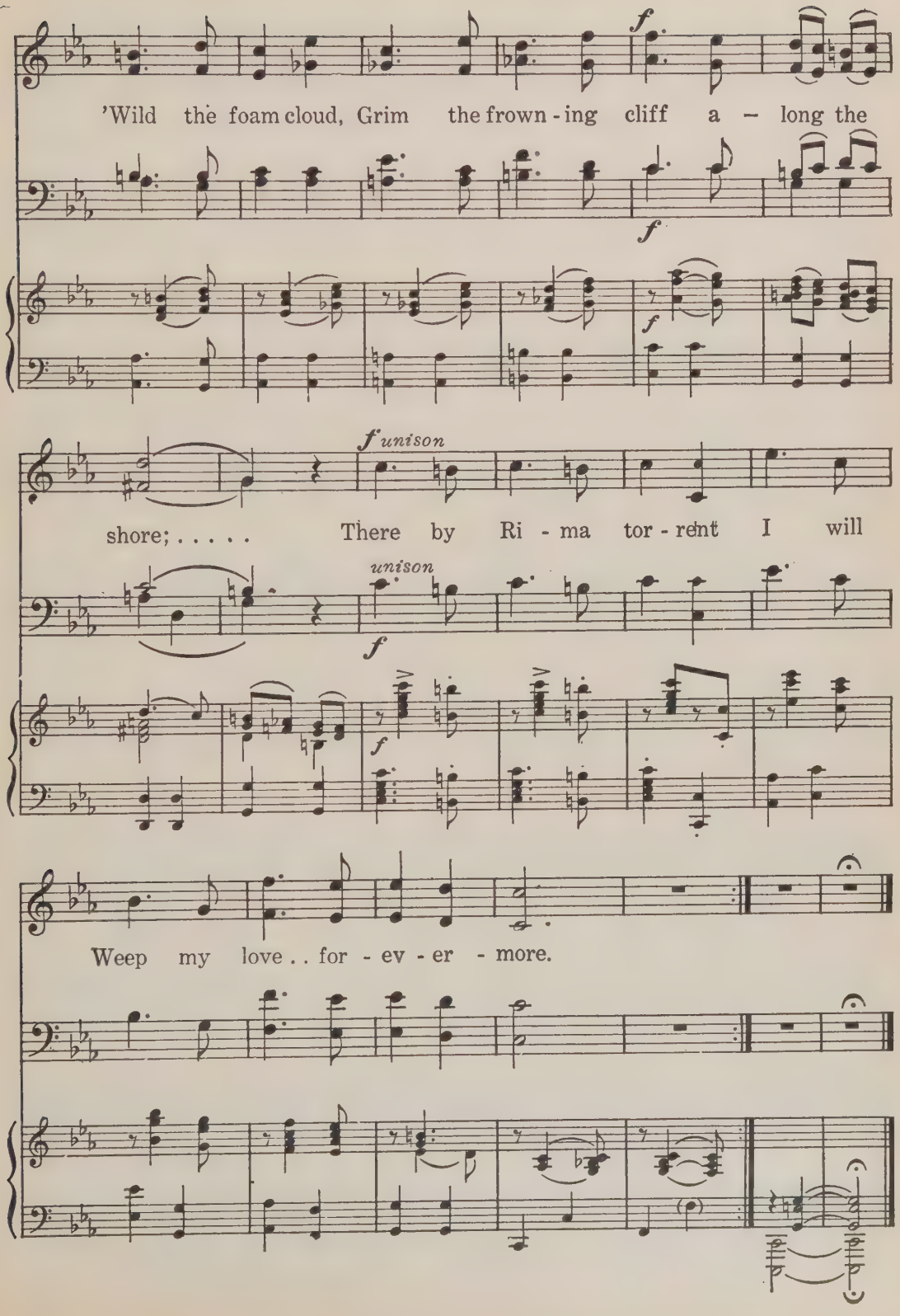

Who from our moth - er's arms
And keep us in His grace,
Hath blessed us
And guide us
on our way.
when per - plexed,


With count-less gifts of love,
And save us from all ills
ff
ff
And still is ours to - day.
In this world and the next.
ff
rit.

Adapted from the German

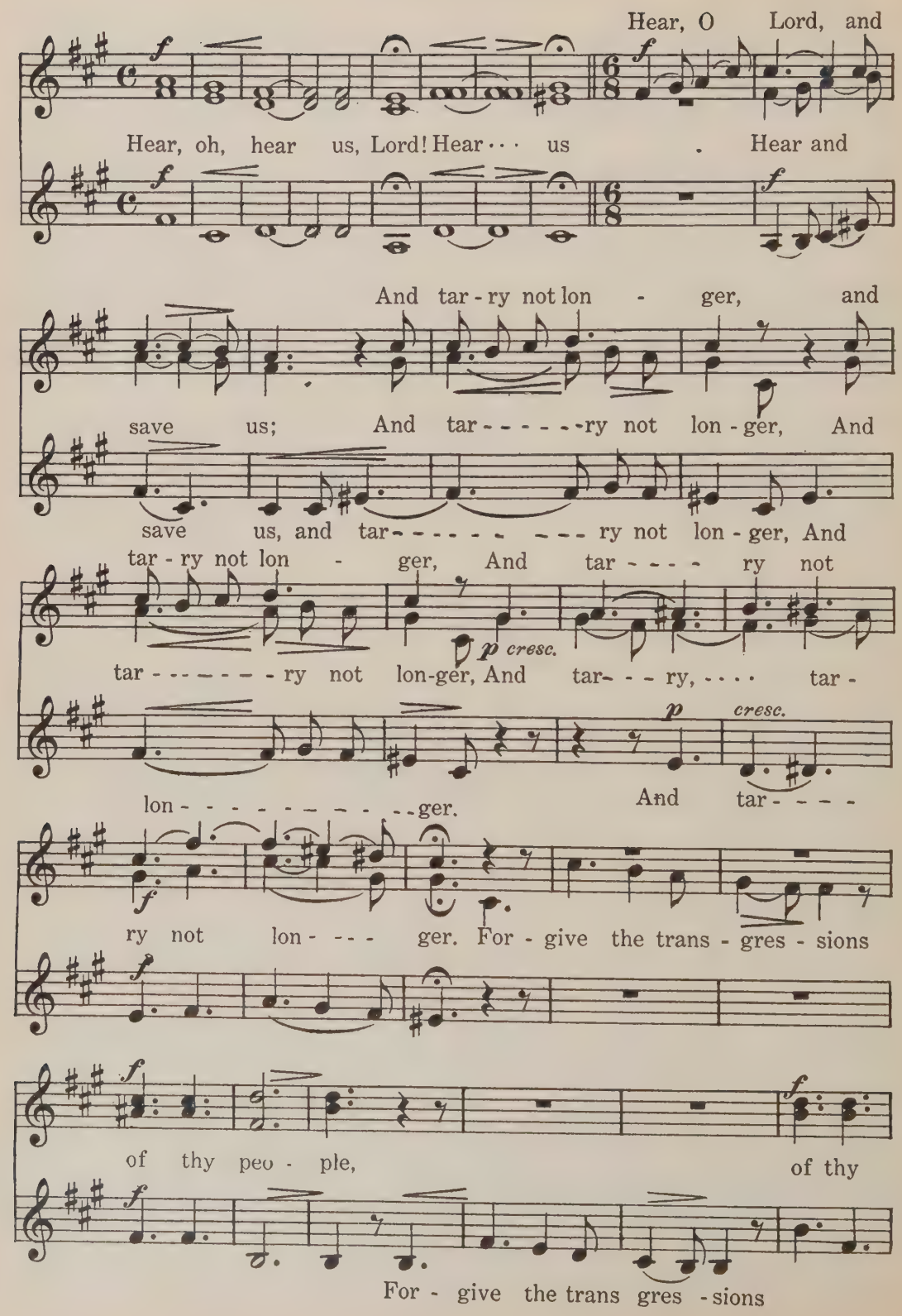
Johannes Brahms
From *Zigeunerlieder*

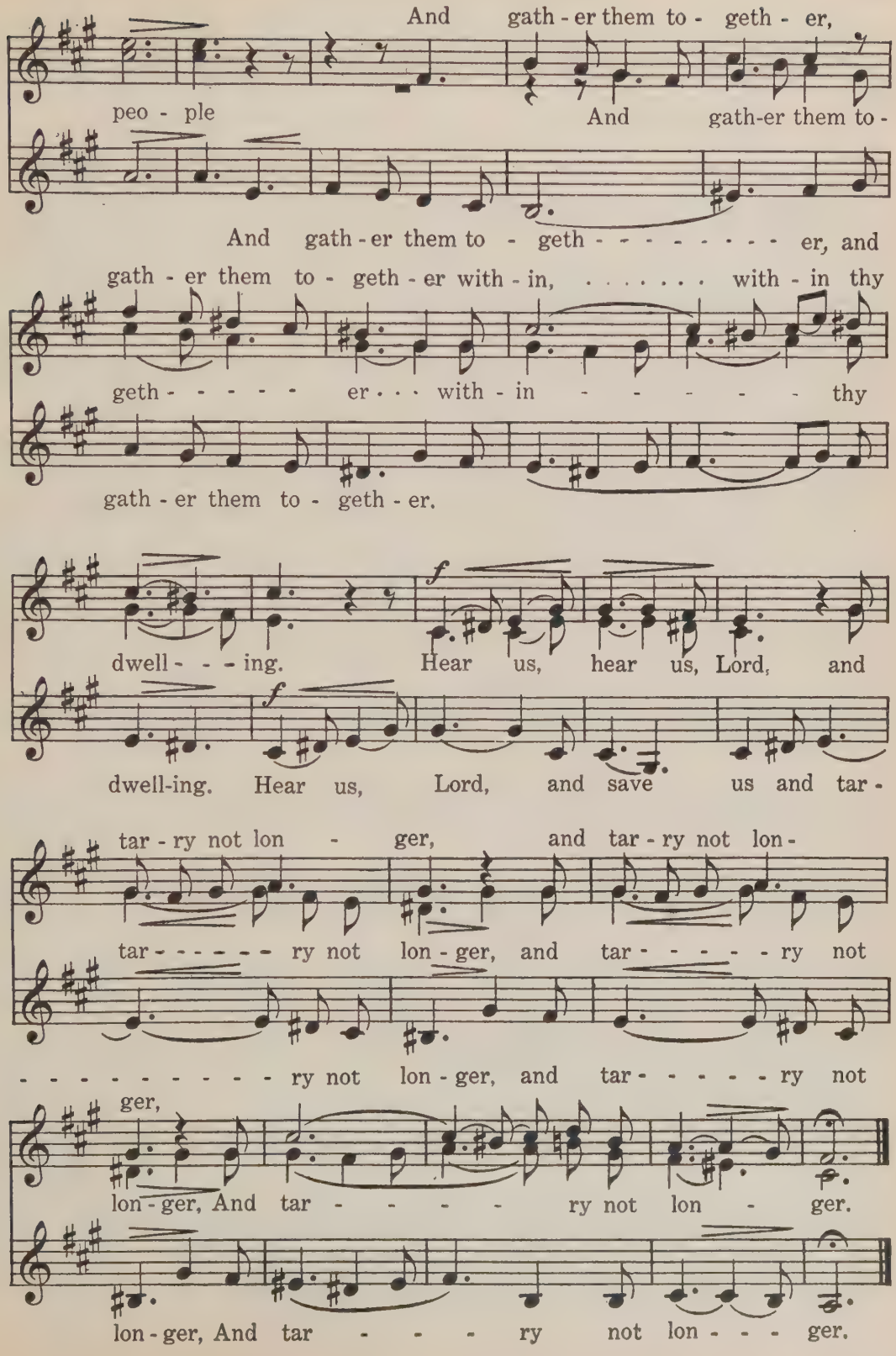



'Wild the foam cloud, Grim the frown - ing cliff a - long the
shore; . . . . . There by Ri - ma tor - rent I will
Weep my love . . for - ev - er - more.
f
unison

HEAR US, LORD

Felix Mendelssohn

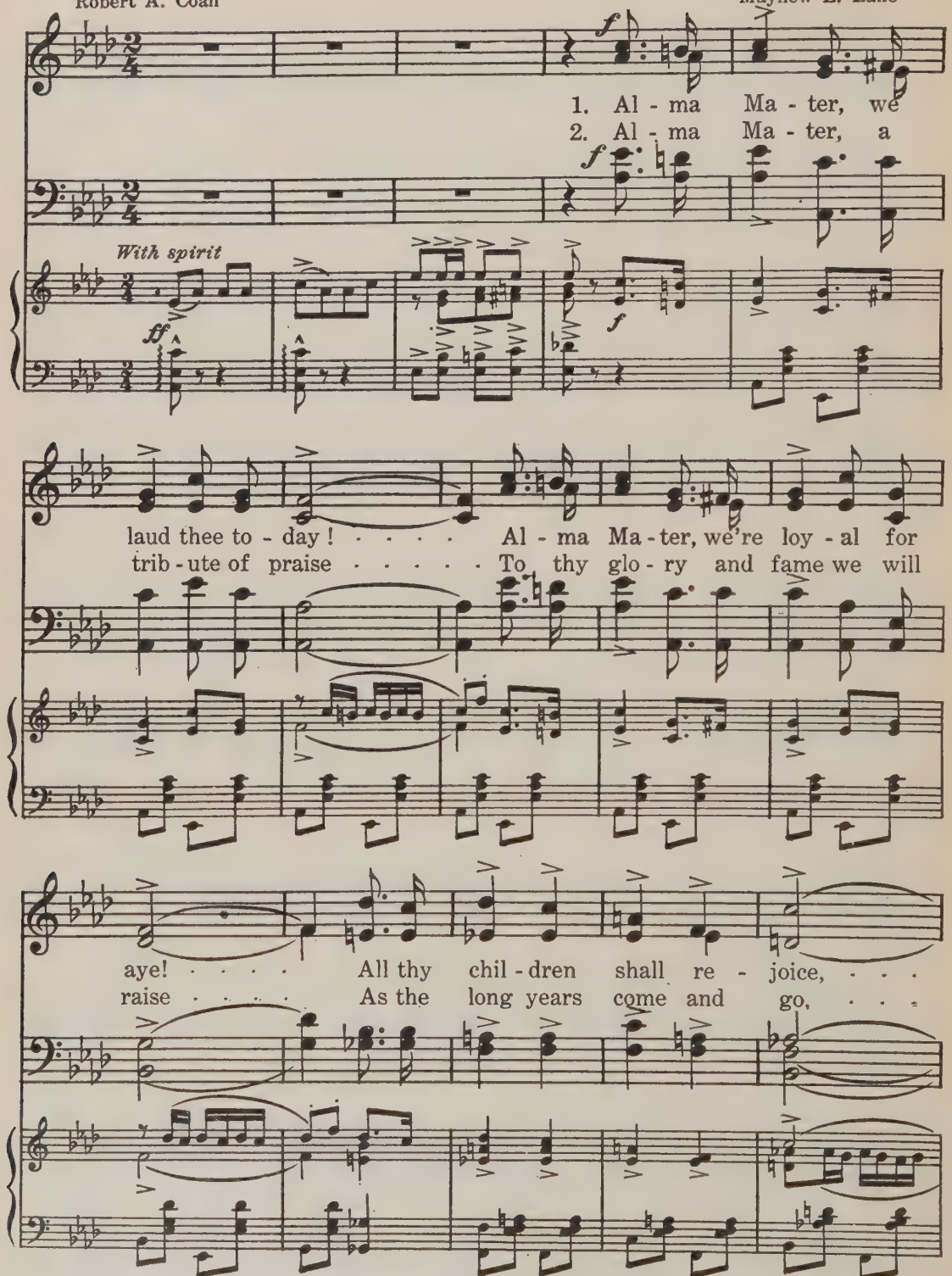



And gath - er them to - geth - er,
peo - ple
And gath-er them to -
And gath - er them to - geth - - - - - - - - er, and
gath - er them to - geth - er with - in, ... with - in thy
geth - - - - - er . . . with - in - - - - - - thy
gath - er them to - geth - er.
dwell - - - ing.
Hear us, hear us, Lord, and
dwell-ing. Hear us, Lord, and save us and tar -
tar - ry not lon - ger, and tar - ry not lon -
tar - - - - - - ry not lon - ger, and tar - - - - - ry not
- - - - - - - - - - ry not lon - ger, and tar - - - - - ry not
ger,
lon - ger, And tar - - - - - ry not lon - ger.
lon - ger, And tar - - - - ry not lon - - - ger.

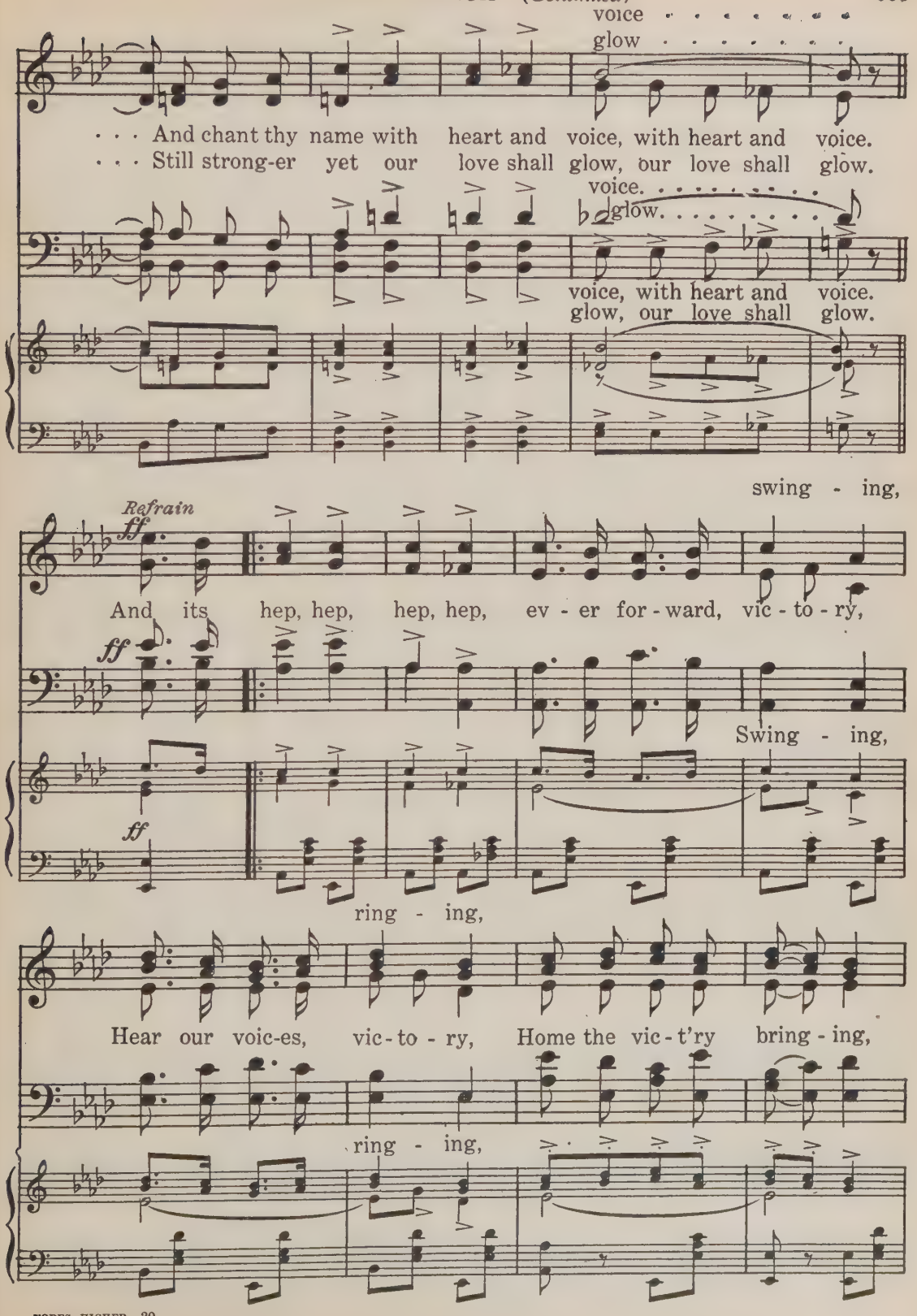
VICTORY MARCH

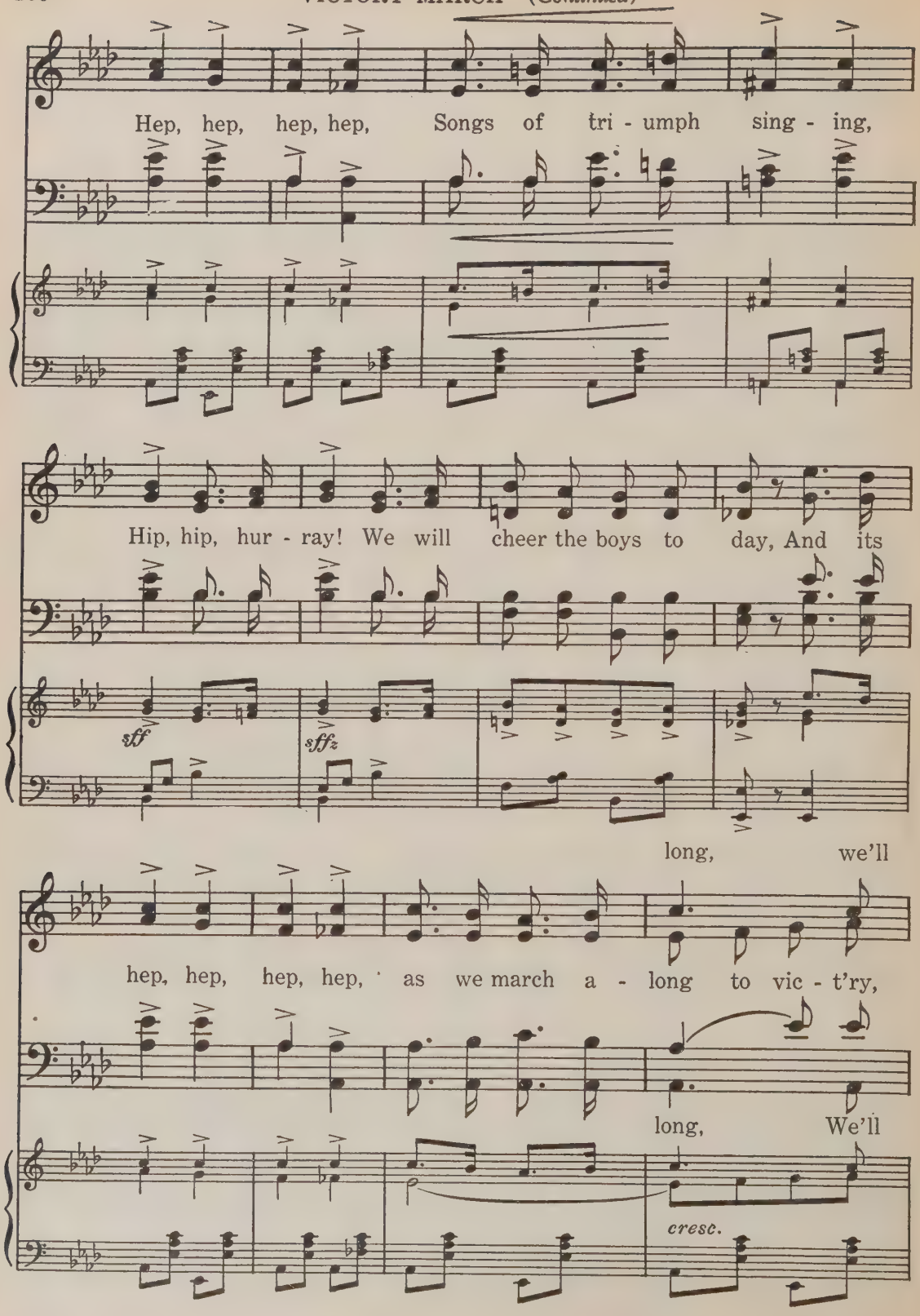
Robert A. Coan

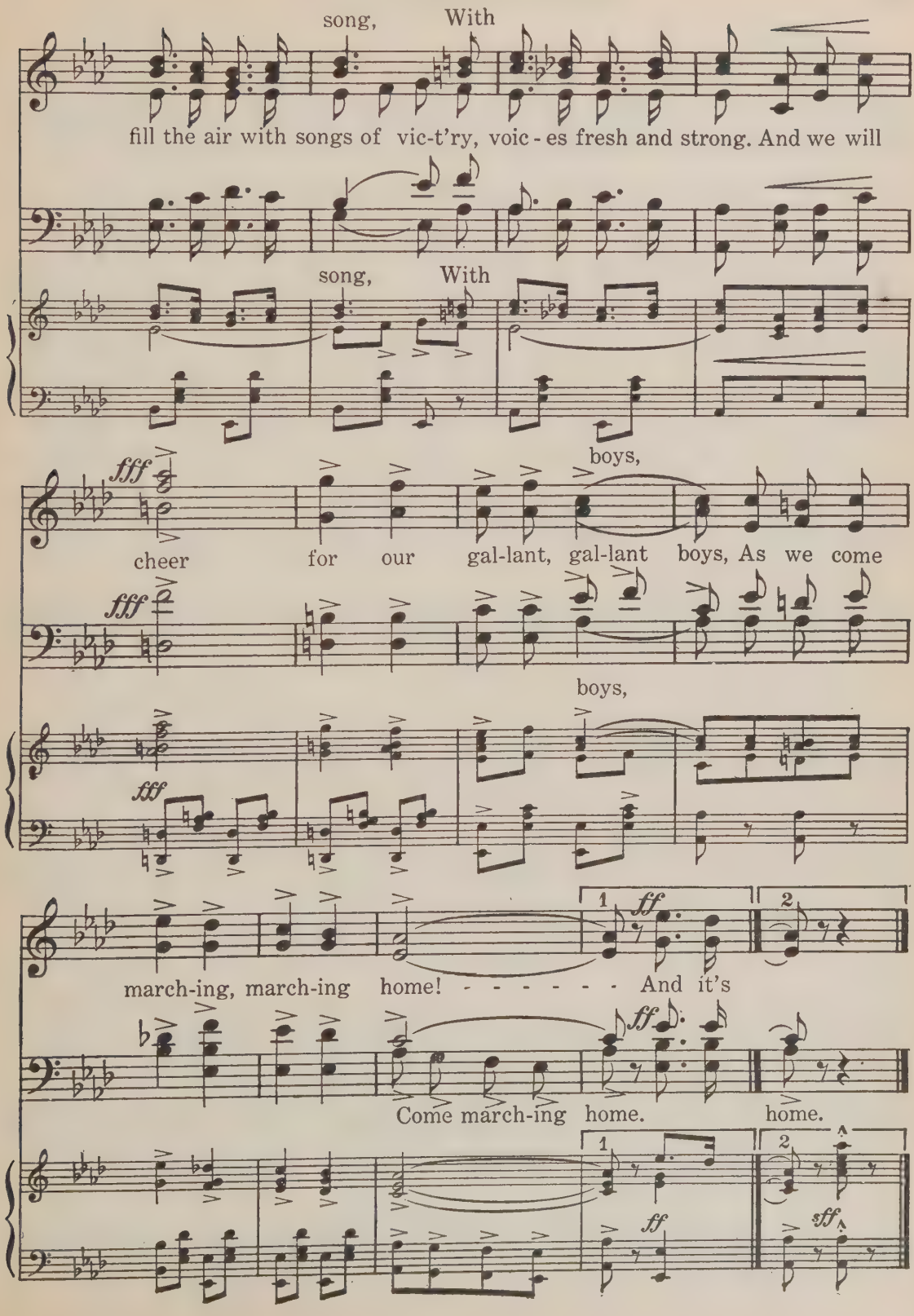
Mayhew L. Lake



NOTE: If a sufficient number of tenors is available, they should be divided, one half singing the tenor part, the other the soprano (melody) part.

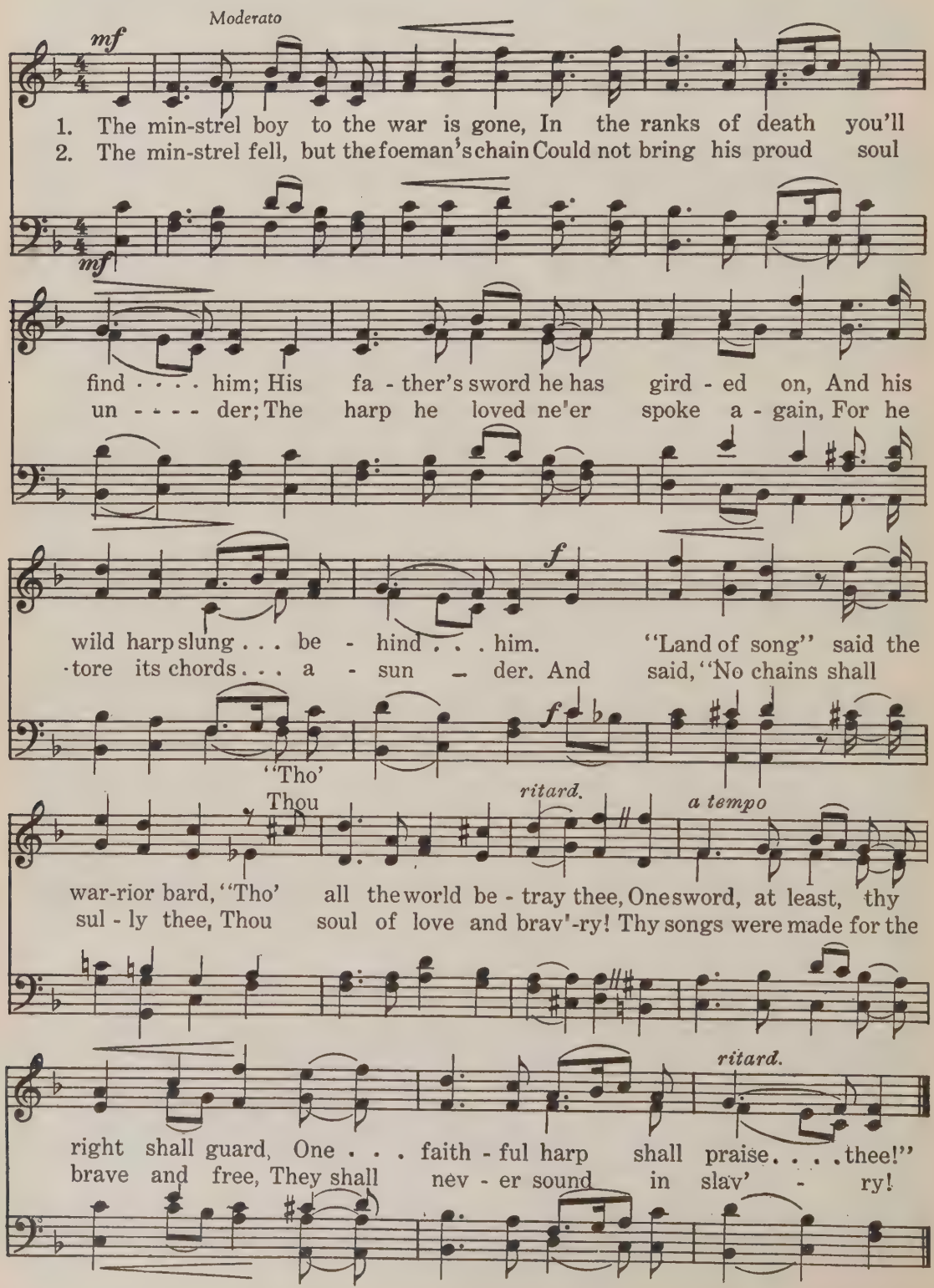

voice
glow
. . . And chant thy name with heart and voice, with heart and voice.
. . . Still strong-er yet our love shall glow, our love shall glow.
voice.
glow.
voice, with heart and voice.
glow, our love shall glow.
swing - ing,
Refrain
ff
And its hep, hep, hep, hep, ev - er for - ward, vic - to - ry,
Swing - ing,
ring - ing,
Hear our voic-es, vic - to - ry, Home the vic - t'ry bring - ing,
ring - ing,


Hep, hep, hep, hep, Songs of tri - umph sing - ing,
Hip, hip, hur - ray! We will cheer the boys to day, And its
sff
sffz
long, we'll
hep, hep, hep, hep, as we march a - long to vic - t'ry,
long, We'll
cresc.


song, With
fill the air with songs of vic-t'ry, voic - es fresh and strong. And we will
song, With
boys,
fff
cheer for our gal-lant, gal-lant boys, As we come
fff
boys,
fff
1
ff
2
march-ing, march-ing home! - - - - - - And it's
ff
Come march-ing home. home.
1
ff
2
sff

THE MINSTREL BOY

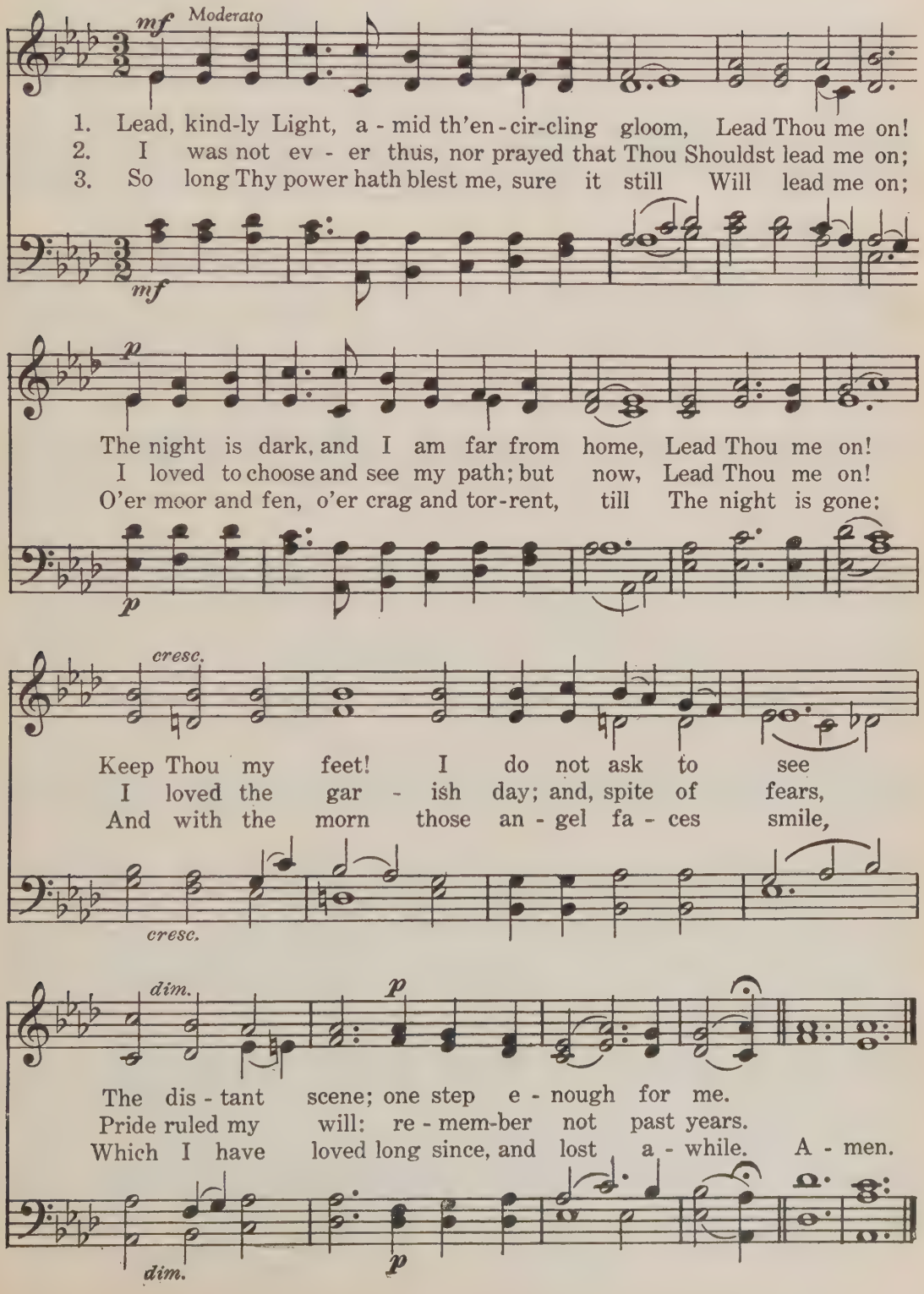
Thomas Moore — Irish Melody



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman

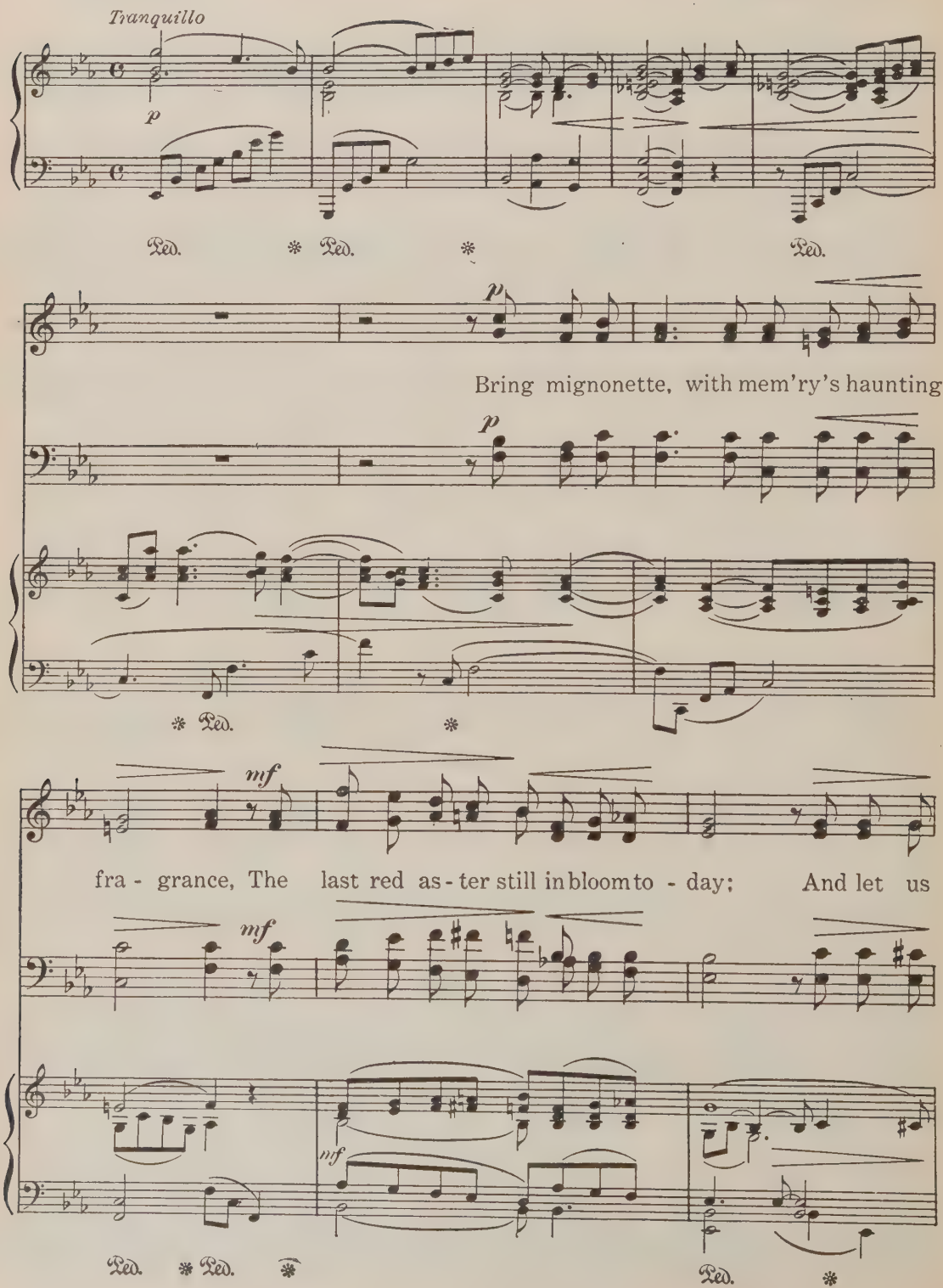
John B. Dykes

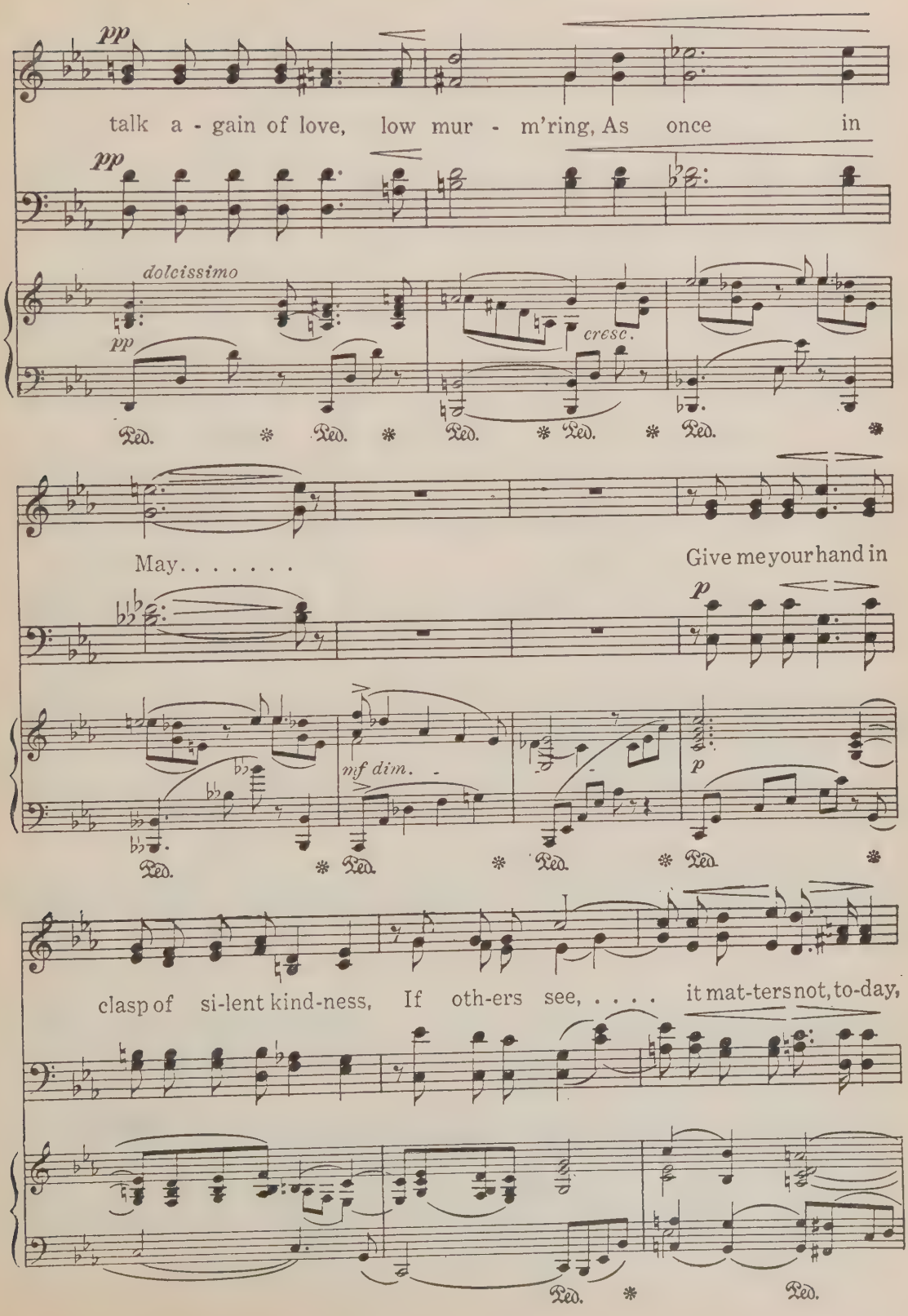


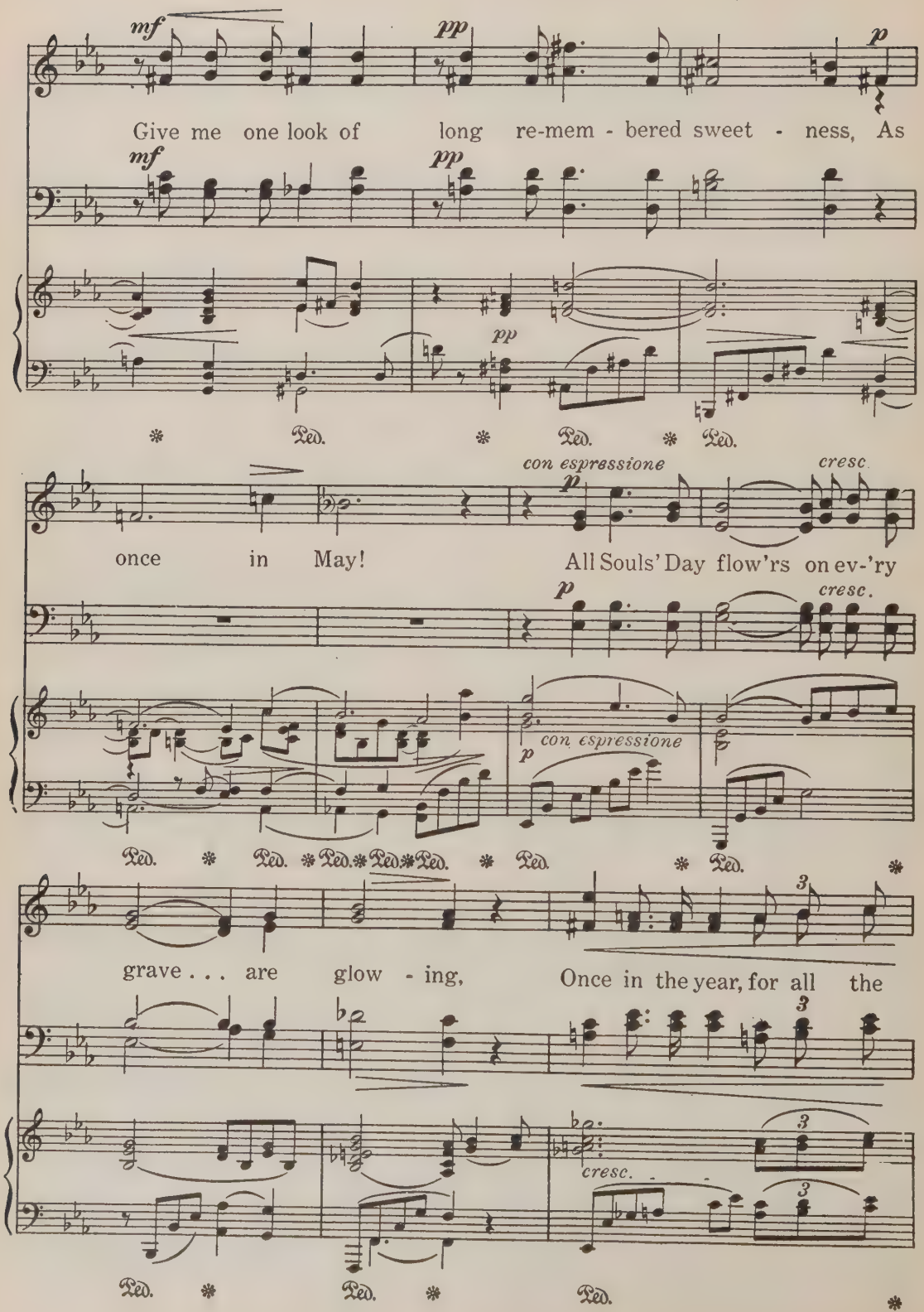
ALL SOULS' DAY

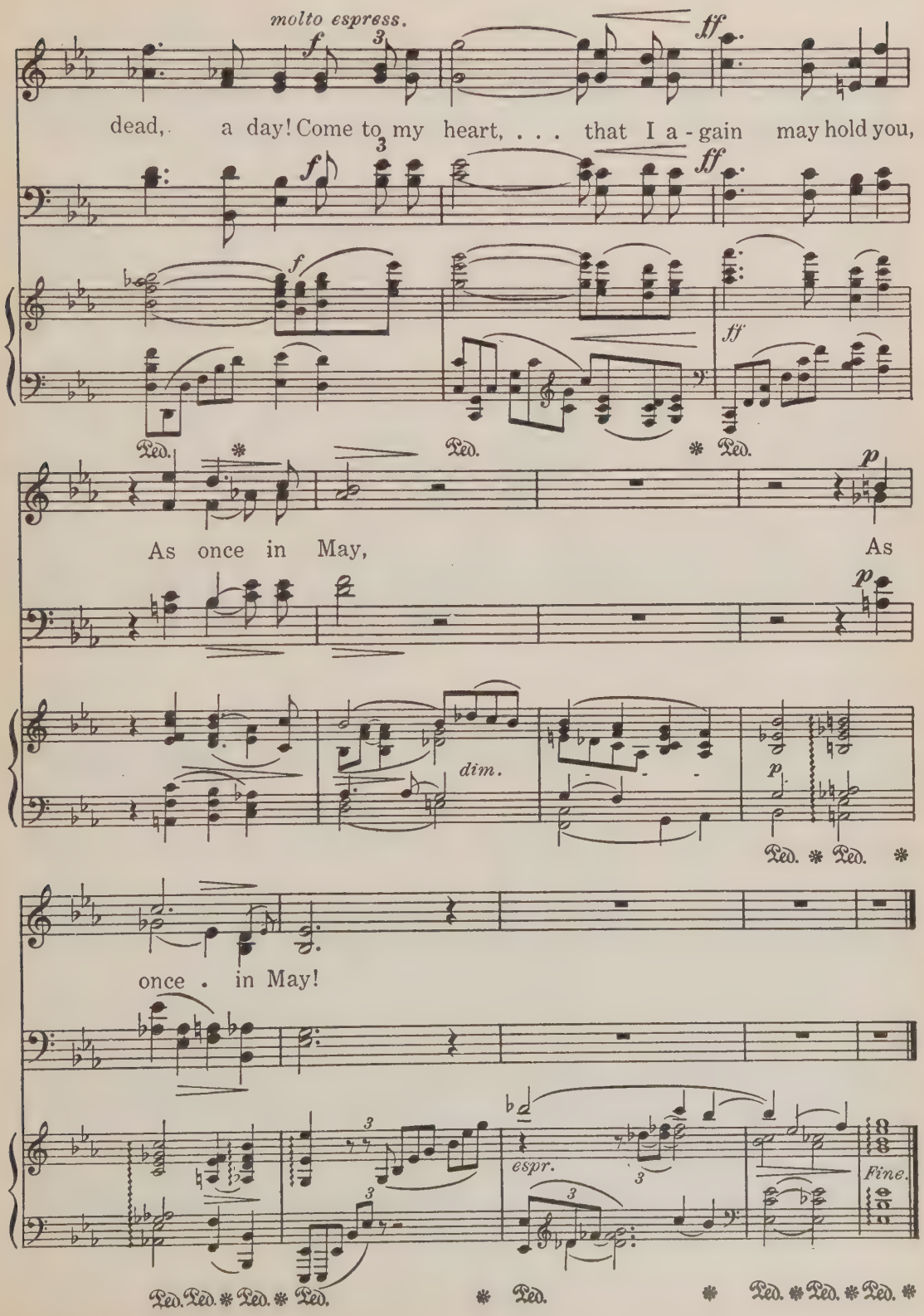
From the German

Richard Strauss



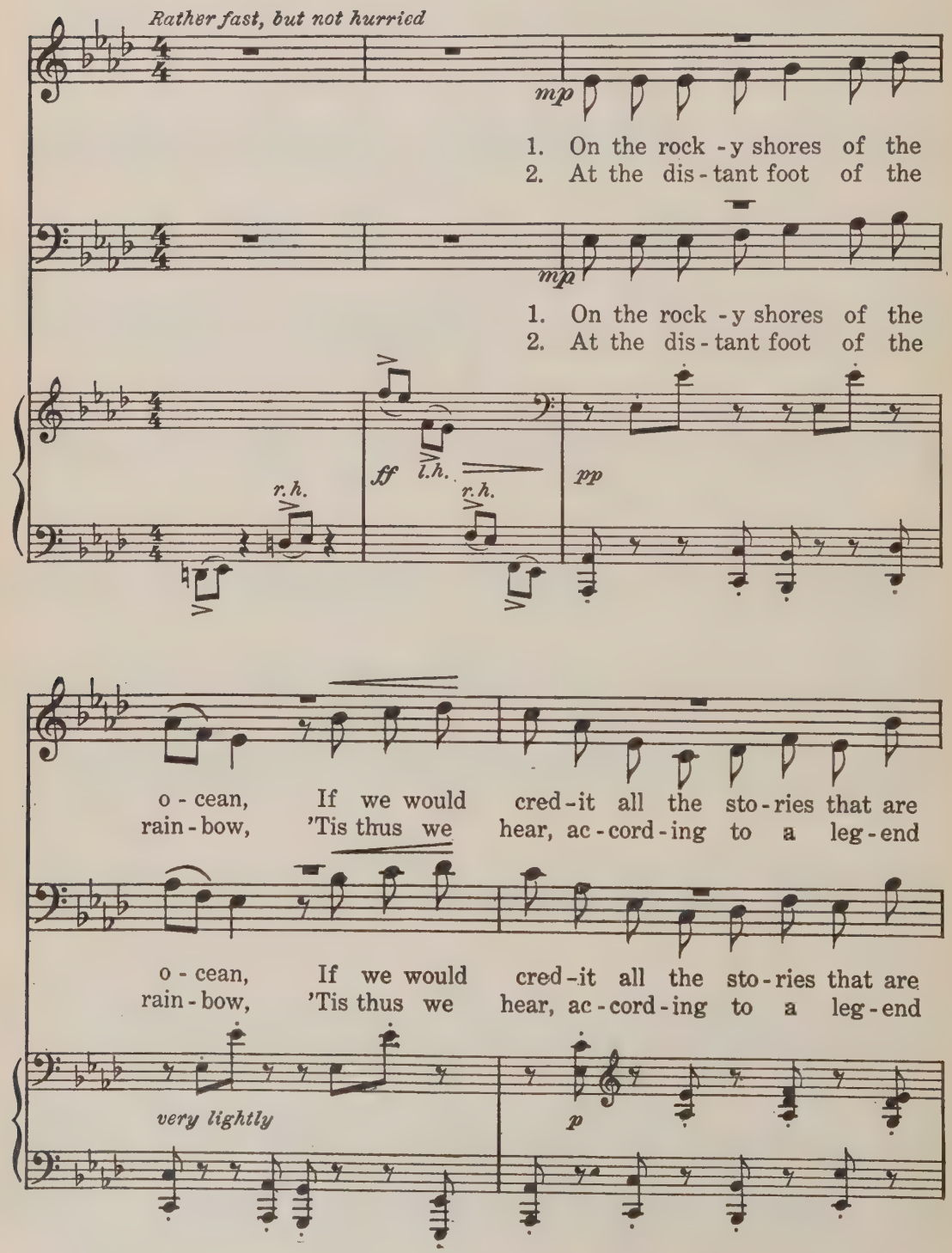

pp
talk a - gain of love, low mur - m'ring, As once in
pp
dolcissimo
pp
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
May. . . . . .
Give me your hand in
p
mf dim.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
clasp of si-lent kind-ness, If oth-ers see, ... it mat-ters not, to-day,
Ped. * Ped. *

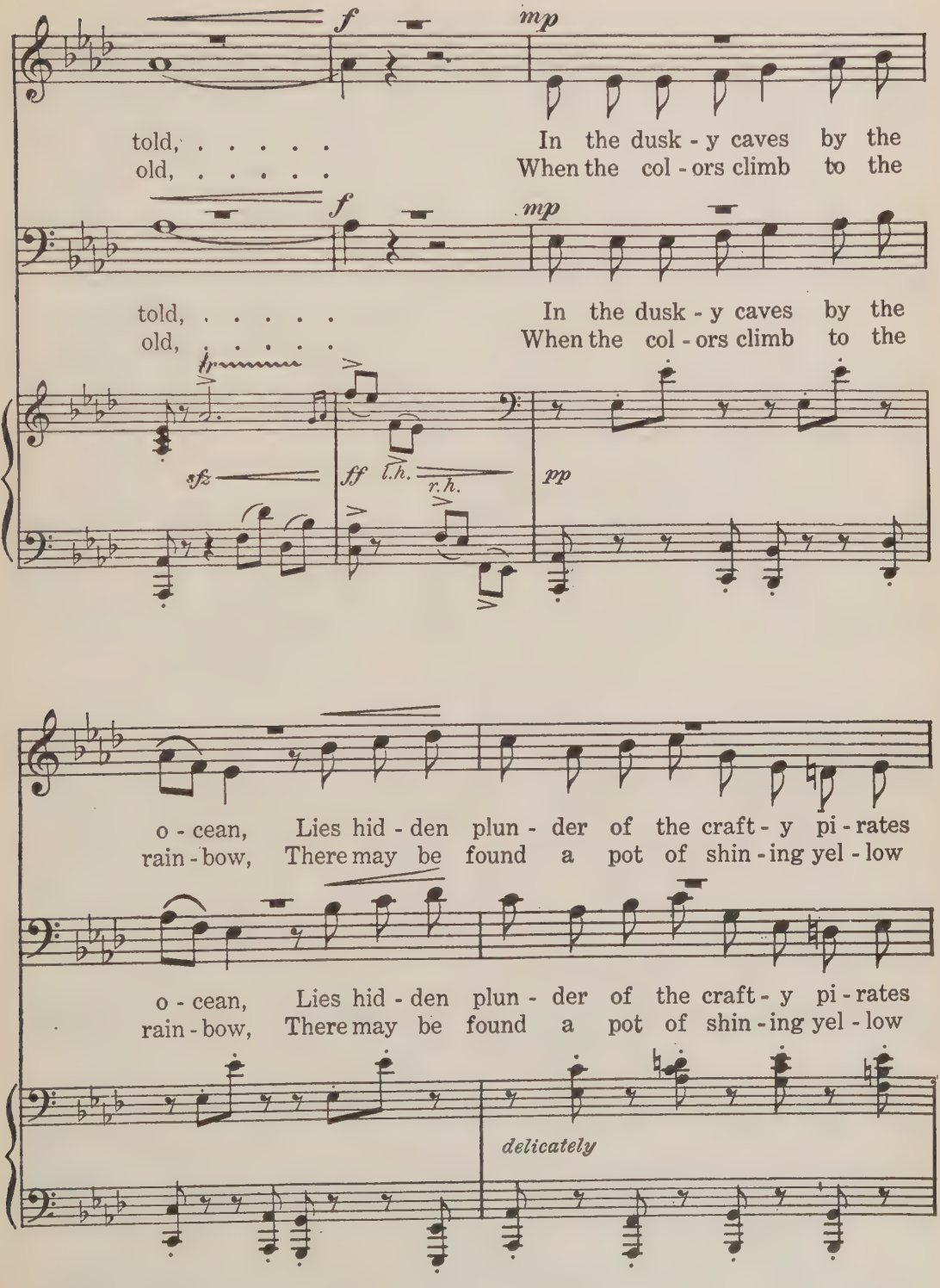

mf
pp
p
Give me one look of long re-mem - bered sweet - ness, As
mf
pp
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
con espressione
p
cresc.
once in May! All Souls' Day flow'rs on ev-'ry
p
cresc.
p
con espressione
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
3
grave . . . are glow - ing, Once in the year, for all the
3
3
cresc.
3
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

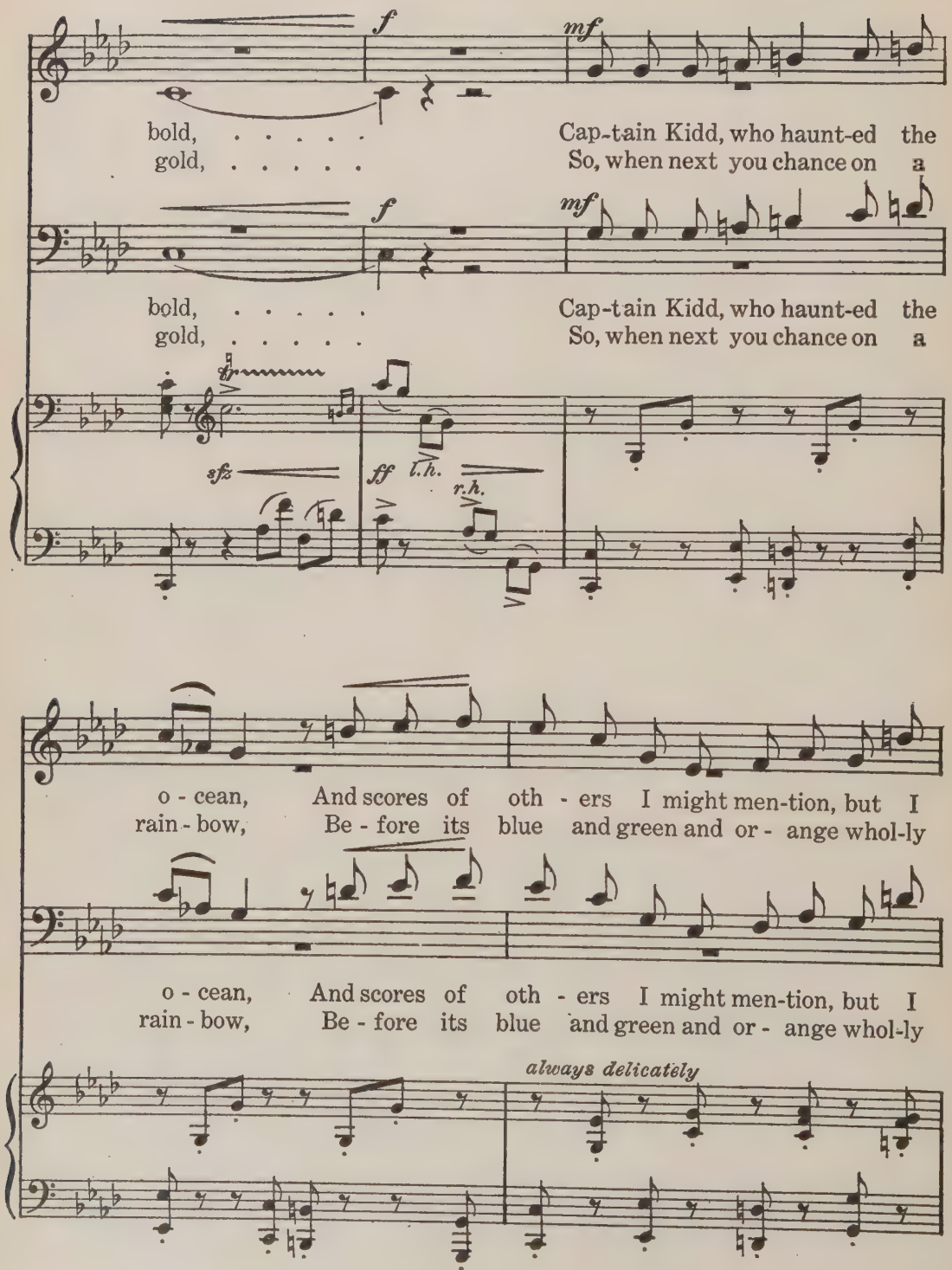

molto espress.
dead, a day! Come to my heart, . . . that I a - gain may hold you,
As once in May, As
dim.
once . in May!
espr.
Fine.
Ped.

RAINBOW GOLD.

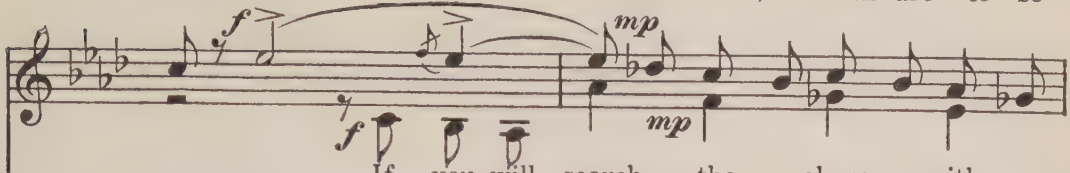
Benjamin Godard
From *Dante*




told, ... In the dusk - y caves by the
old, ... When the col - ors climb to the
told, ... In the dusk - y caves by the
old, ... When the col - ors climb to the
o - cean, Lies hid - den plun - der of the craft - y pi - rates
rain - bow, There may be found a pot of shin - ing yel - low
o - cean, Lies hid - den plun - der of the craft - y pi - rates
rain - bow, There may be found a pot of shin - ing yel - low
delicately

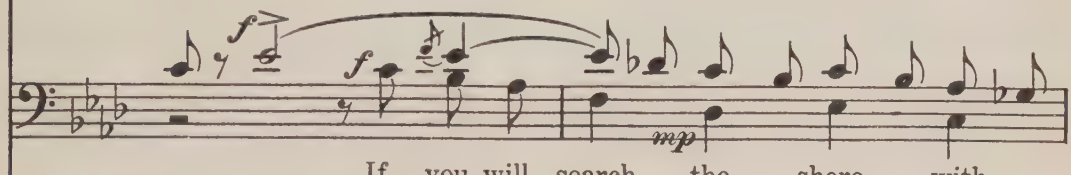

f
mf
bold, ...
gold, ...
Cap-tain Kidd, who haunt-ed the
So, when next you chance on a
f
mf
bold, ...
gold, ...
Cap-tain Kidd, who haunt-ed the
So, when next you chance on a
fz
sfz
ff
l.h.
r.h.
o - cean, And scores of oth - ers I might men-tion, but I
rain - bow, Be - fore its blue and green and or - ange whol-ly
o - cean, And scores of oth - ers I might men-tion, but I
rain - bow, Be - fore its blue and green and or - ange whol-ly
always delicately

won't, Ah, ... If you will search the shore with
melts, Ah, ... Make haste, its treas-ure to se -

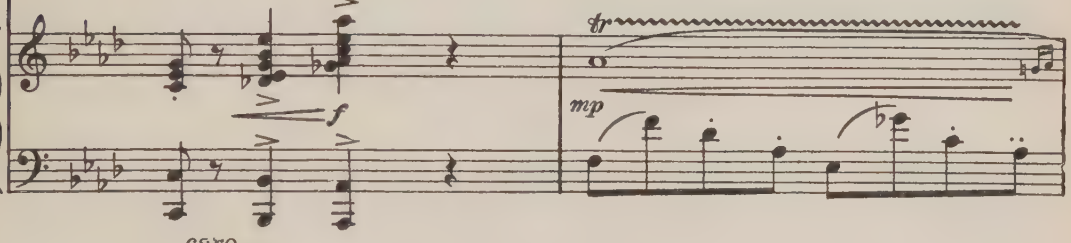


If you will search the shore with
Make haste its treas - ure to se -

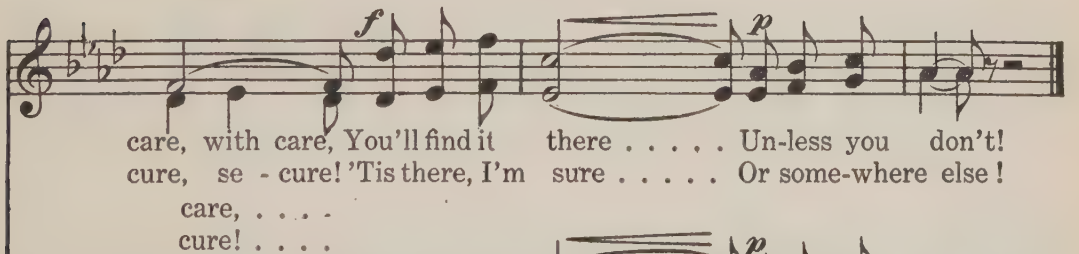
won't, Ah, ... If you will search the shore with
melts, Ah, ... Make haste, its treas-ure to se -



If you will search the shore with
Make haste its treas - ure to se -

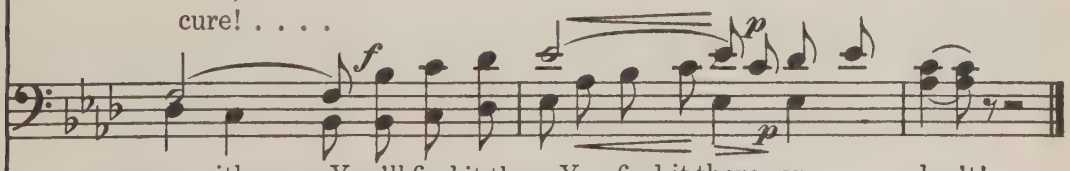


care, . . .
cure! . . . .

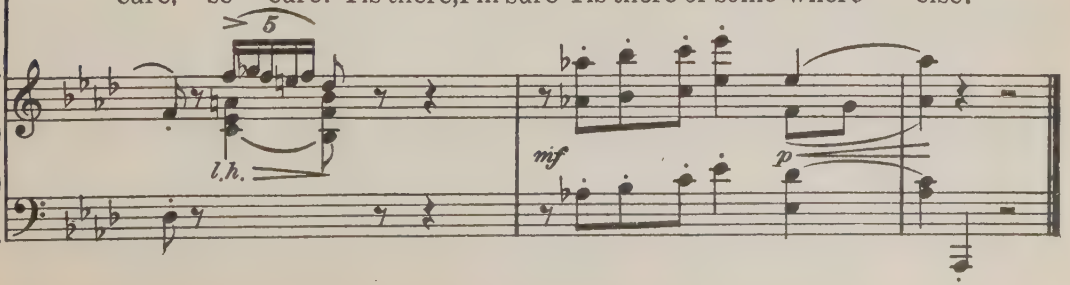


care, with care, You'll find it there . . . . . Un-less you don't!
cure, se - cure! 'Tis there, I'm sure . . . . . Or some-where else!

care, ...
cure! . . . .

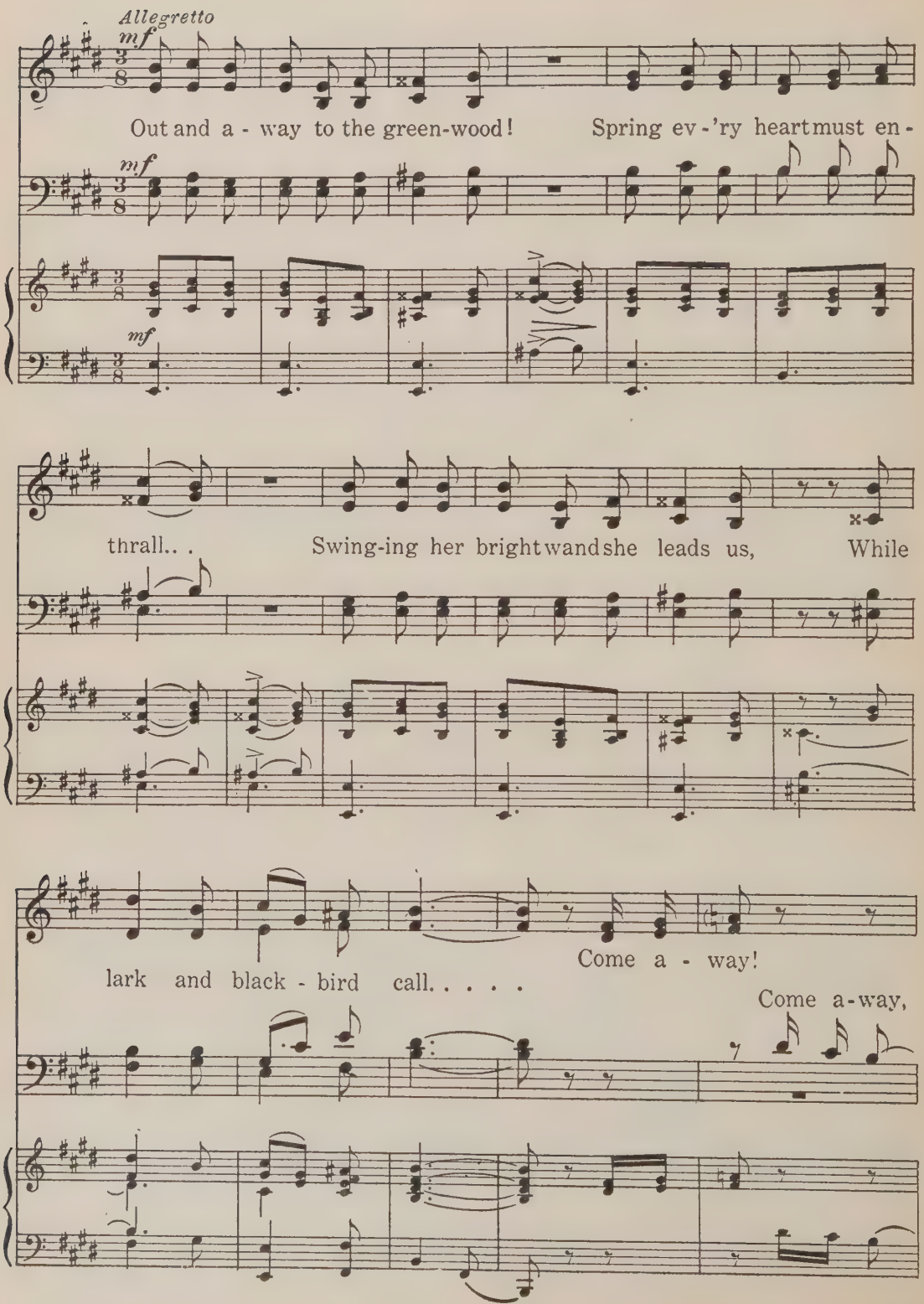


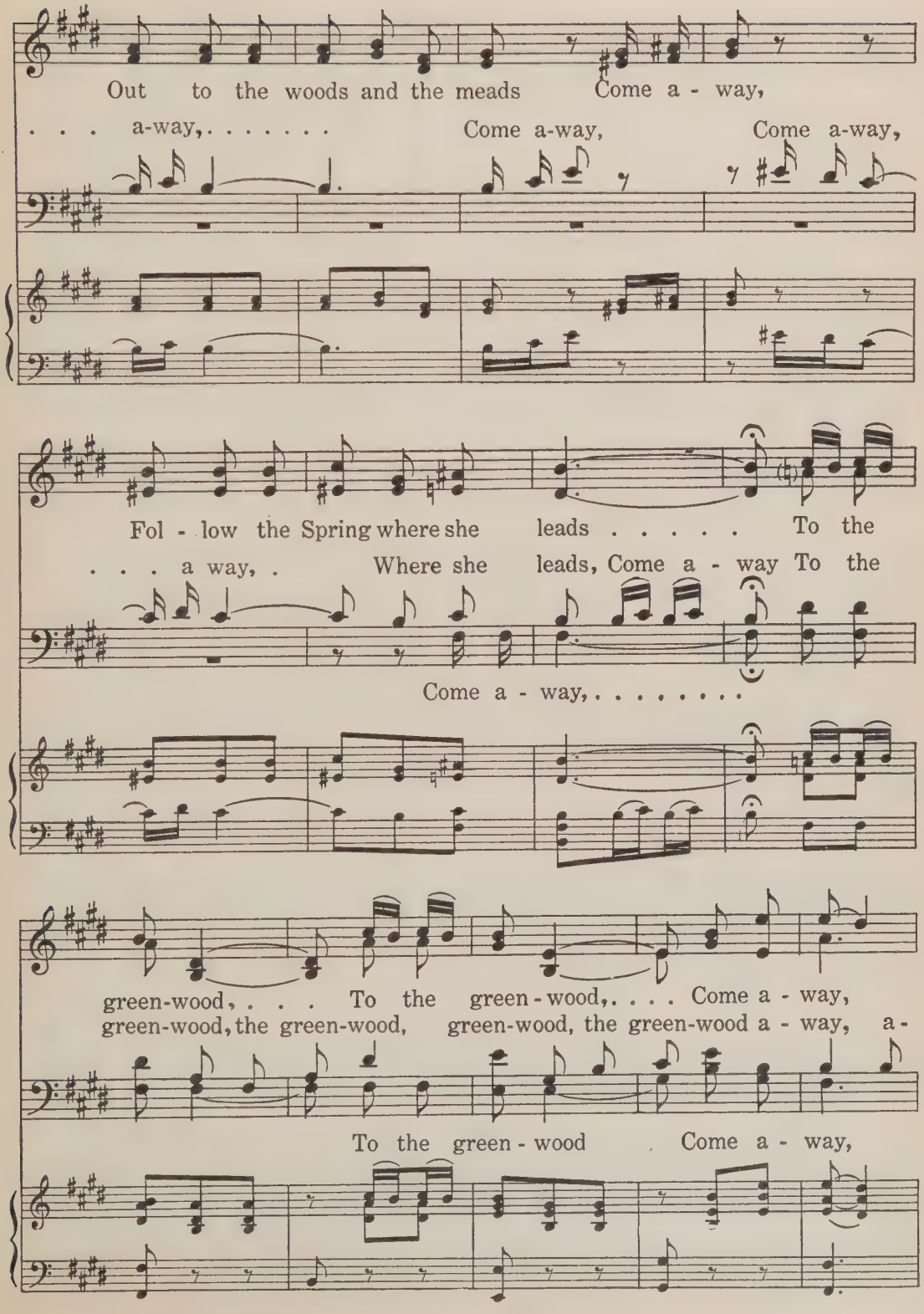
care, with care, You'll find it there, You find it there, or don't!
cure, se - cure! 'Tis there, I'm sure 'Tis there or some-where else!

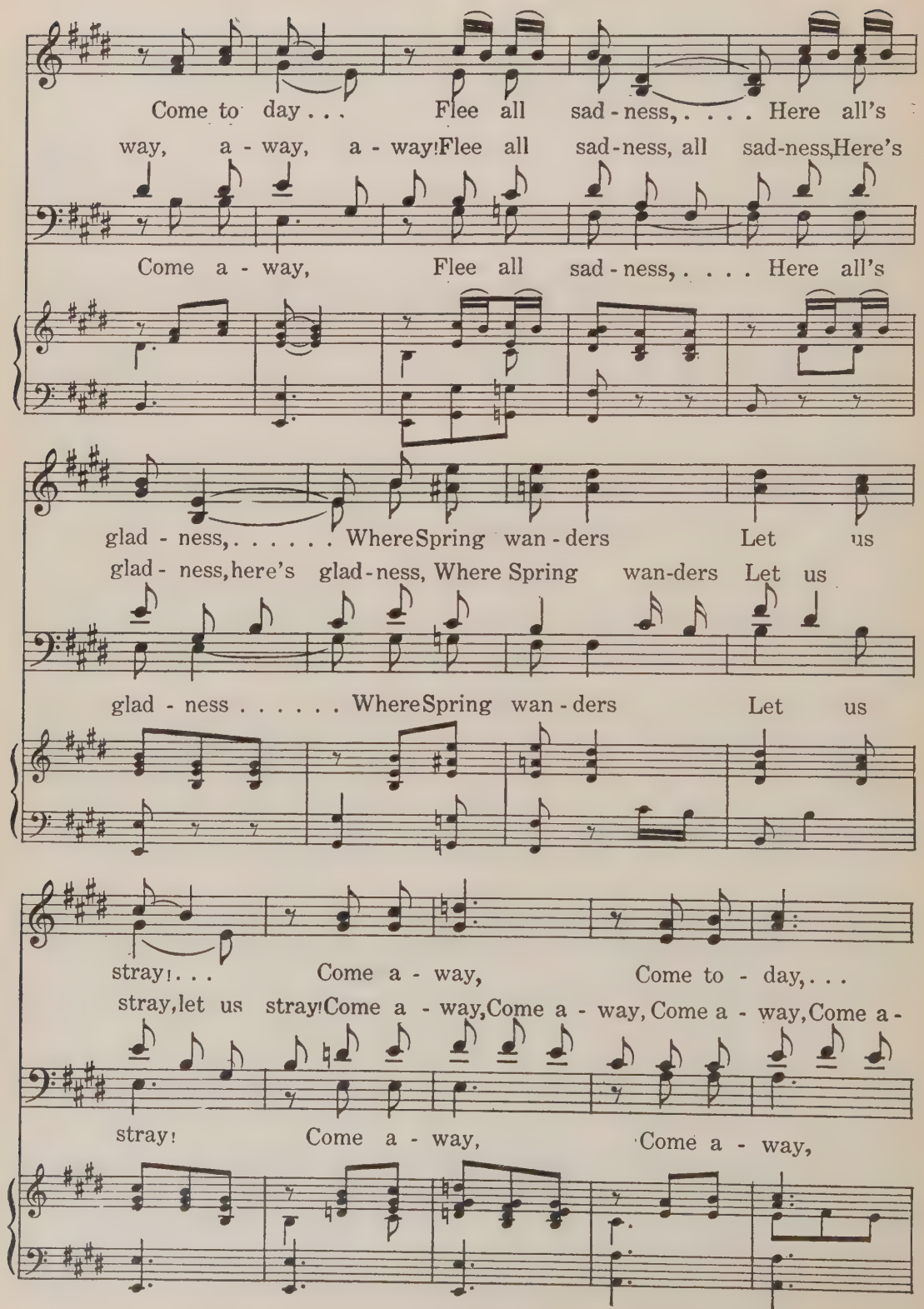


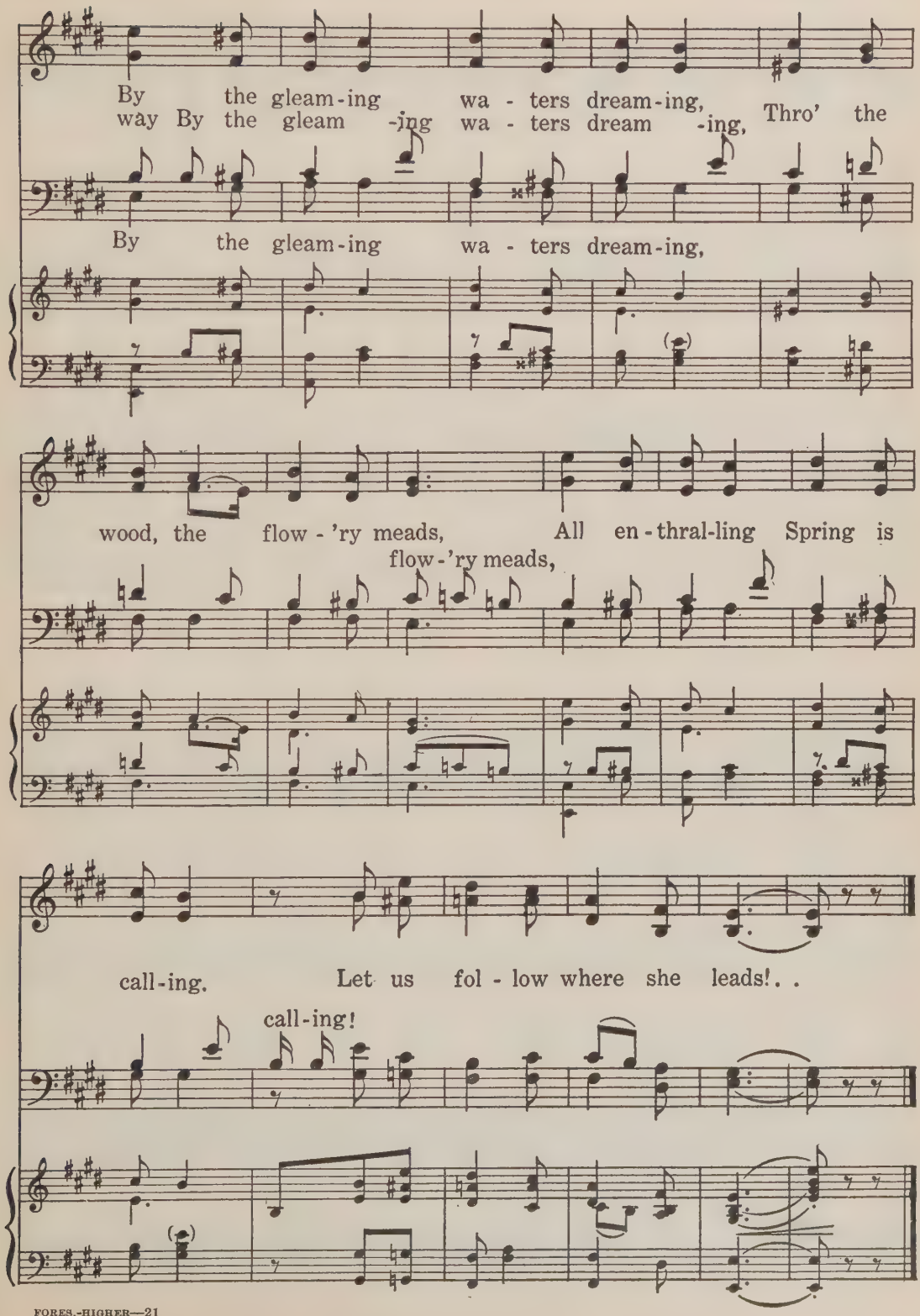
OUT AND AWAY

Spanish Folk Song



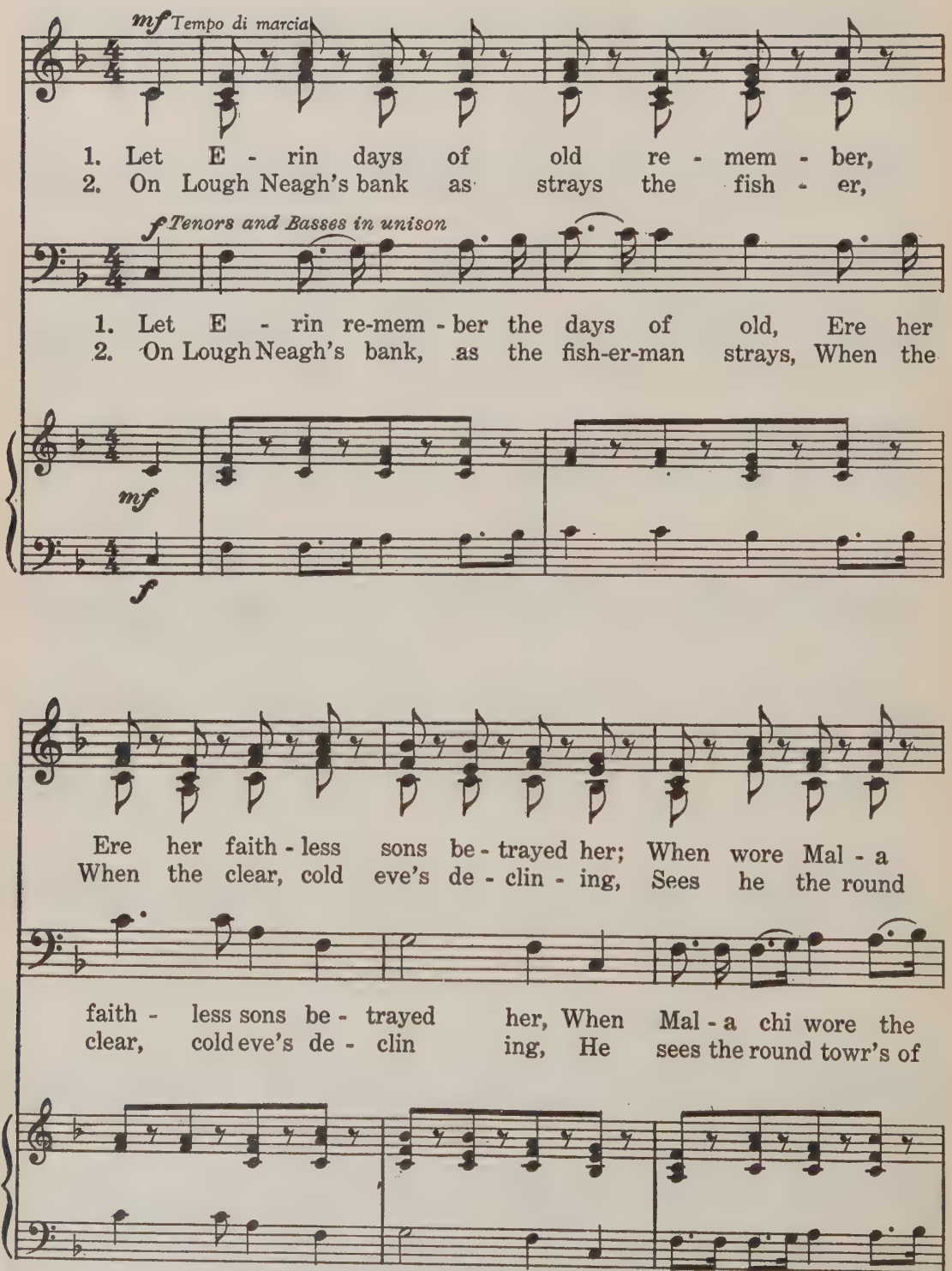

Out to the woods and the meads Come a - way,
. . . a-way, ... Come a-way, Come a-way,
Fol - low the Spring where she leads . . . . . To the
. . . a way, . Where she leads, Come a - way To the
Come a - way, ...
green-wood, . . . To the green - wood, ... Come a - way,
green-wood, the green-wood, green-wood, the green-wood a - way, a -
To the green - wood Come a - way,

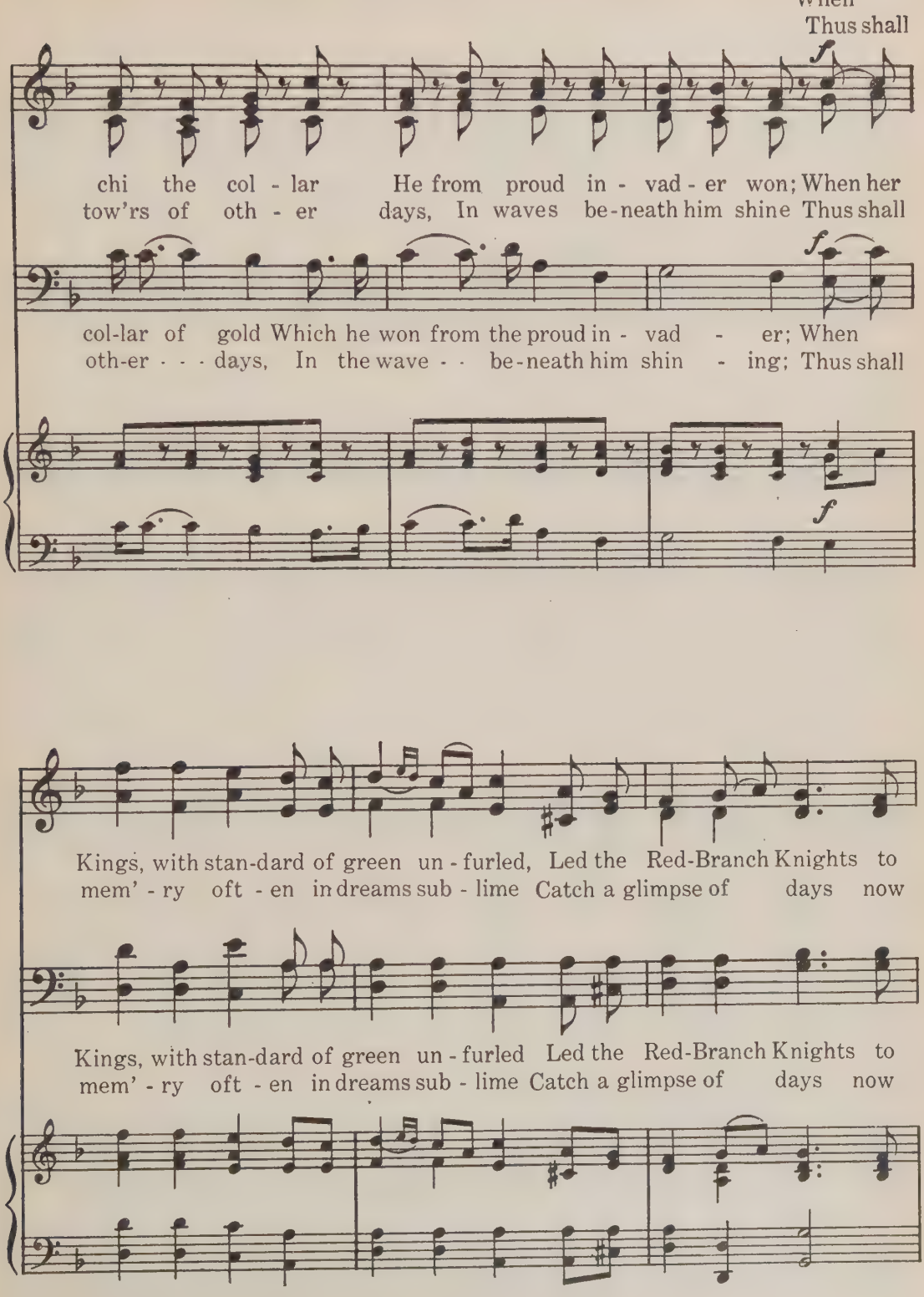

Come to day . . . Flee all sad - ness, ... Here all's
way, a - way, a - way! Flee all sad - ness, all sad - ness, Here's
Come a - way, Flee all sad - ness, ... Here all's
glad - ness, ... Where Spring wan - ders Let us
glad - ness, here's glad - ness, Where Spring wan - ders Let us
glad - ness . . . . . Where Spring wan - ders Let us
stray! . . . Come a - way, Come to - day, . . .
stray, let us stray! Come a - way, Come a - way, Come a - way, Come a -
stray! Come a - way, Come a - way,

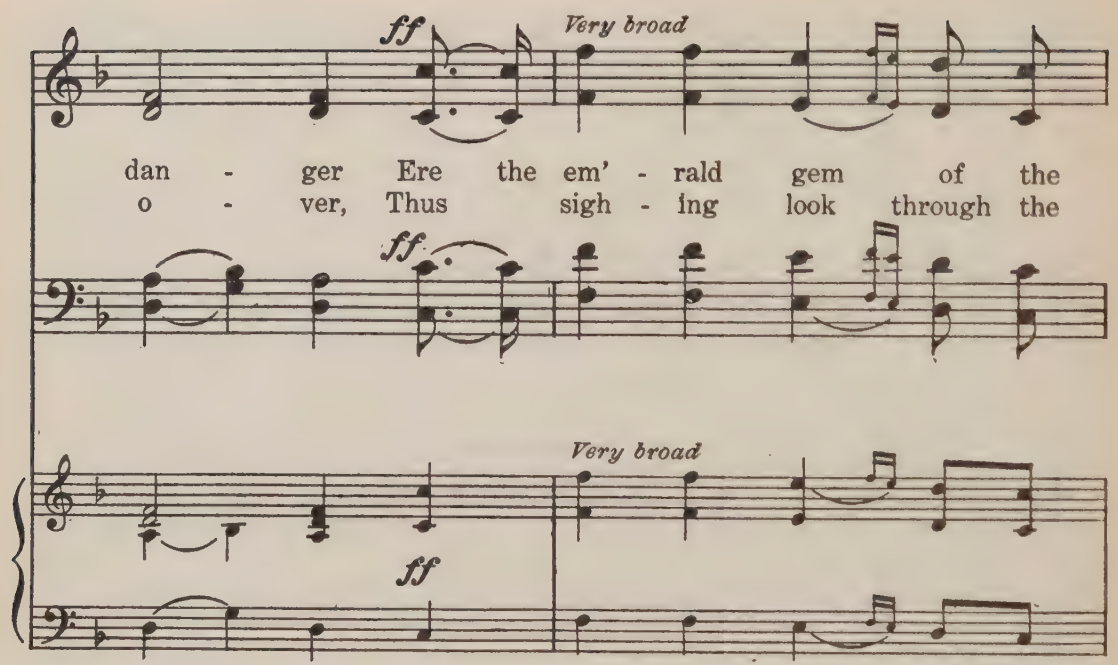

By the gleam-ing wa - ters dream-ing,
way By the gleam -ing wa - ters dream -ing, Thro' the
By the gleam-ing wa - ters dream-ing,
wood, the flow - 'ry meads, All en-thral-ling Spring is
flow-'ry meads,
call-ing. Let us fol - low where she leads!. .
call-ing!

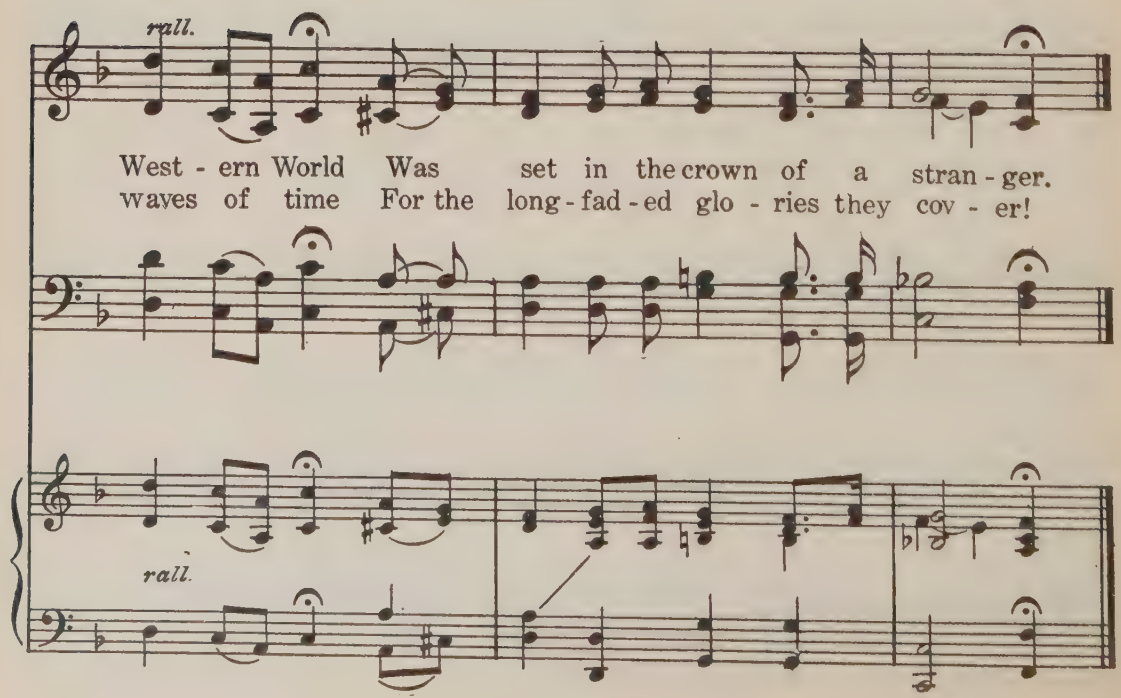
LET ERIN REMEMBER

Thomas Moore — Irish Folk Song



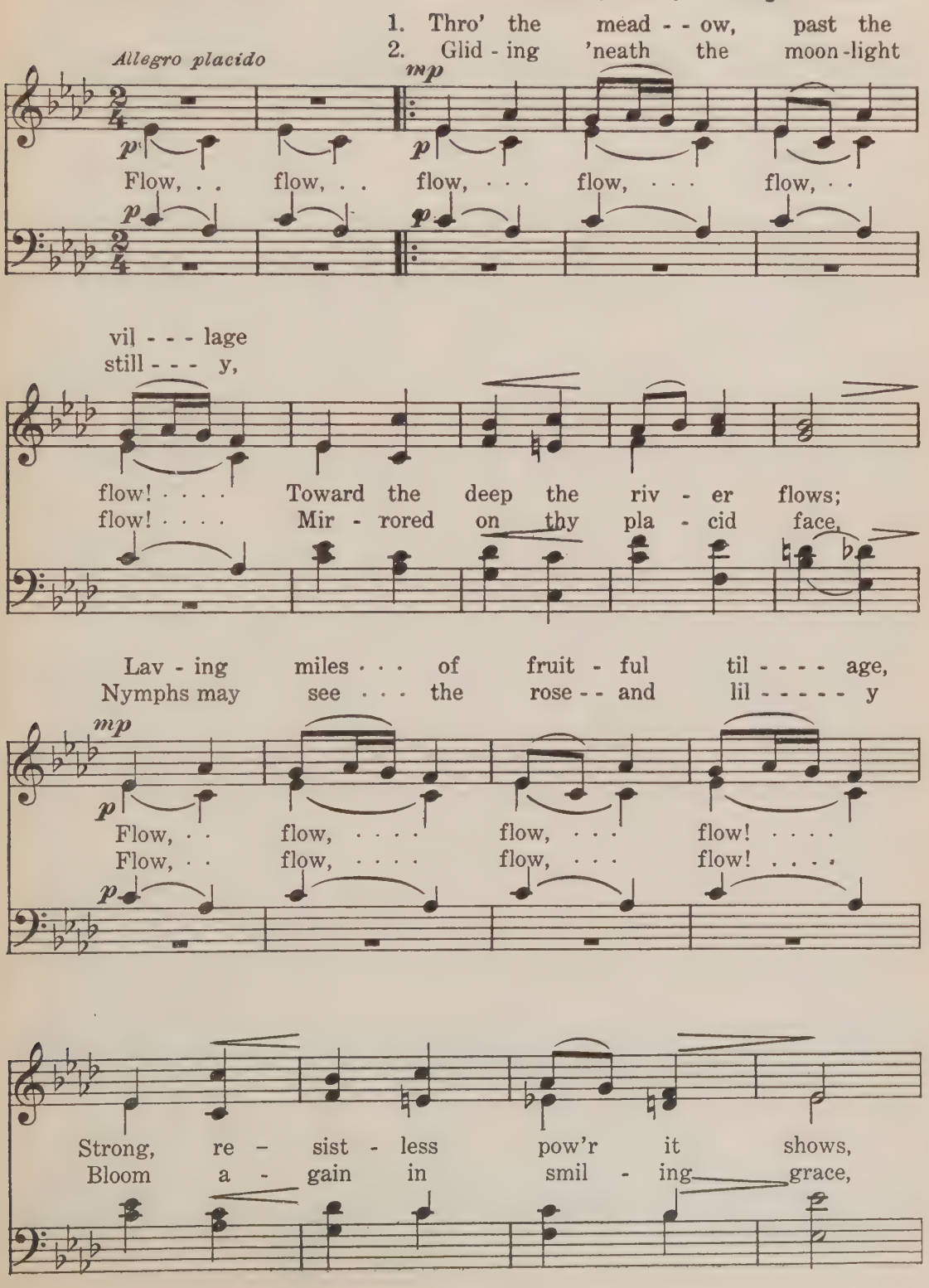

When
Thus shall
chi the col - lar He from proud in - vad - er won; When her
tow'rs of oth - er days, In waves be-neath him shine Thus shall
col-lar of gold Which he won from the proud in - vad - er; When
oth-er - - - days, In the wave - - be-neath him shin - ing; Thus shall
Kings, with stan-dard of green un - furled, Led the Red-Branch Knights to
mem' - ry oft - en in dreams sub - lime Catch a glimpse of days now
Kings, with stan-dard of green un - furled Led the Red-Branch Knights to
mem' - ry oft - en in dreams sub - lime Catch a glimpse of days now

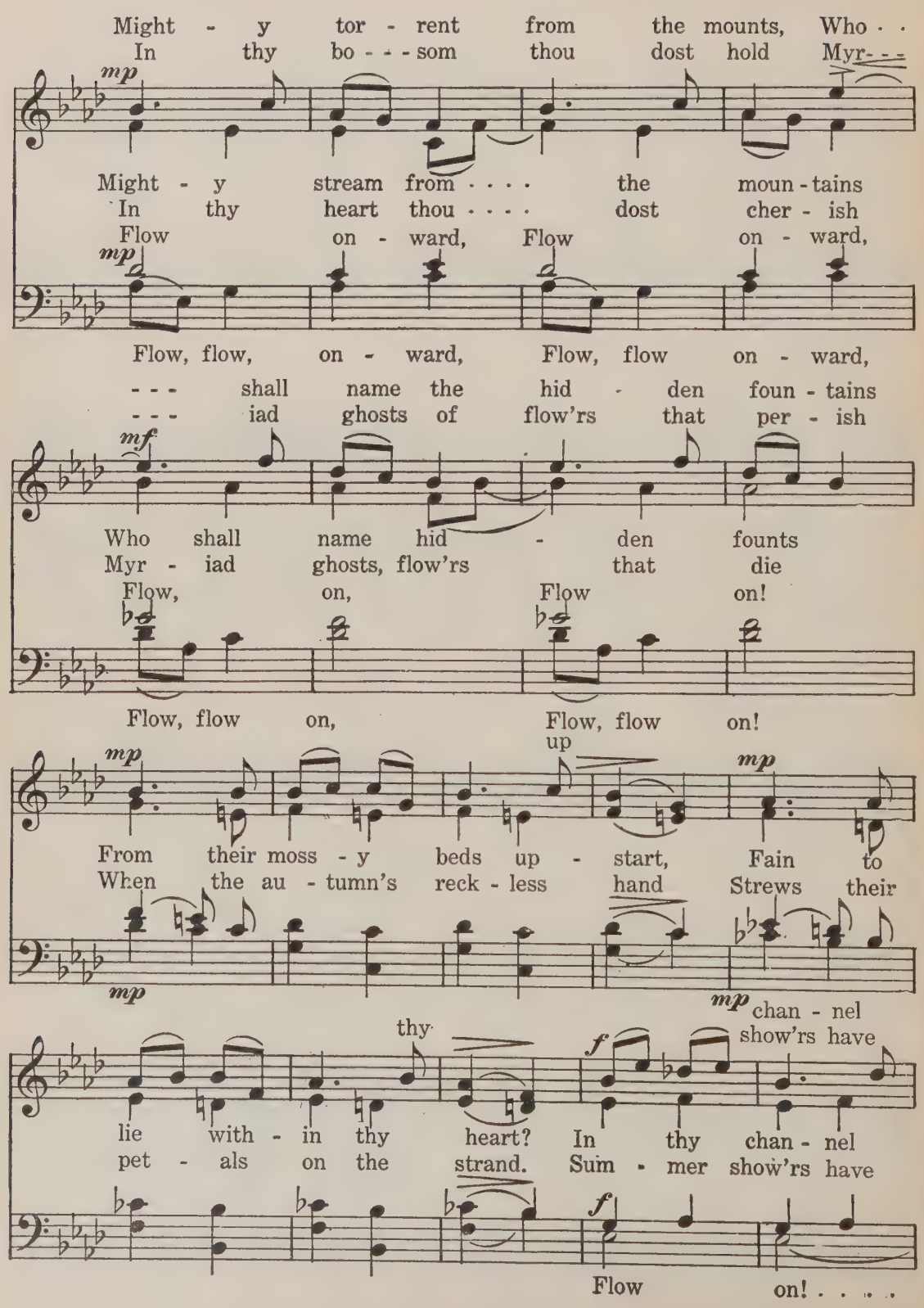

ff
Very broad
dan - ger Ere the em' - rald gem of the
o - ver, Thus sigh - ing look through the
ff
Very broad
ff

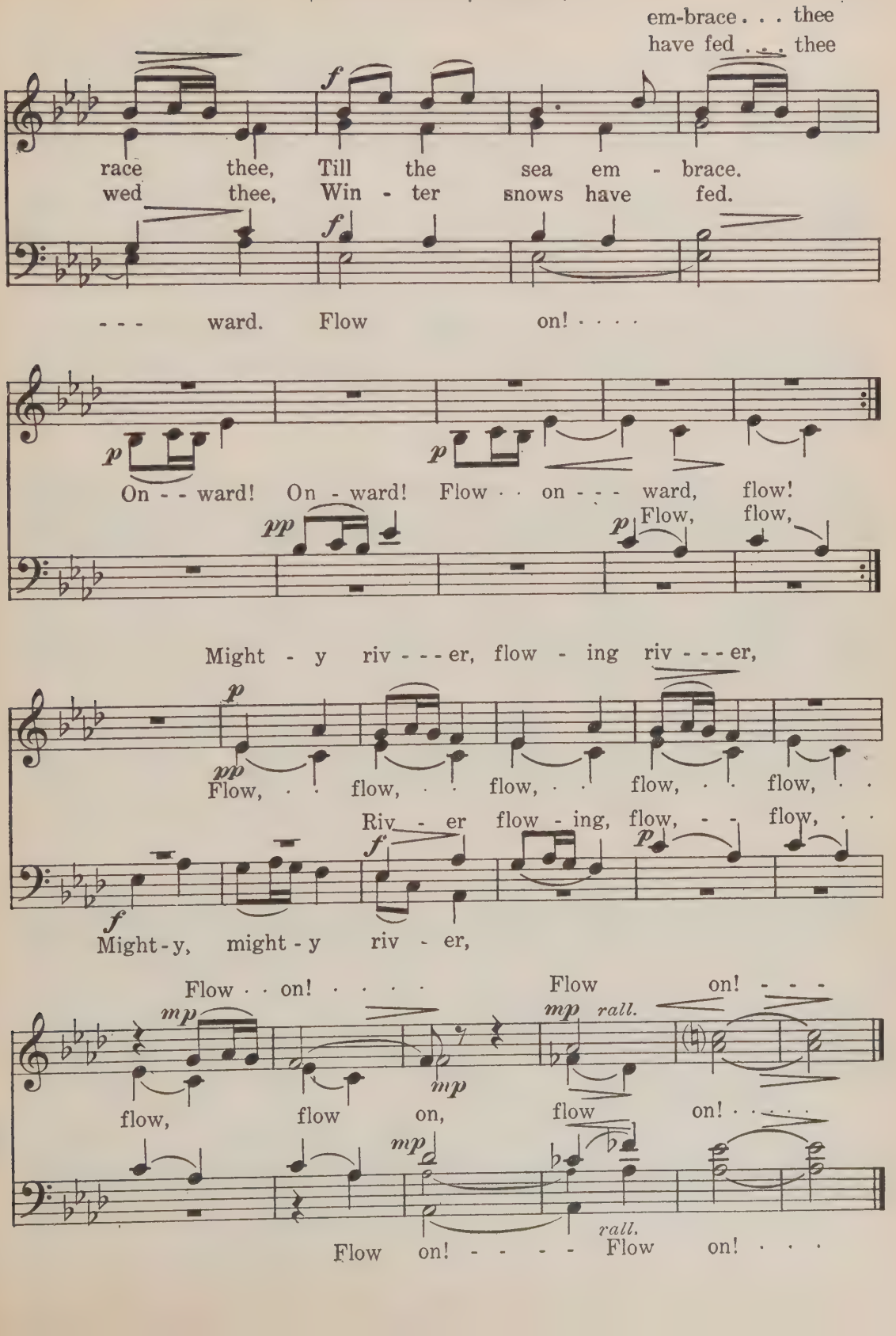

rall.
West - ern World Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
waves of time For the long - fad - ed glo - ries they cov - er!
rall.

Felix Goddard

A. Gretchaninoff
Adapted by Harvey Worthington Loomis



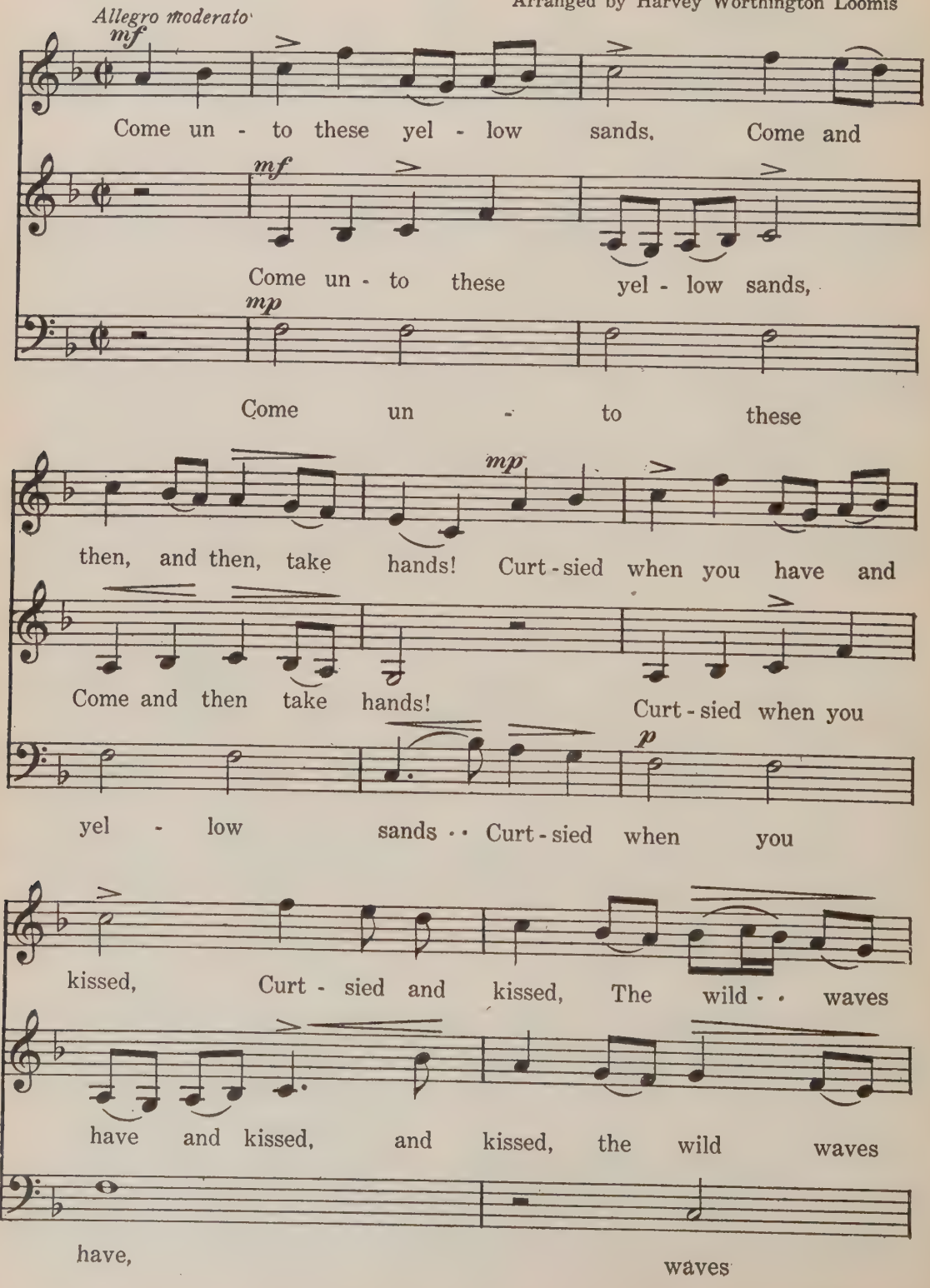

Might - y tor - rent from the mounts, Who - -
In thy bo - - - som thou dost hold Myr- - -
mp
Might - y stream from - - - - the moun - tains
In thy heart thou - - - - dost cher - ish
Flow on - ward, Flow on - ward,
mp
Flow, flow, on - ward, Flow, flow on - ward,
- - - shall name the hid - den foun - tains
- - - iad ghosts of flow'rs that per - ish
mf
Who shall name hid - den founts
Myr - iad ghosts, flow'rs that die
Flow, on, Flow on!
Flow, flow on, Flow, flow on!
up
mp
From their moss - y beds up - start, Fain to
When the au - tumn's reck - less hand Strews their
mp
mp chan - nel
thy
show'rs have
f
lie with - in thy heart? In thy chan - nel
pet - als on the strand. Sum - mer show'rs have
f
Flow on! . . . . .

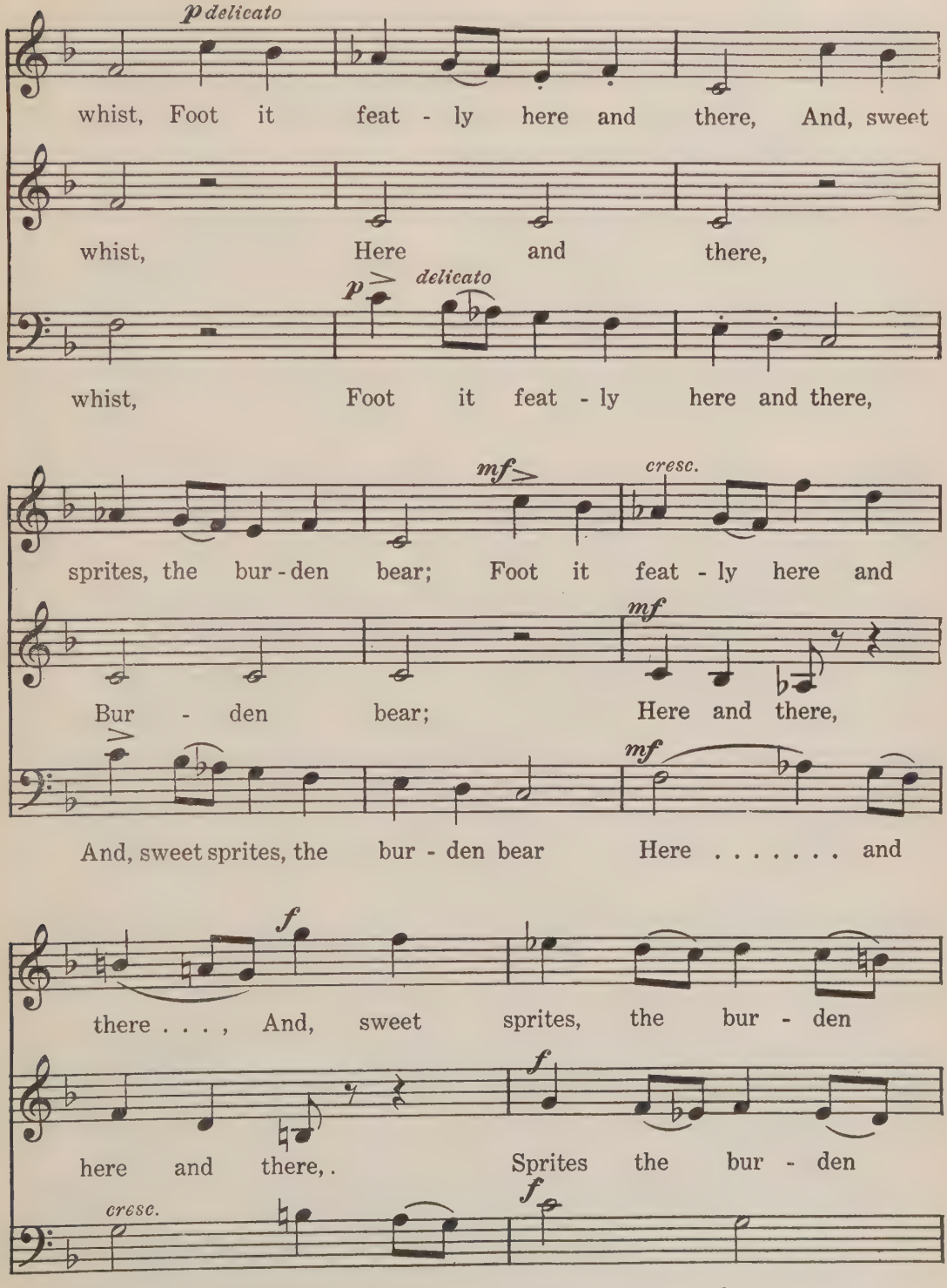

em-brace . . . thee
have fed . . . thee
race thee, Till the sea em - brace.
wed thee, Win - ter snows have fed.
- - - ward. Flow on! . . . .
On - - ward! On - ward! Flow . . on - - - ward, flow!
Flow, flow,
Might - y riv - - - er, flow - ing riv - - - er,
Flow, . . flow, . . flow, . . flow, . . flow, . .
Riv - er flow - ing, flow, - - flow, . .
Might - y, might - y riv - er,
Flow . . on! . . . . Flow on! - - -
flow, flow on, flow on! . . . . .
Flow on! - - - - - Flow on! . . .

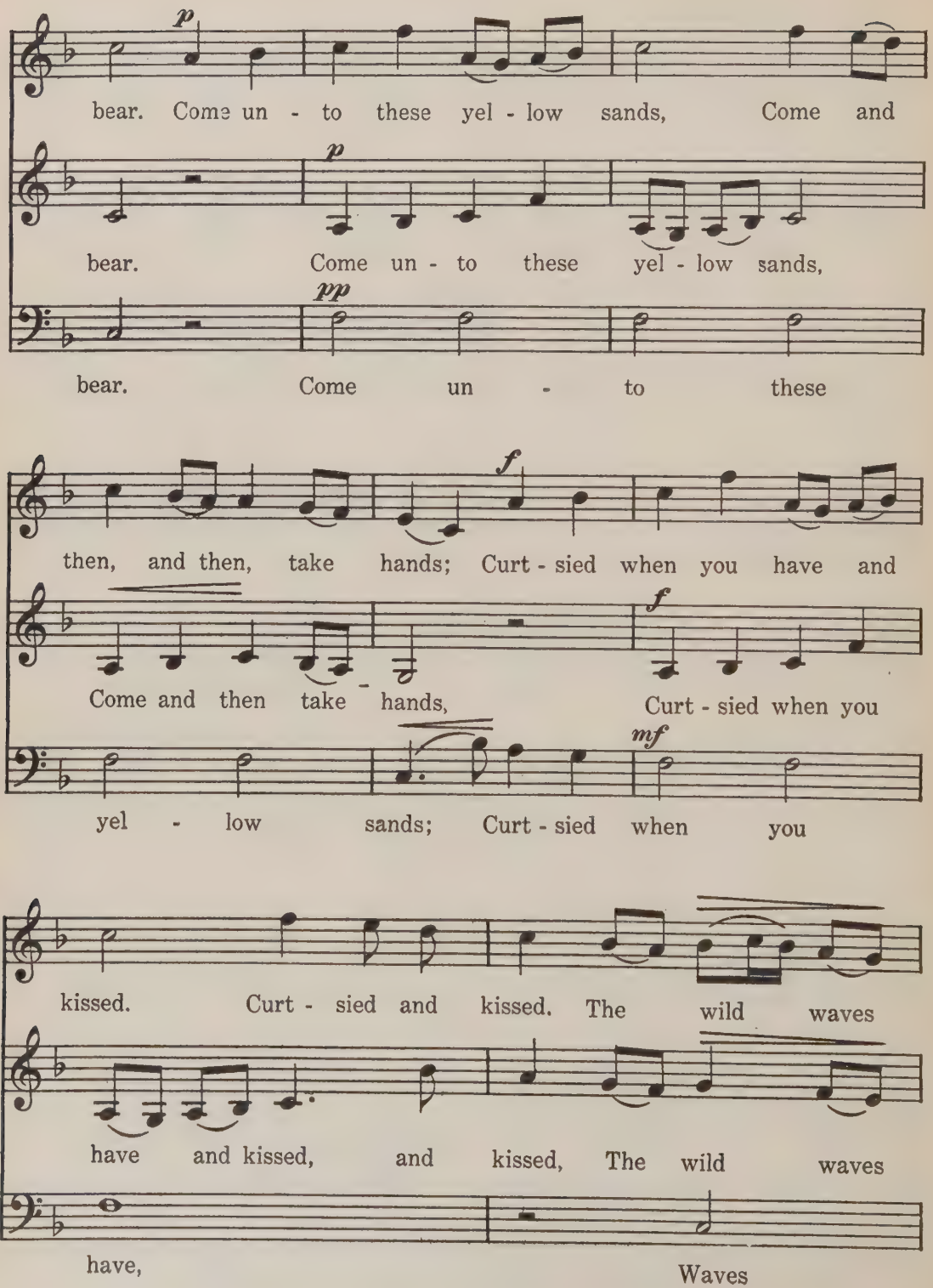
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

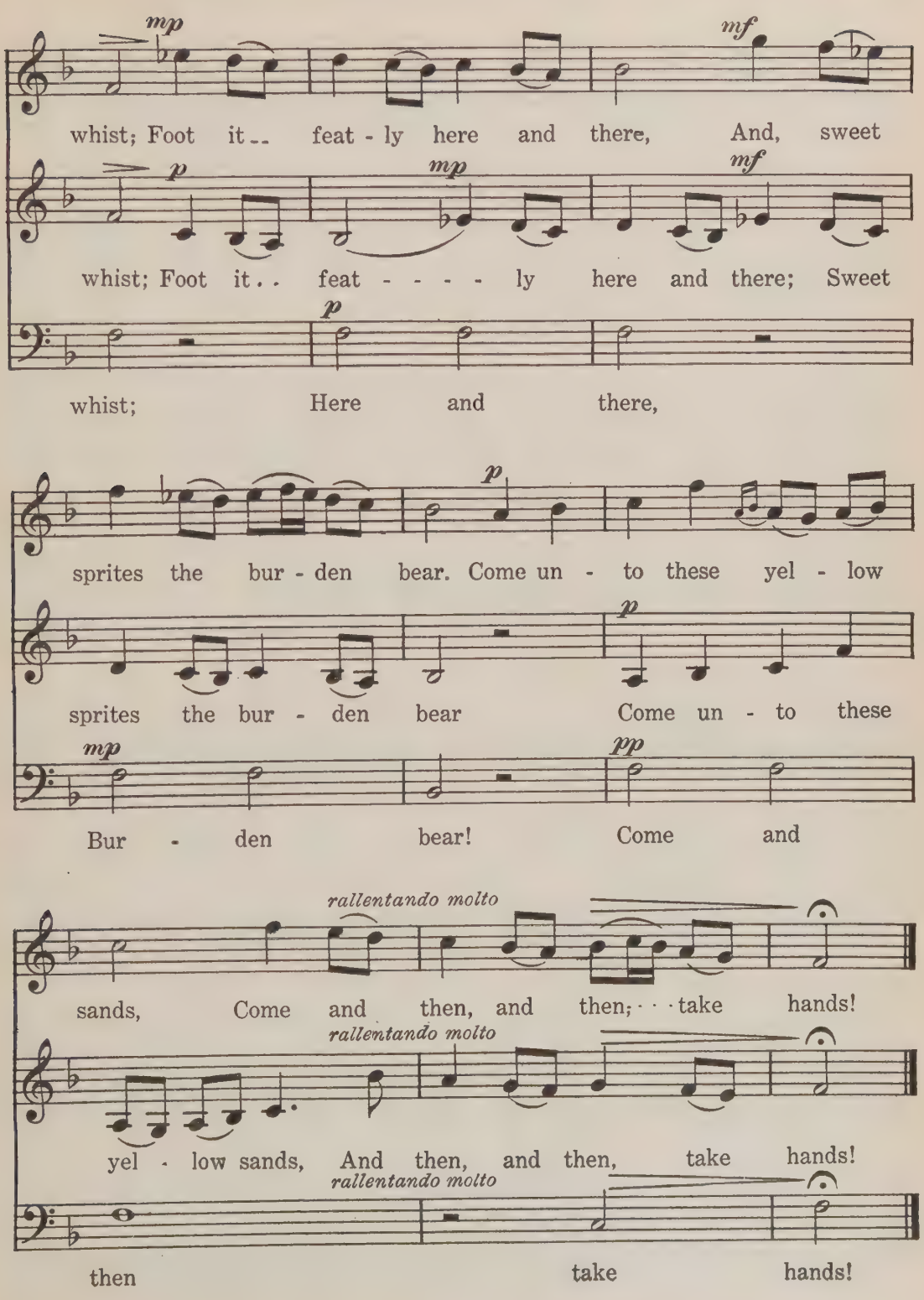
William Shakespeare

Giambattista Martini
Arranged by Harvey Worthington Loomis



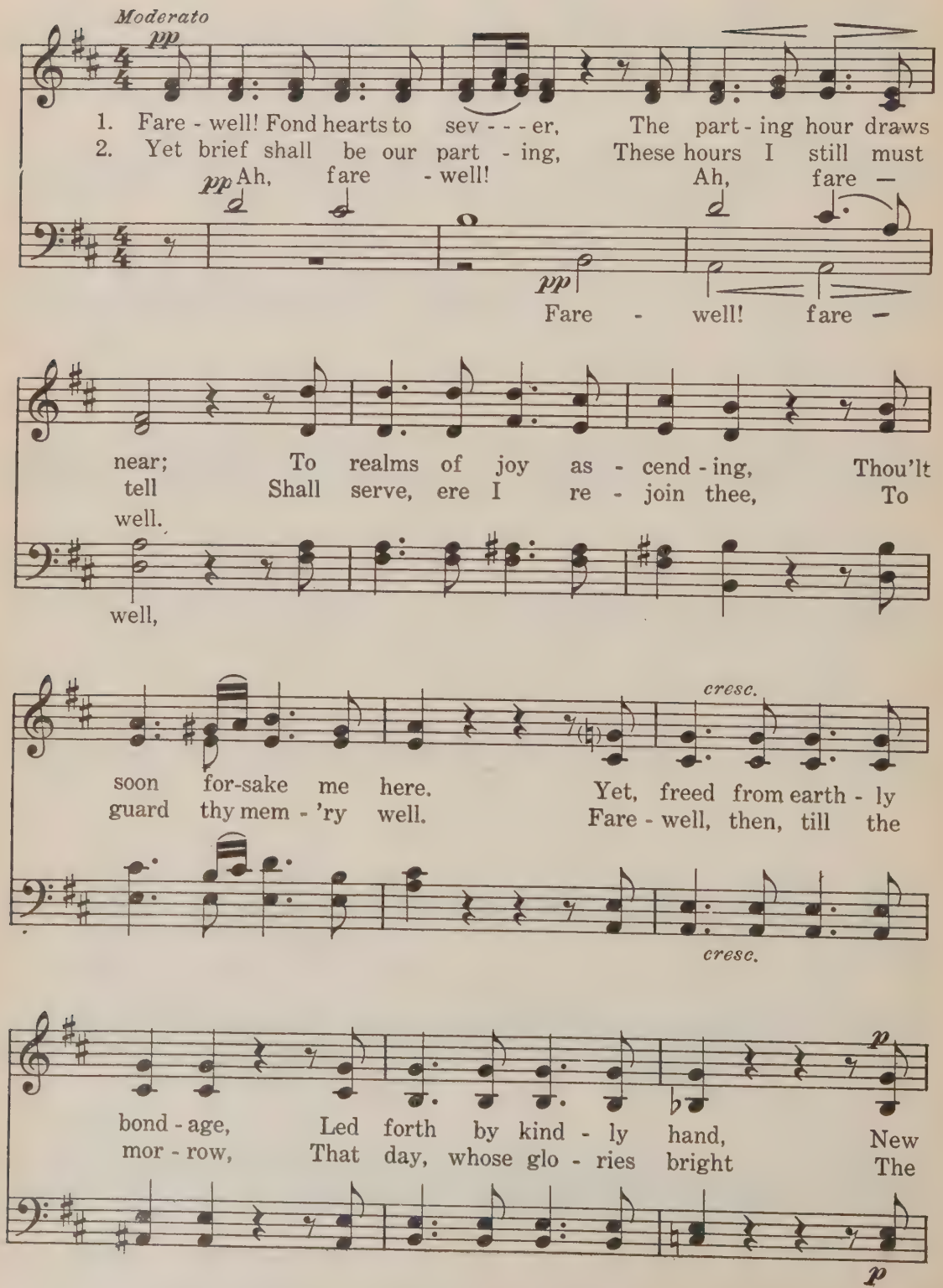

p delicato
whist, Foot it feat - ly here and there, And, sweet
whist, Here and there,
p delicato
whist, Foot it feat - ly here and there,
mf
cresc.
sprites, the bur - den bear; Foot it feat - ly here and
mf
Bur - den bear; Here and there,
mf
And, sweet sprites, the bur - den bear Here . . . . . and
f
there . . . , And, sweet sprites, the bur - den
f
here and there, . Sprites the bur - den
cresc.
f
there, Sprites the bur - den

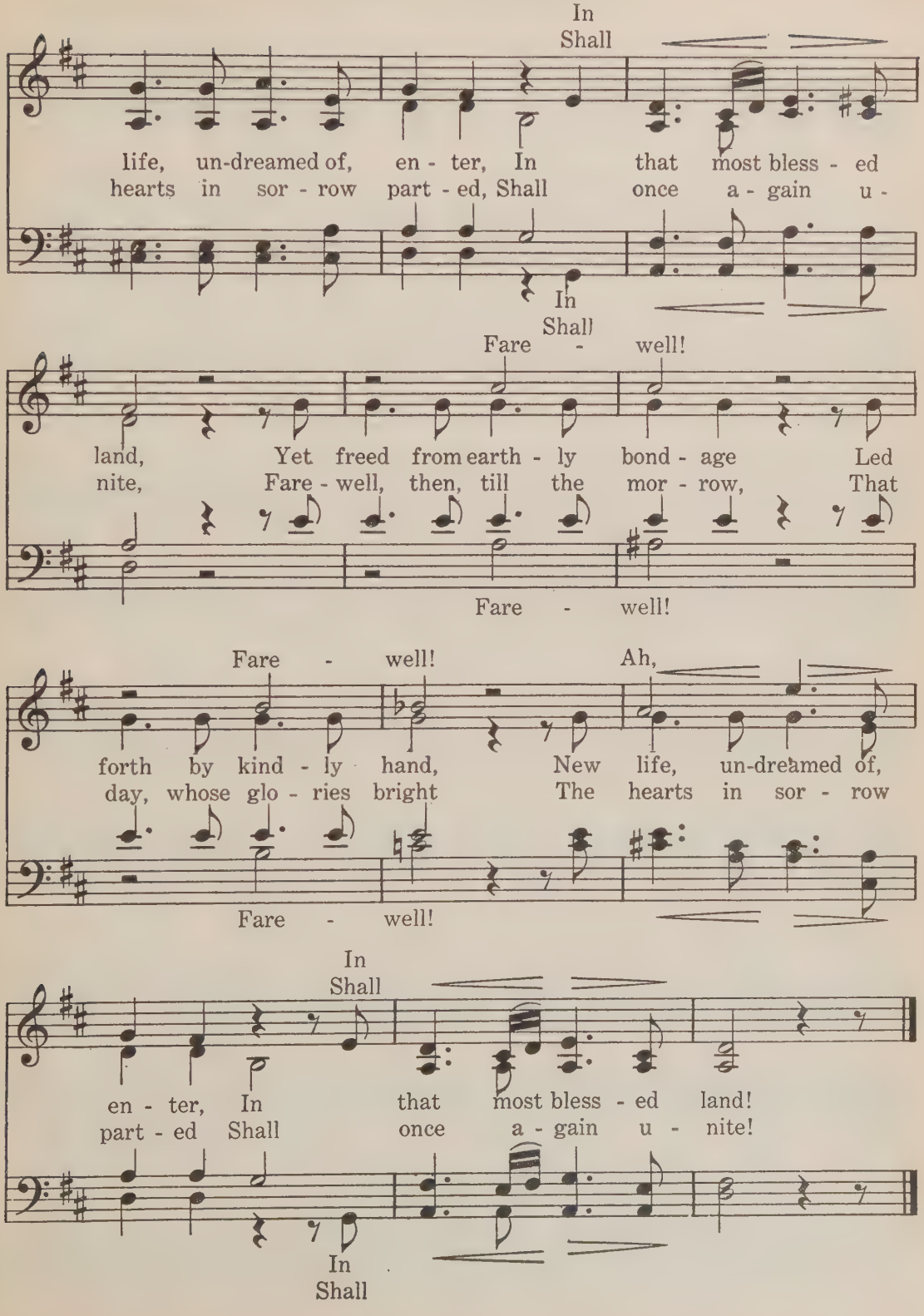

p
bear. Come un - to these yel - low sands, Come and
p
bear. Come un - to these yel - low sands,
pp
bear. Come un - to these
f
then, and then, take hands; Curt - sied when you have and
f
Come and then take hands, Curt - sied when you
mf
yel - low sands; Curt - sied when you
kissed. Curt - sied and kissed. The wild waves
have and kissed, and kissed, The wild waves
have,
Waves


mp
mf
whist; Foot it -- feat - ly here and there, And, sweet
p
mp
mf
whist; Foot it.. feat - - - - ly here and there; Sweet
p
whist; Here and there,
p
sprites the bur - den bear. Come un - to these yel - low
p
sprites the bur - den bear Come un - to these
mp
pp
Bur - den bear! Come and
rallentando molto
sands, Come and then, and then; · · · take hands!
rallentando molto
yel - low sands, And then, and then, take hands!
rallentando molto
then take hands!

FAREWELL

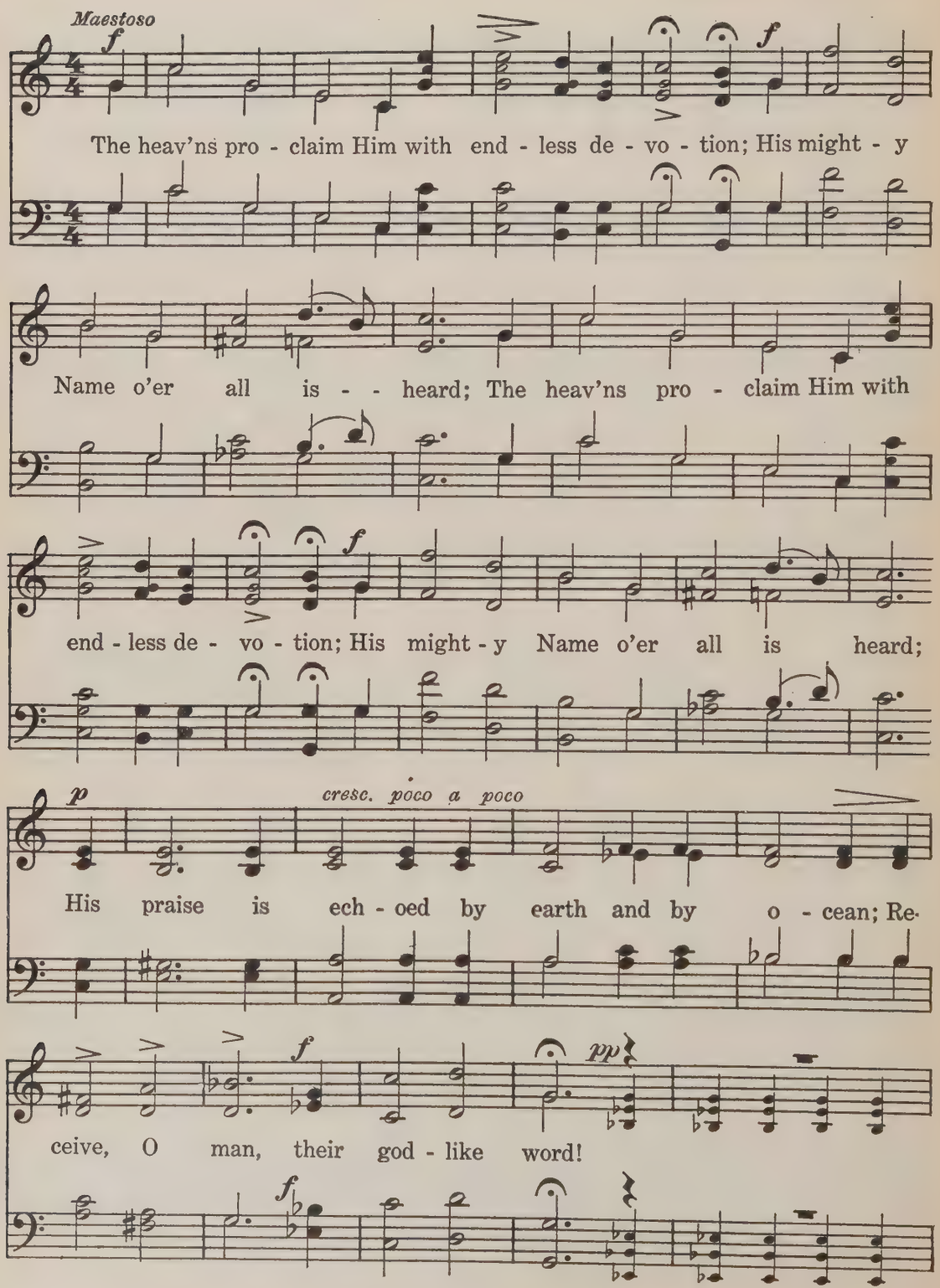
Franz Schubert

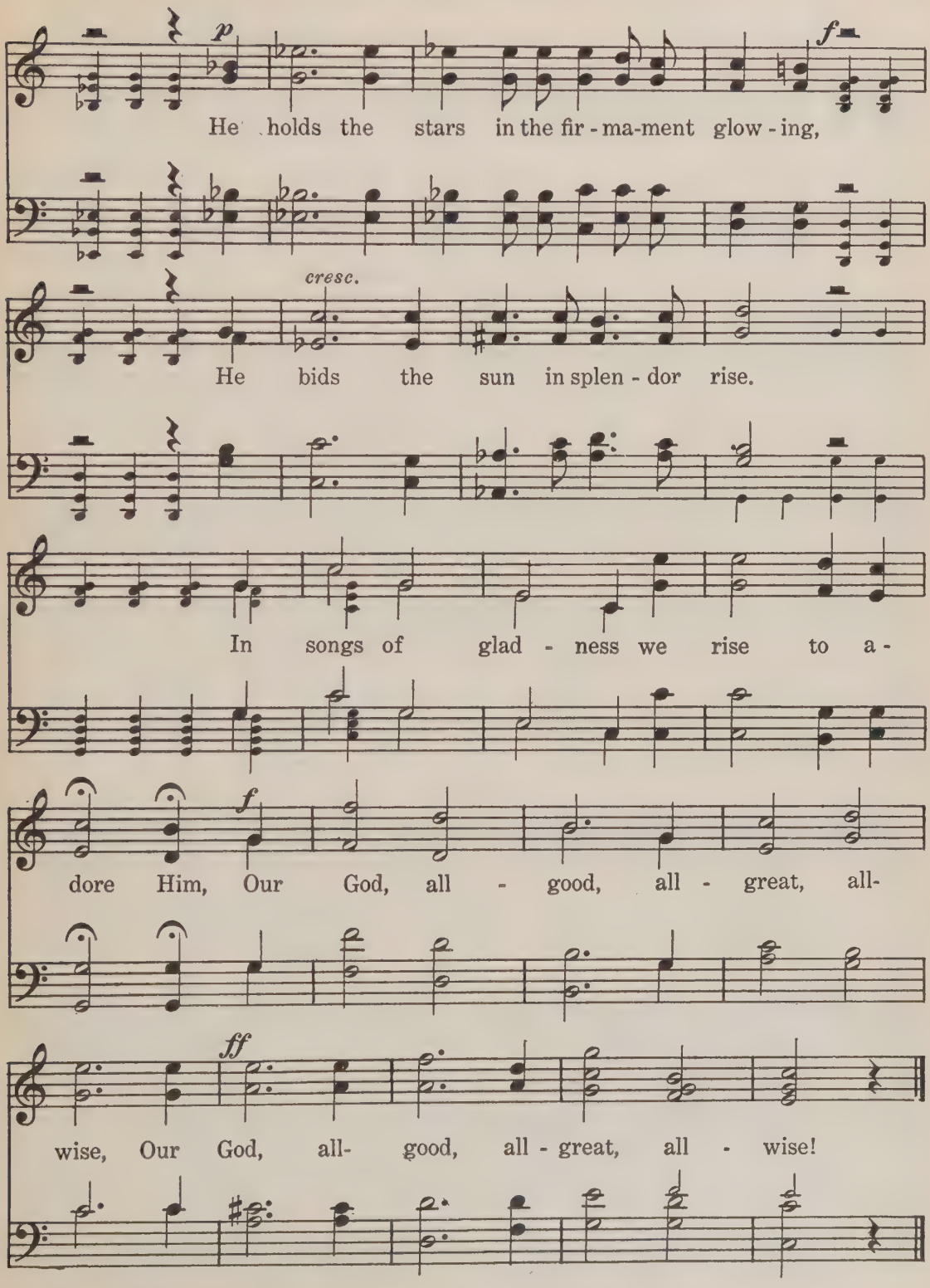



In
Shall
life, un-dreamed of, en - ter, In that most bless - ed
hearts in sor - row part - ed, Shall once a - gain u -
In
Shall
Fare - well!
land, Yet freed from earth - ly bond - age Led
nite, Fare - well, then, till the mor - row, That
Fare - well!
Fare - well!
Ah,
forth by kind - ly hand, New life, un-dreamed of,
day, whose glo - ries bright The hearts in sor - row
Fare - well!
In
Shall
en - ter, In that most bless - ed land!
part - ed Shall once a - gain u - nite!
In
Shall

THE HEAVENS PROCLAIM

Ludwig van Beethoven

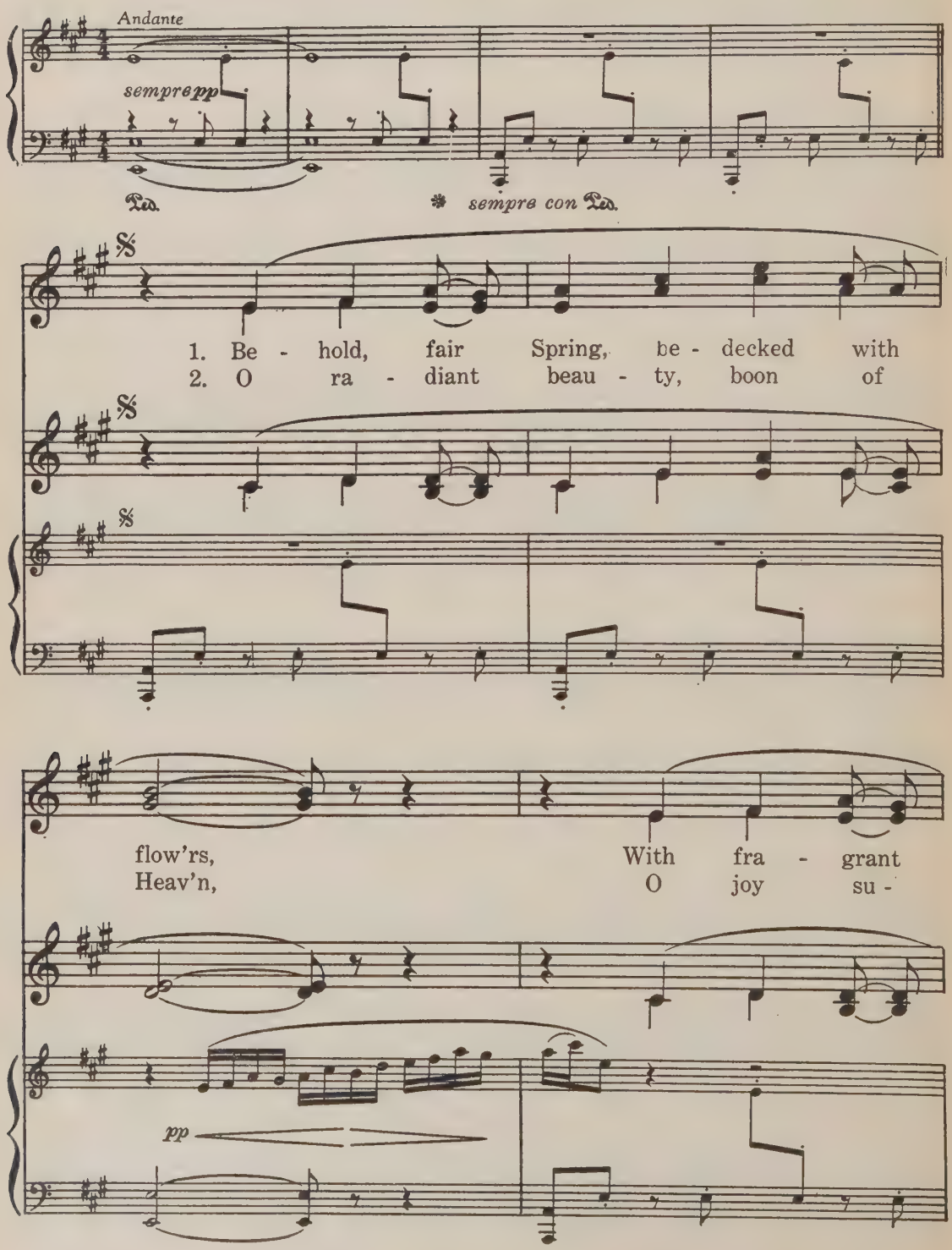


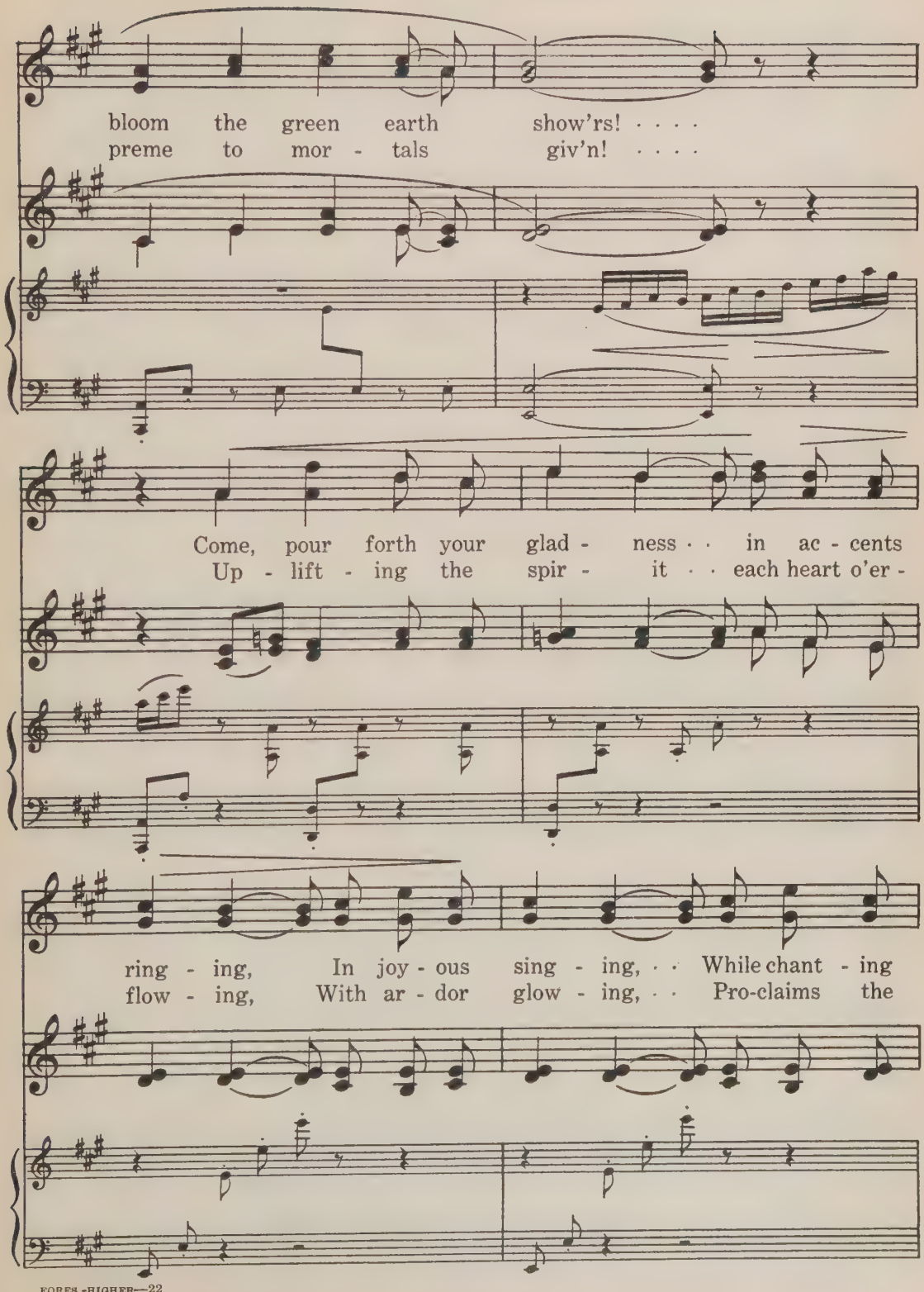

p
f
He holds the stars in the fir - ma-ment glow - ing,
cresc.
He bids the sun in splen - dor rise.
In songs of glad - ness we rise to a -
f
dore Him, Our God, all - good, all - great, all-
ff
wise, Our God, all- good, all - great, all - wise!

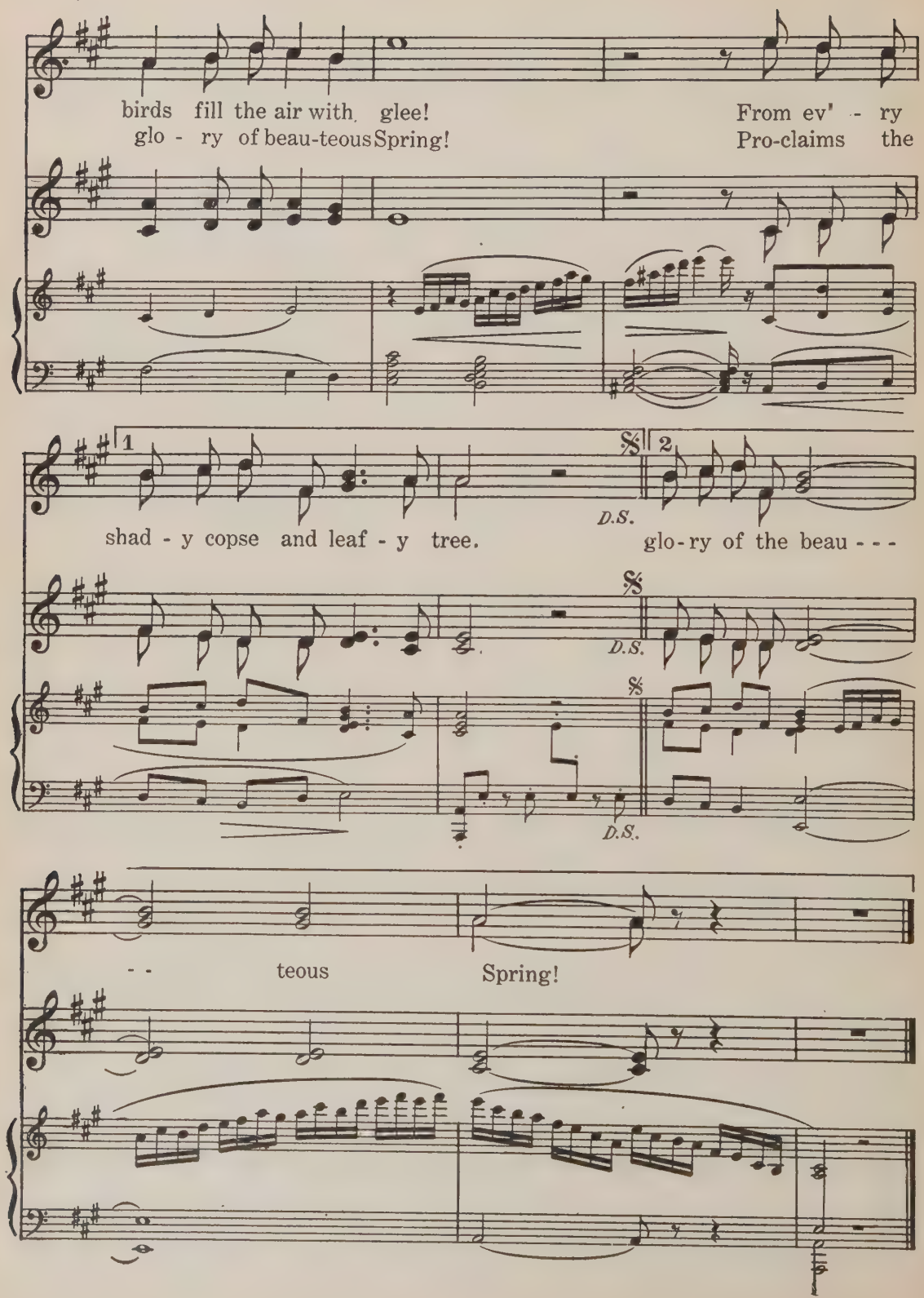
SPRING SONG

Adapted from the French
by Robert A. Coan

Camille Saint-Saëns
From *Samson and Dalila*



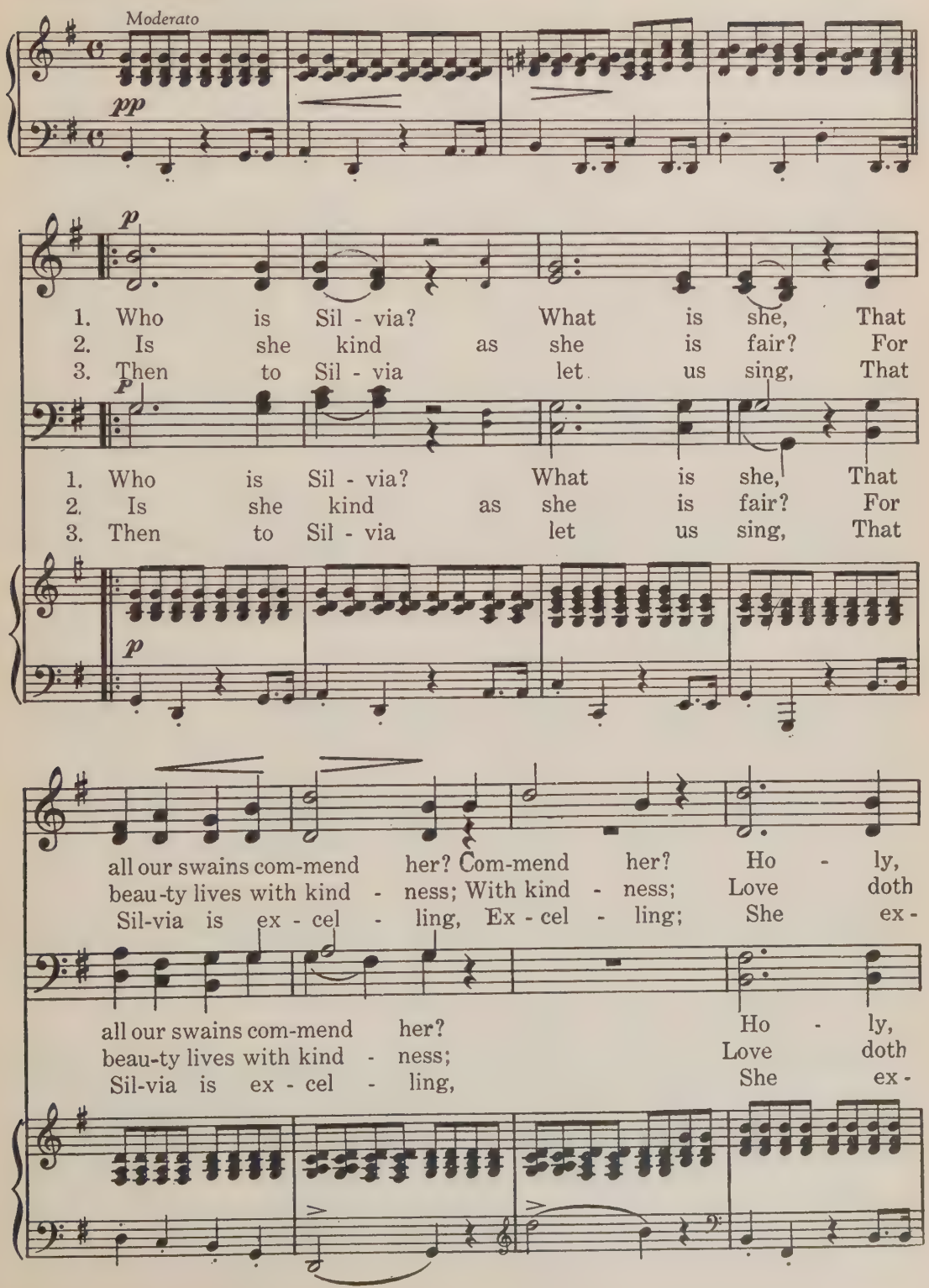

bloom the green earth show'rs! . . . .
preme to mor - tals giv'n! . . . .
Come, pour forth your glad - ness . . in ac - cents
Up - lift - ing the spir - it . . each heart o'er -
ring - ing, In joy - ous sing - ing, . . While chant - ing
flow - ing, With ar - dor glow - ing, . . Pro-claims the

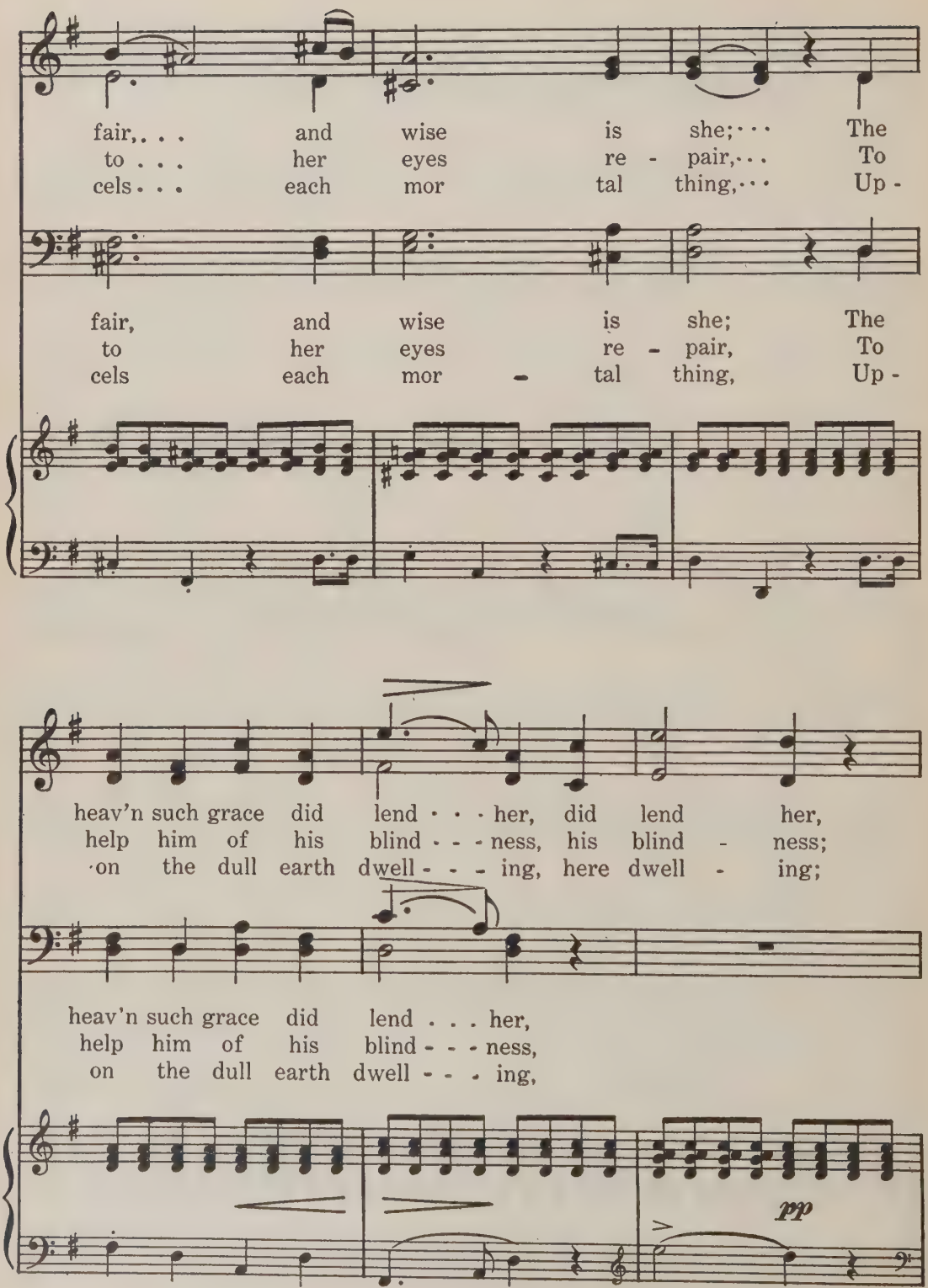

birds fill the air with glee!
glo - ry of beau-teous Spring!
From ev' - ry
Pro-claims the
1
shad - y copse and leaf - y tree.
D.S.
2
glo-ry of the beau - - -
D.S.
D.S.
- - teous
Spring!

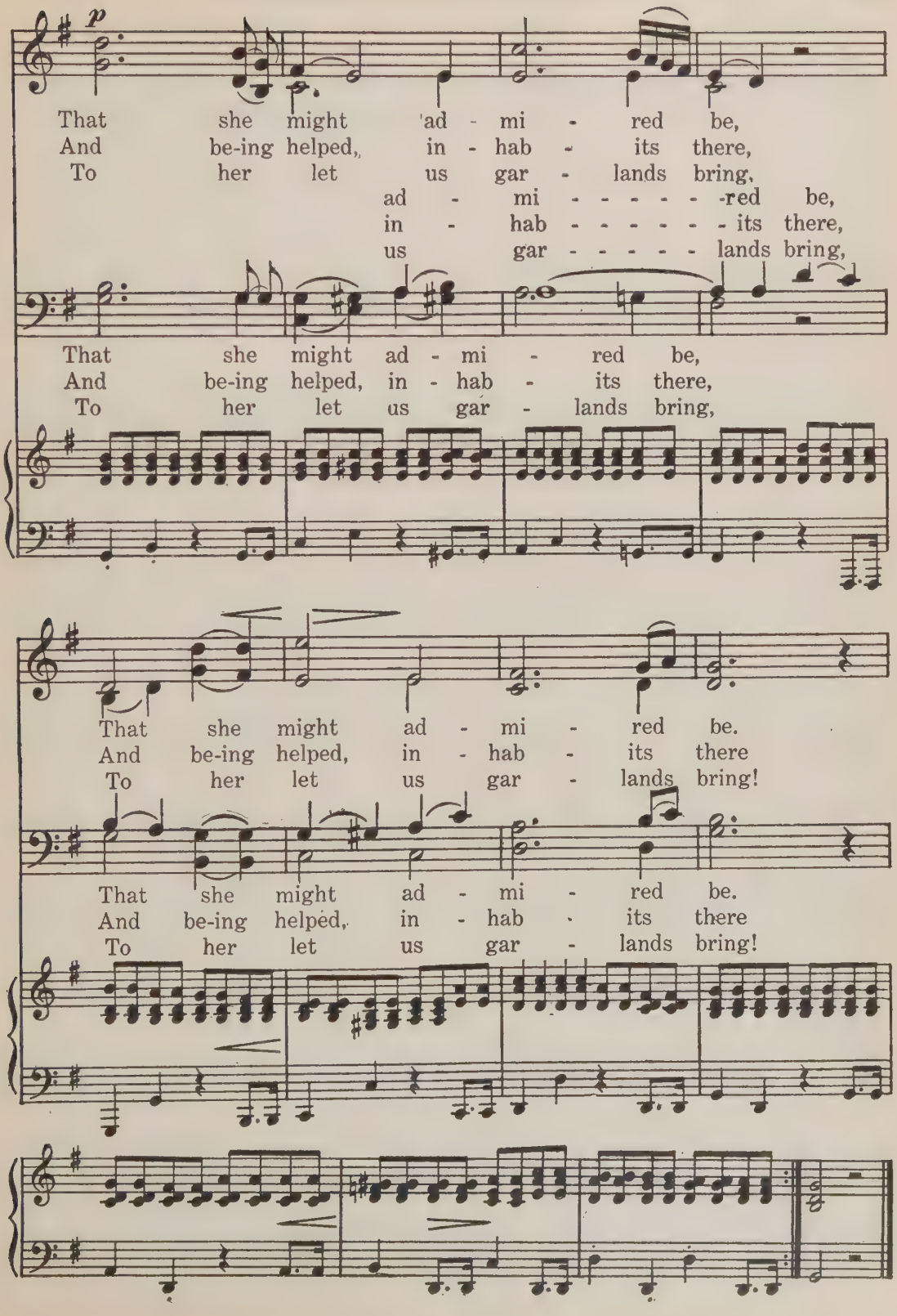
WHO IS SILVIA?

William Shakespeare
From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Franz Schubert



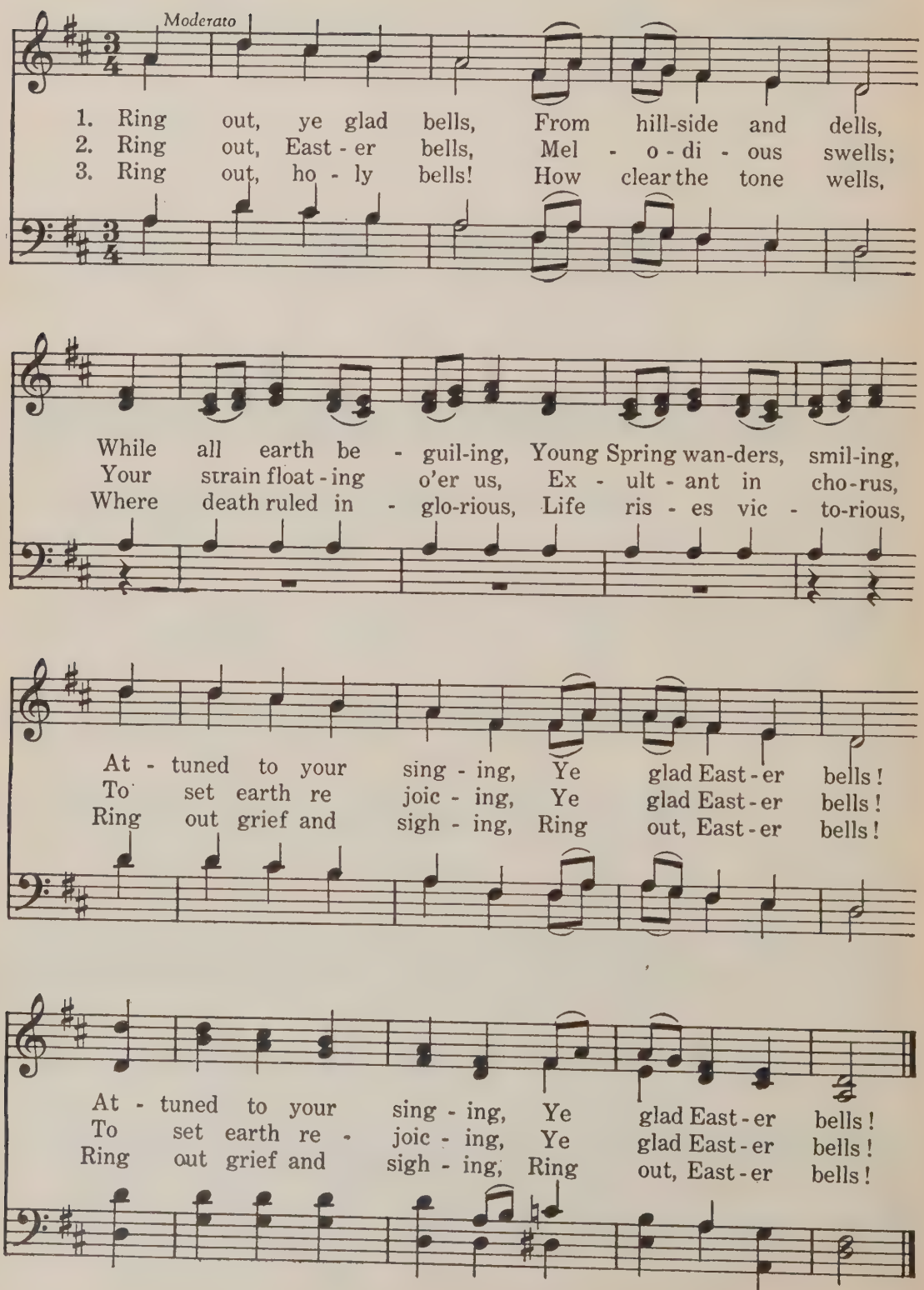

fair,. . . and wise is she;· · · The
to . . . her eyes re - pair,. . . To
cels . . . each mor tal thing,· · · Up -
fair, and wise is she; The
to her eyes re - pair, To
cels each mor - tal thing, Up -
heav'n such grace did lend · · · her, did lend her,
help him of his blind · - - ness, his blind - ness;
on the dull earth dwell - - - ing, here dwell - ing;
heav'n such grace did lend . . . her,
help him of his blind - - - ness,
on the dull earth dwell - - - ing,
pp


p
That she might 'ad - mi - red be,
And be-ing helped, in - hab - its there,
To her let us gar - lands bring,
ad - mi - - - - - red be,
in - hab - - - - - its there,
us gar - - - - - lands bring,
That she might ad - mi - red be,
And be-ing helped, in - hab - its there,
To her let us gar - lands bring,
That she might ad - mi - red be.
And be-ing helped, in - hab - its there
To her let us gar - lands bring!
That she might ad - mi - red be.
And be-ing helped, in - hab - its there
To her let us gar - lands bring!

RING OUT, YE BELLS

Cecil Cowdrey

German Carol

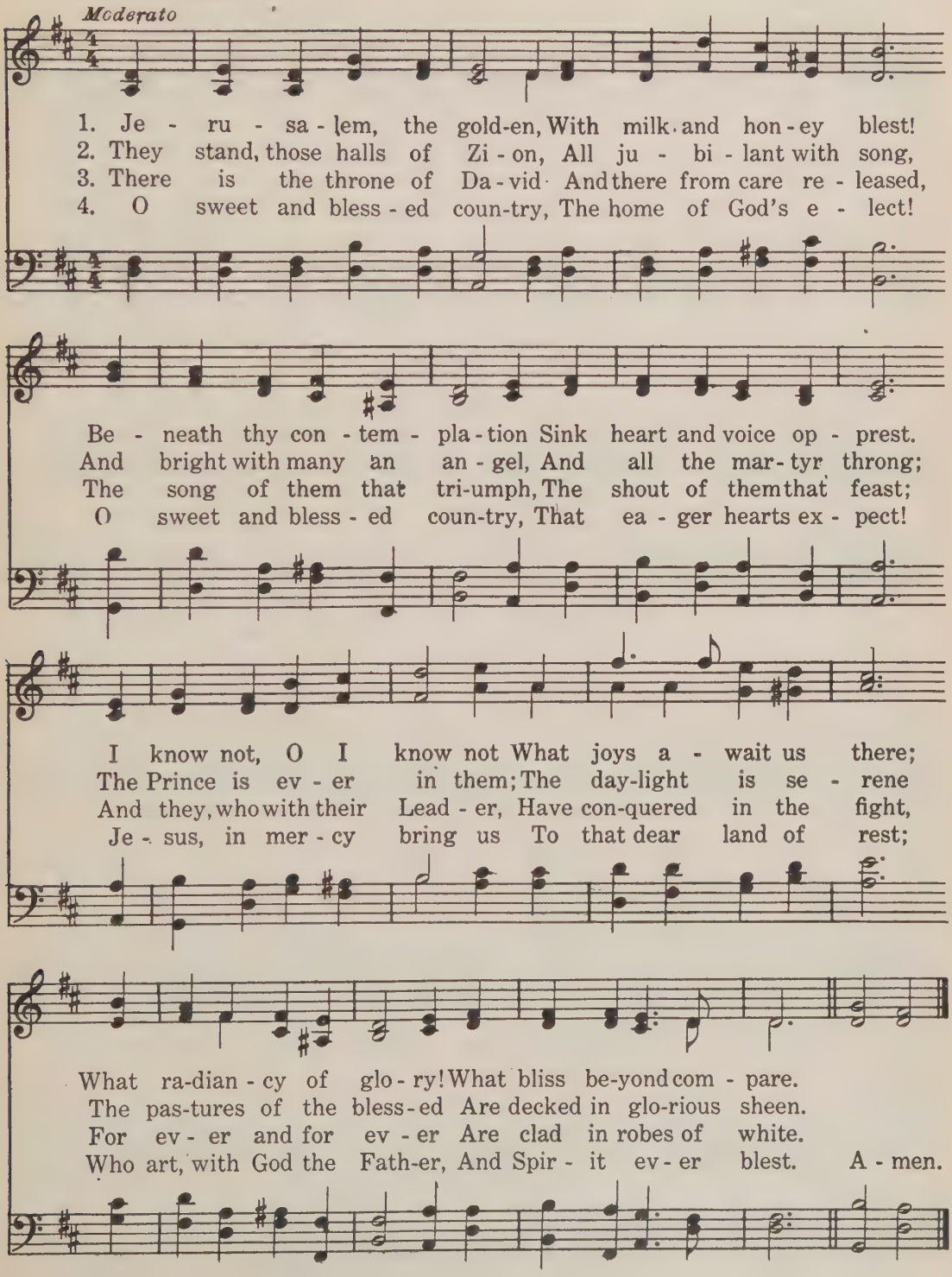


JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN

Bernard F. Cluny
Tr. by J. M. Neale

Alexander Ewing

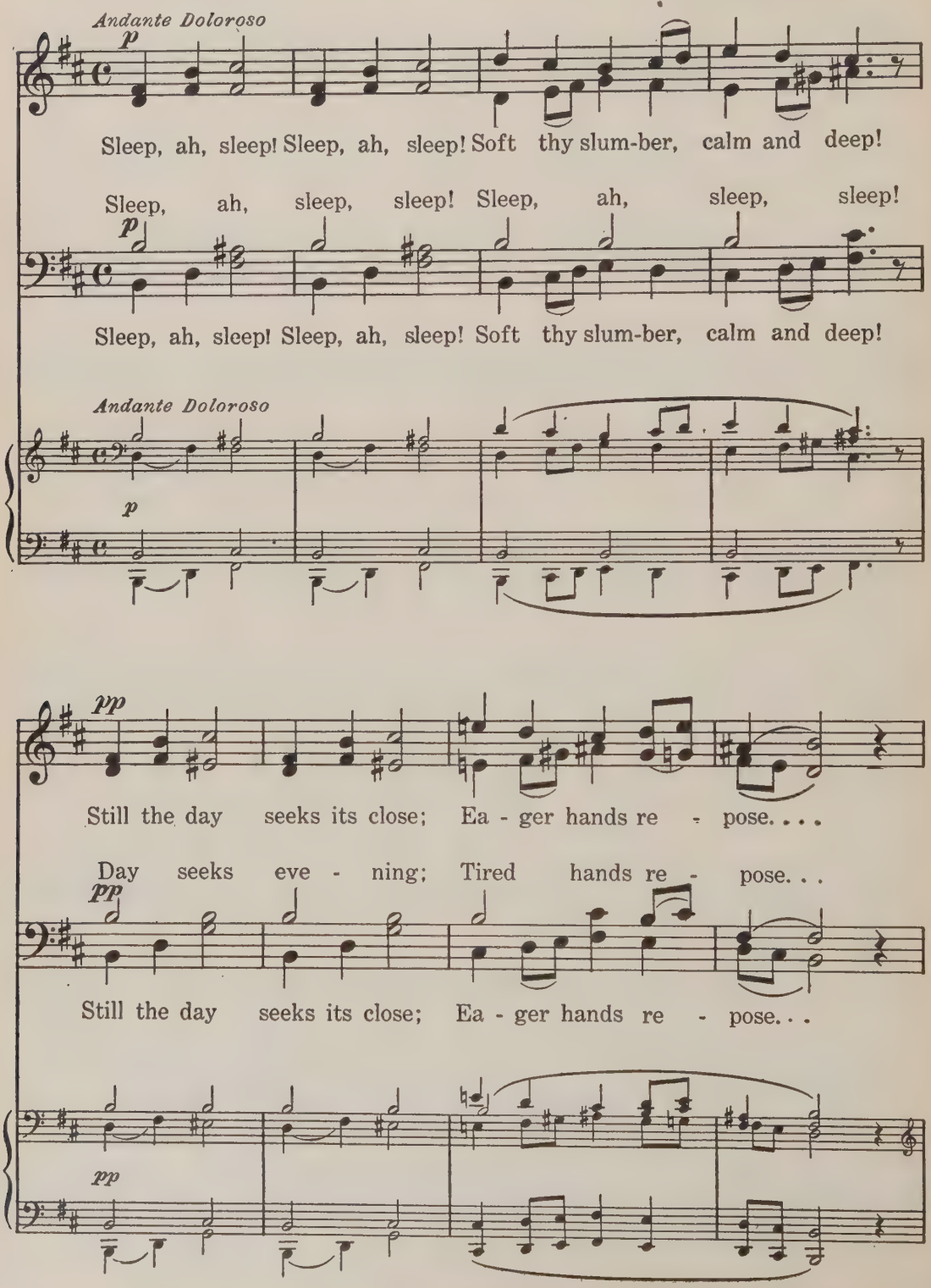
Moderato

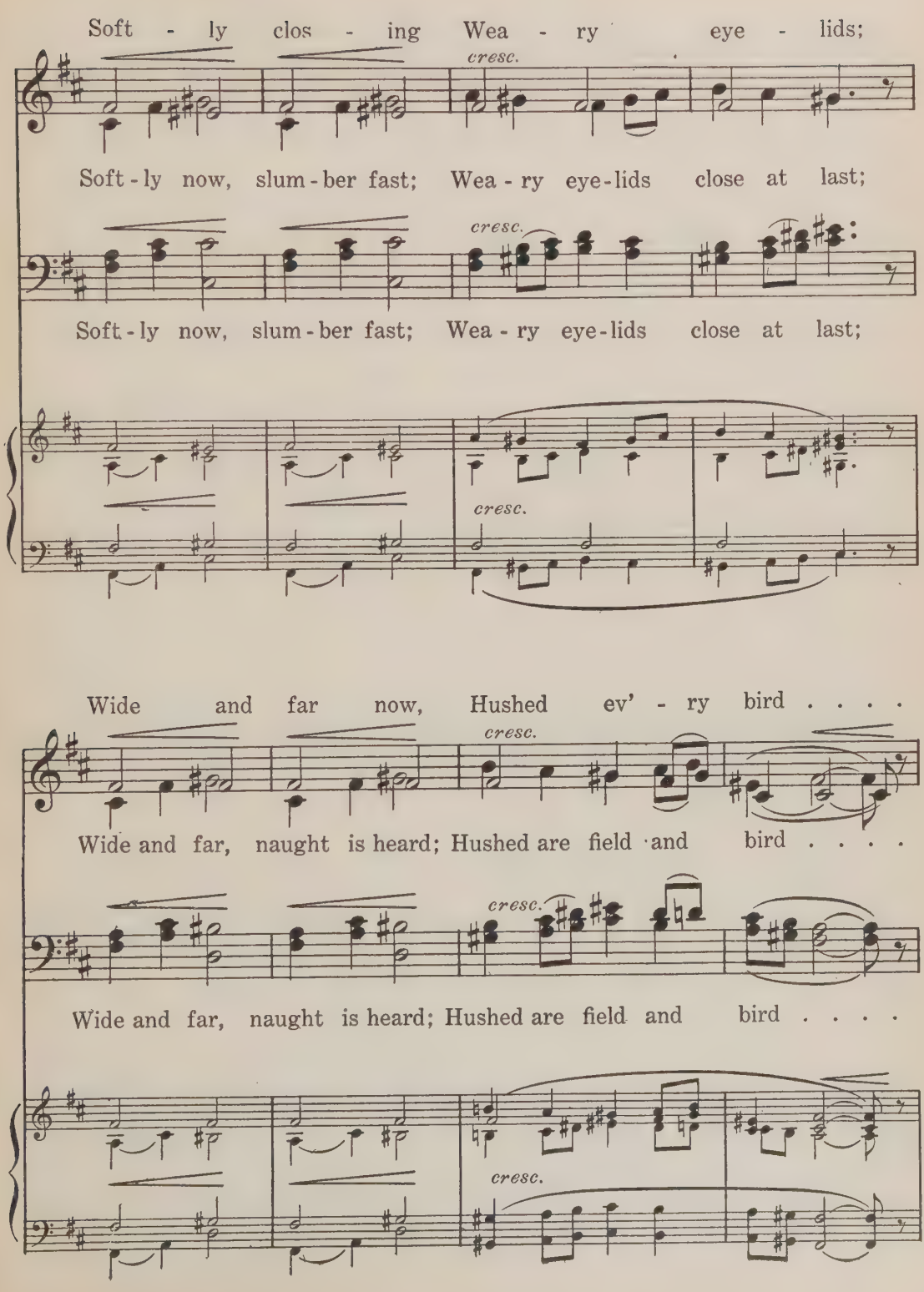


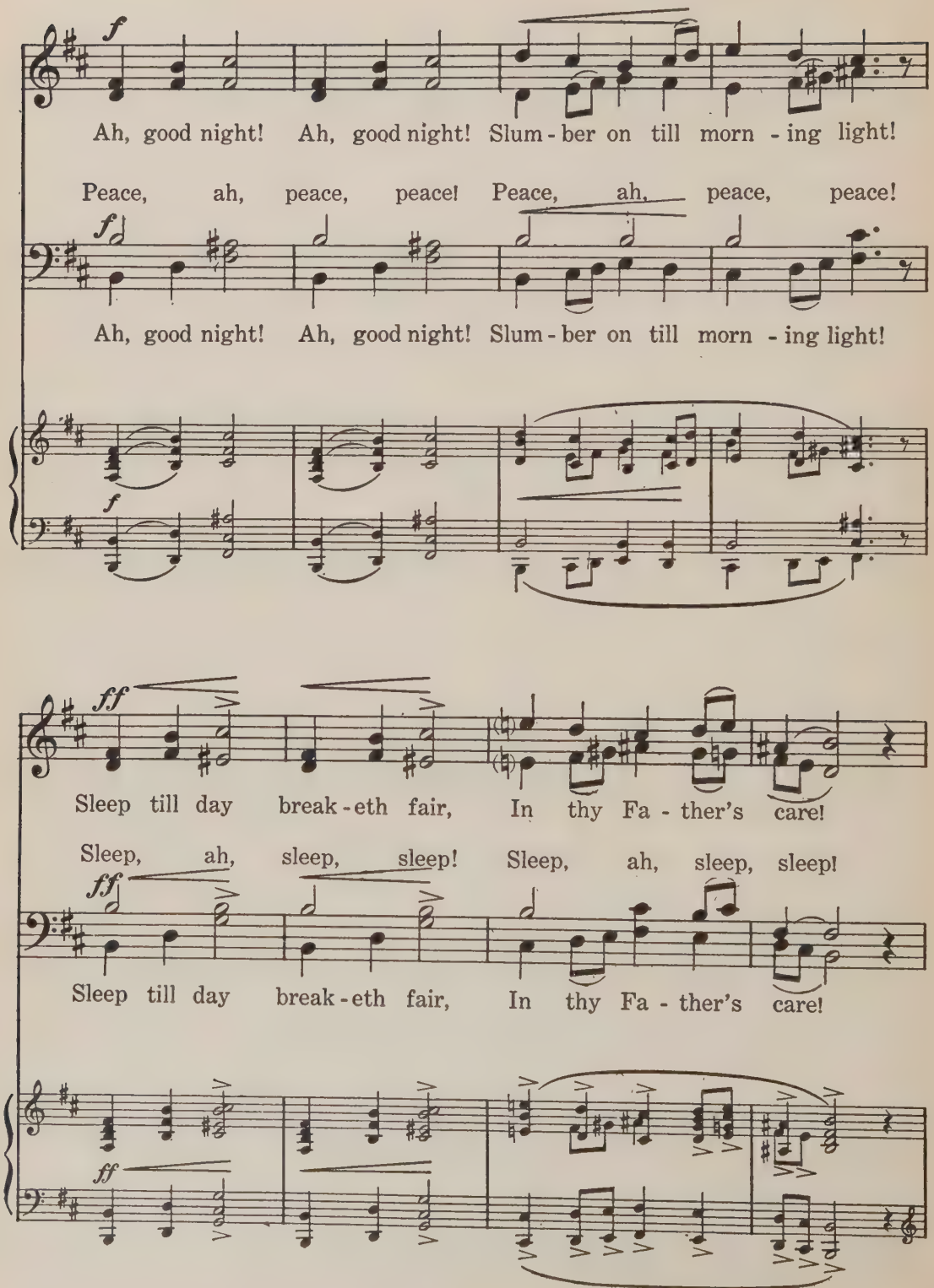
A SONG OF SLEEP

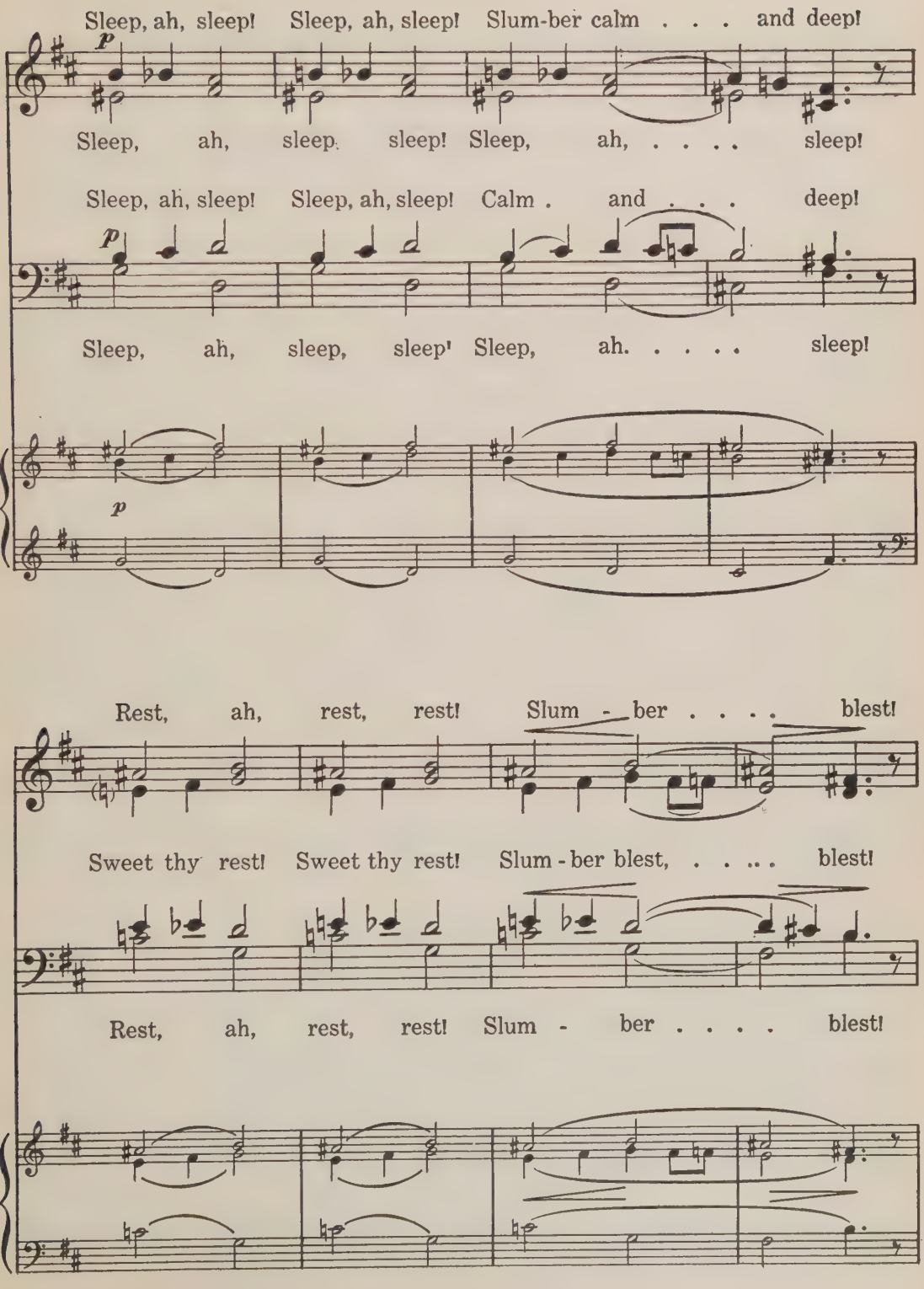
From the German of
Karl Theodor Körner

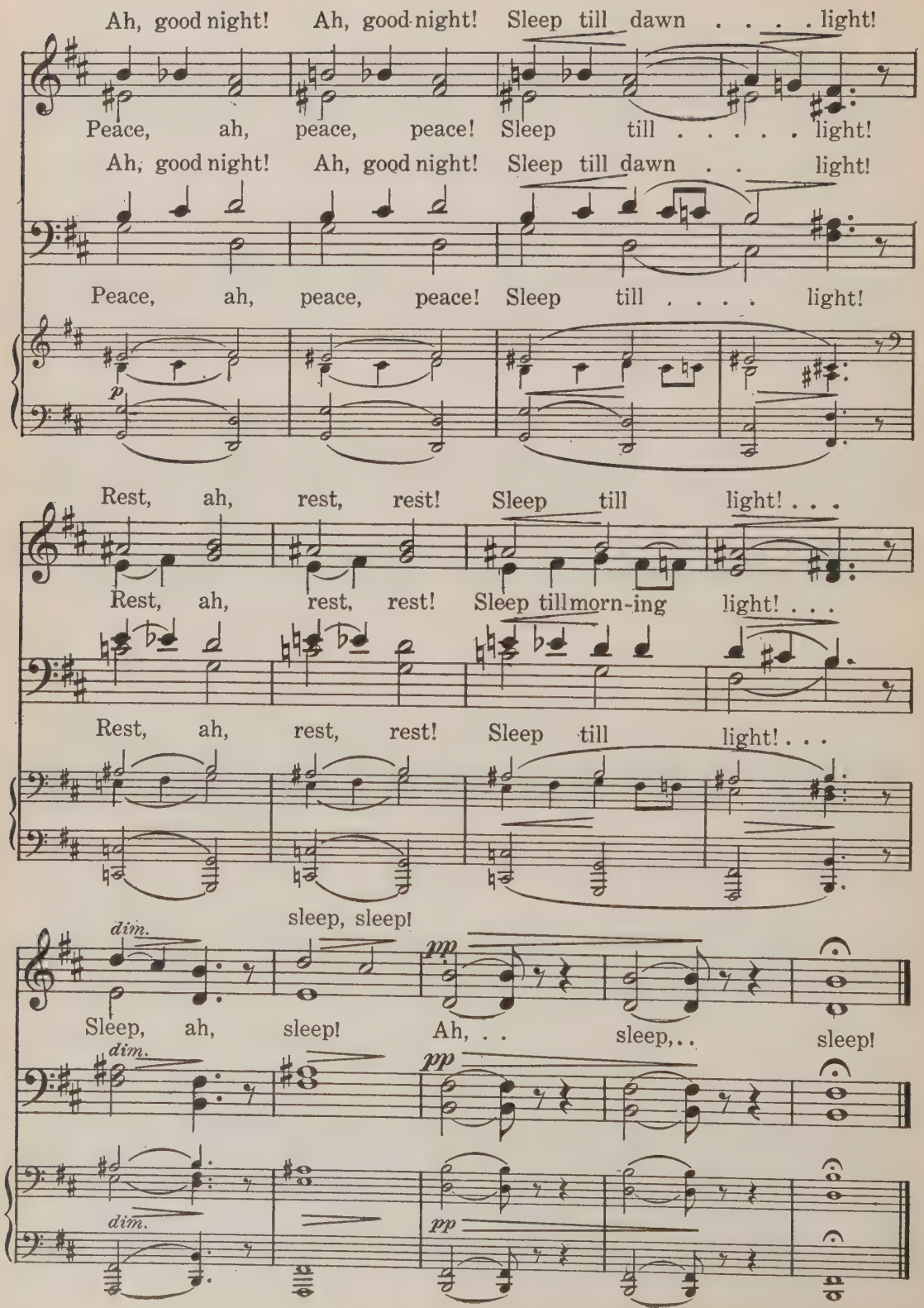
Edvard Grieg
"Ase's Death" from *Peer Gynt Suite*




Soft - ly clos - ing Wea - ry eye - lids;
cresc.
Soft - ly now, slum - ber fast; Wea - ry eye - lids close at last;
cresc.
Soft - ly now, slum - ber fast; Wea - ry eye - lids close at last;
cresc.
Wide and far now, Hushed ev' - ry bird . . . .
cresc.
Wide and far, naught is heard; Hushed are field and bird . . . .
cresc.
Wide and far, naught is heard; Hushed are field and bird . . . .
cresc.


f
Ah, good night! Ah, good night! Slum - ber on till morn - ing light!
Peace, ah, peace, peace! Peace, ah, peace, peace!
f
Ah, good night! Ah, good night! Slum - ber on till morn - ing light!
f
ff
Sleep till day break - eth fair, In thy Fa - ther's care!
Sleep, ah, sleep, sleep! Sleep, ah, sleep, sleep!
ff
Sleep till day break - eth fair, In thy Fa - ther's care!
ff

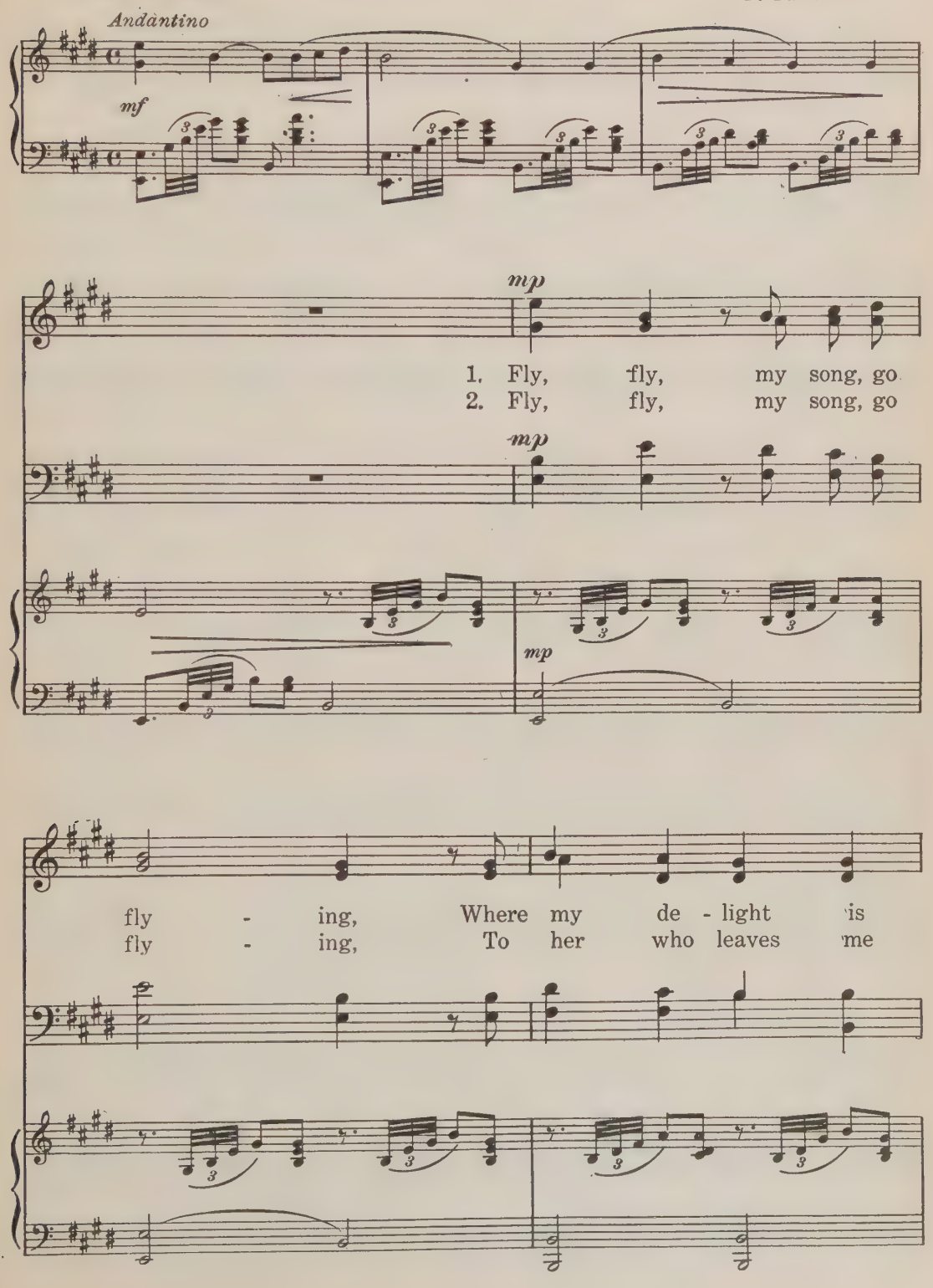

Sleep, ah, sleep! Sleep, ah, sleep! Slum-ber calm . . . and deep!
Sleep, ah, sleep. sleep! Sleep, ah, ... sleep!
Sleep, ah, sleep! Sleep, ah, sleep! Calm . and . . . deep!
Sleep, ah, sleep, sleep! Sleep, ah. . . . . sleep!
Rest, ah, rest, rest! Slum - ber . . . . blest!
Sweet thy rest! Sweet thy rest! Slum - ber blest, ... blest!
Rest, ah, rest, rest! Slum - ber . . . . blest!

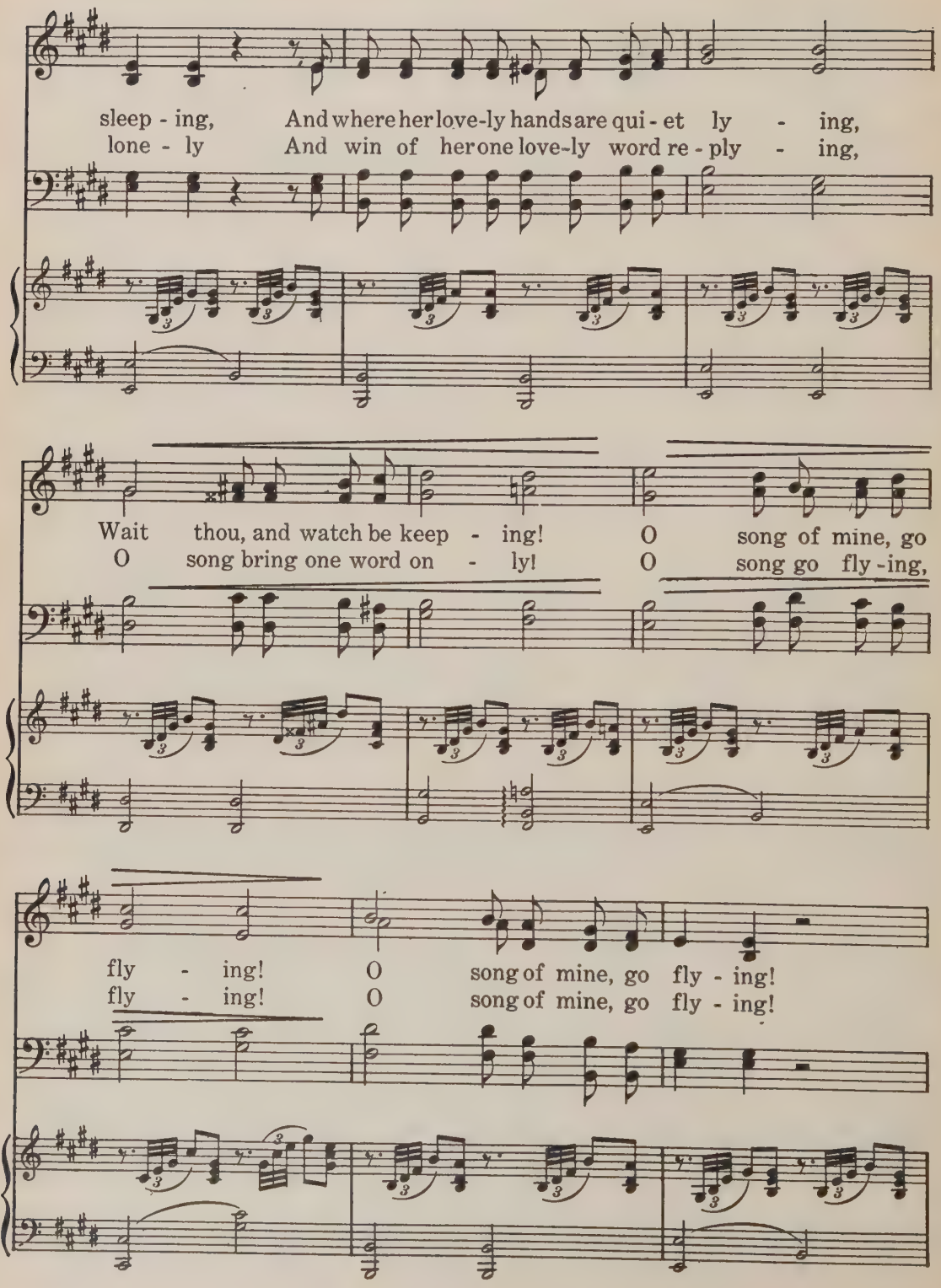

Ah, good night! Ah, good night! Sleep till dawn . . . . light!
Peace, ah, peace, peace! Sleep till . . . . . light!
Ah, good night! Ah, good night! Sleep till dawn . . light!
Peace, ah, peace, peace! Sleep till . . . . light!
p
Rest, ah, rest, rest! Sleep till light! . . .
Rest, ah, rest, rest! Sleep till morn-ing light! . . .
Rest, ah, rest, rest! Sleep till light! . . .
sleep, sleep!
dim.
Sleep, ah, sleep!
pp
Ah, . . sleep,. . sleep!
dim.
pp
dim.
pp

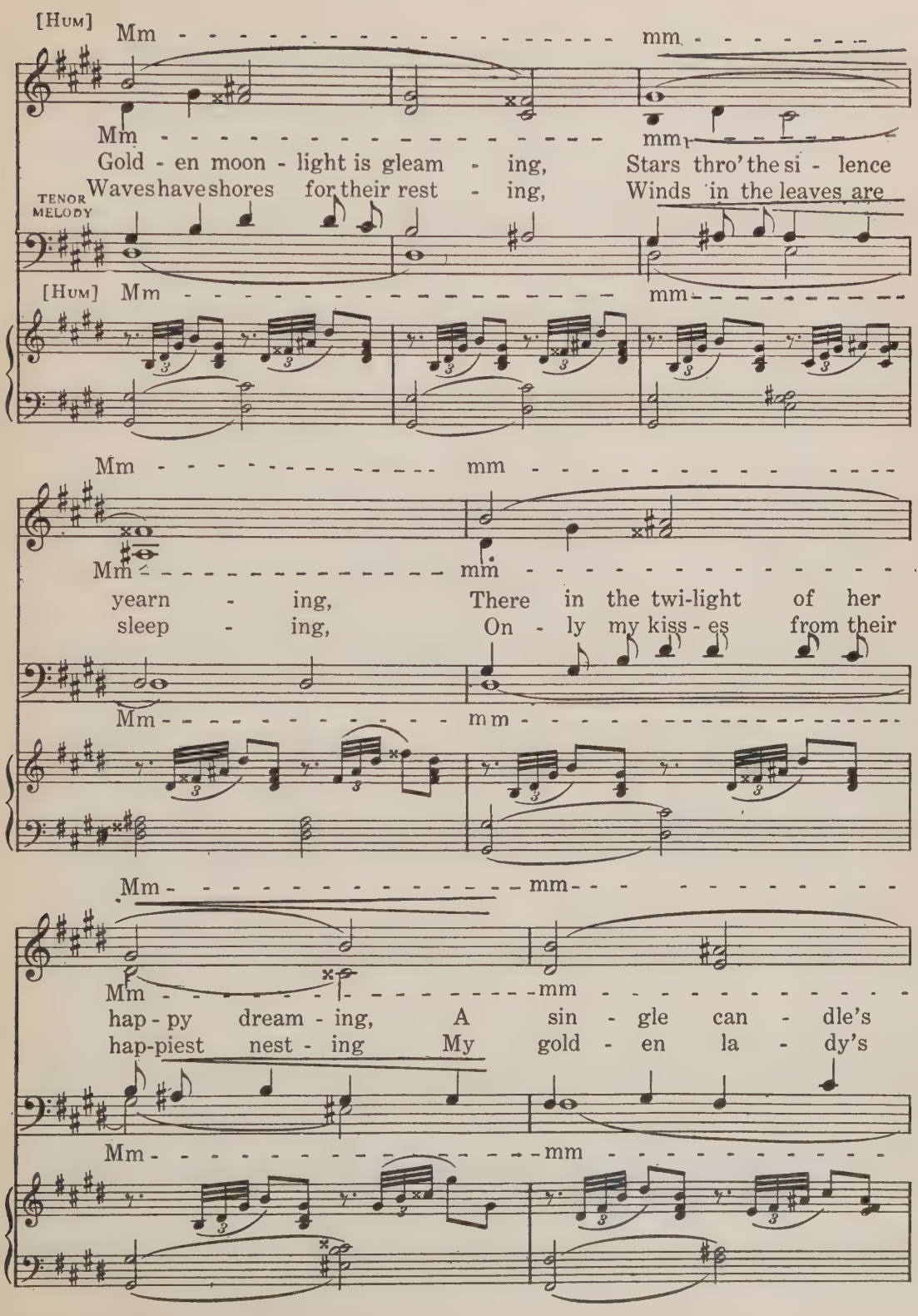
SERENADE
(LA SERENATA)

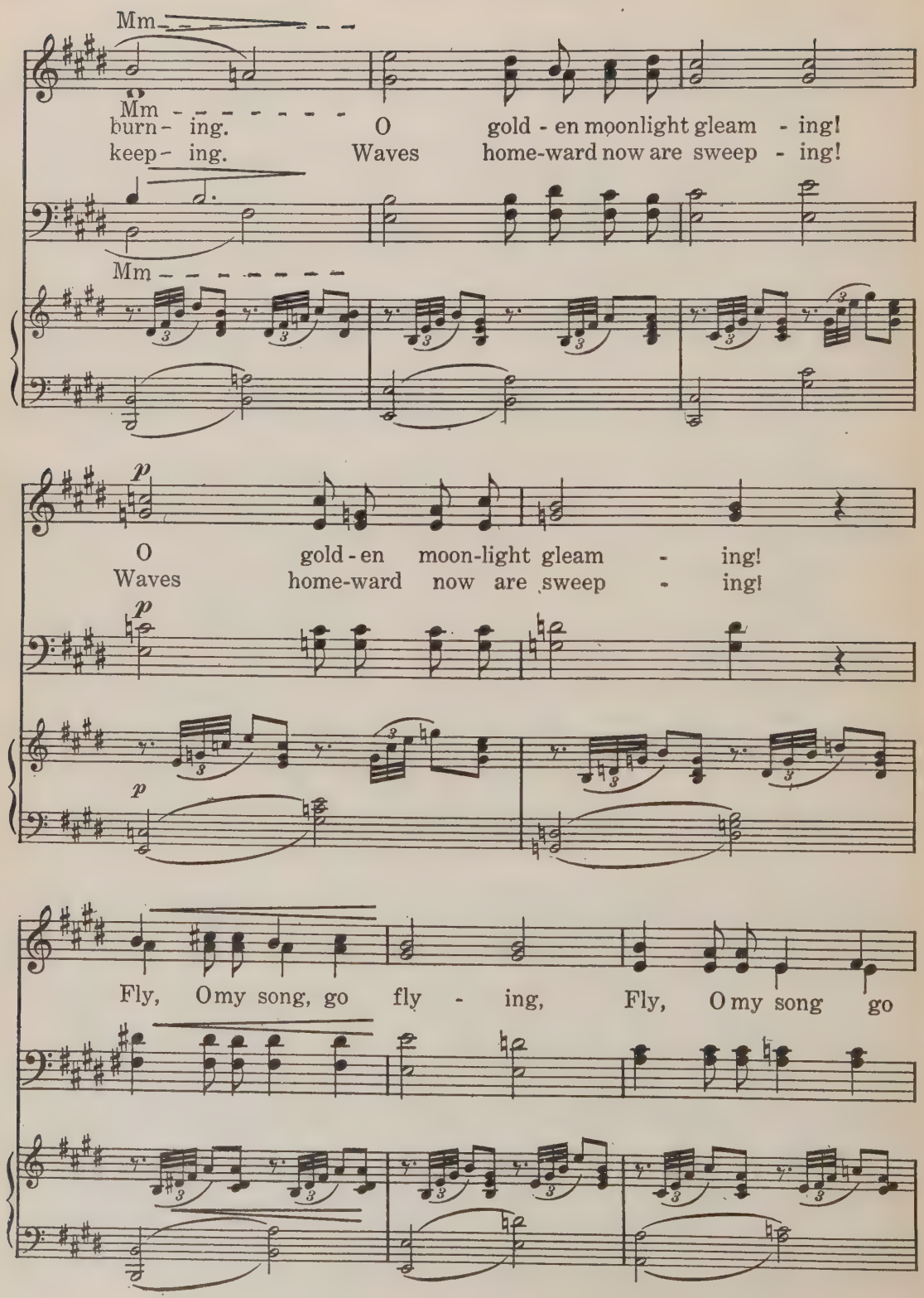
From the Italian

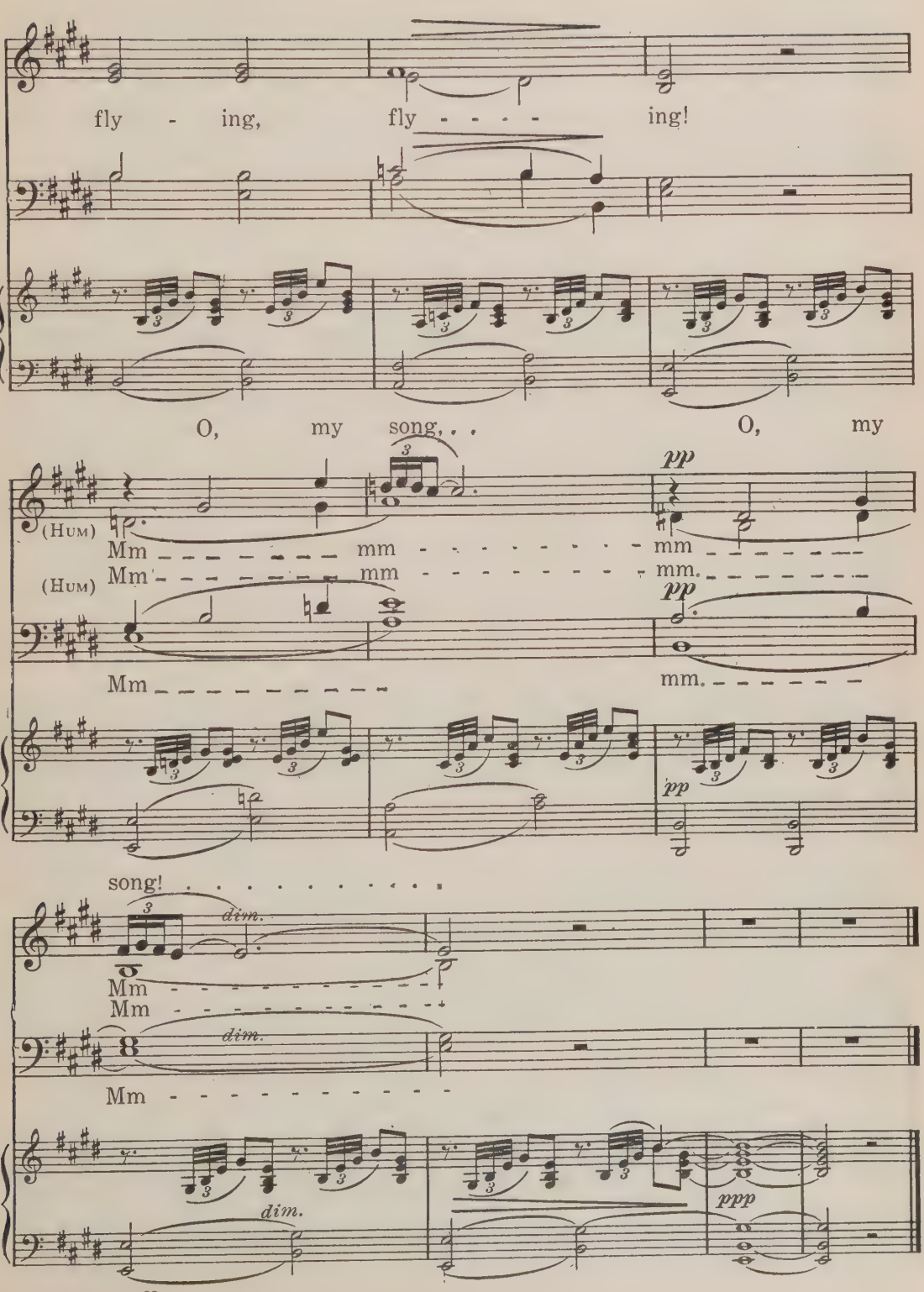
F. Paolo Tosti




sleep - ing, And where her love-ly hands are qui - et ly - ing,
lone - ly And win of her one love-ly word re - ply - ing,
Wait thou, and watch be keep - ing! O song of mine, go
O song bring one word on - ly! O song go fly - ing,
fly - ing! O song of mine, go fly - ing!
fly - ing! O song of mine, go fly - ing!


[Hum]
Mm
mm
Mm
mm
Gold - en moon - light is gleam - ing, Stars thro' the si - lence
Waves have shores for their rest - ing, Winds in the leaves are
TENOR MELODY
[Hum] Mm
mm
Mm
mm
Mm
mm
yearn - ing, There in the twi-light of her
sleep - ing, On - ly my kiss - es from their
Mm
mm
Mm
mm
Mm
mm
hap - py dream - ing, A sin - gle can - dle's
hap-piest nest - ing My gold - en la - dy's
Mm
mm

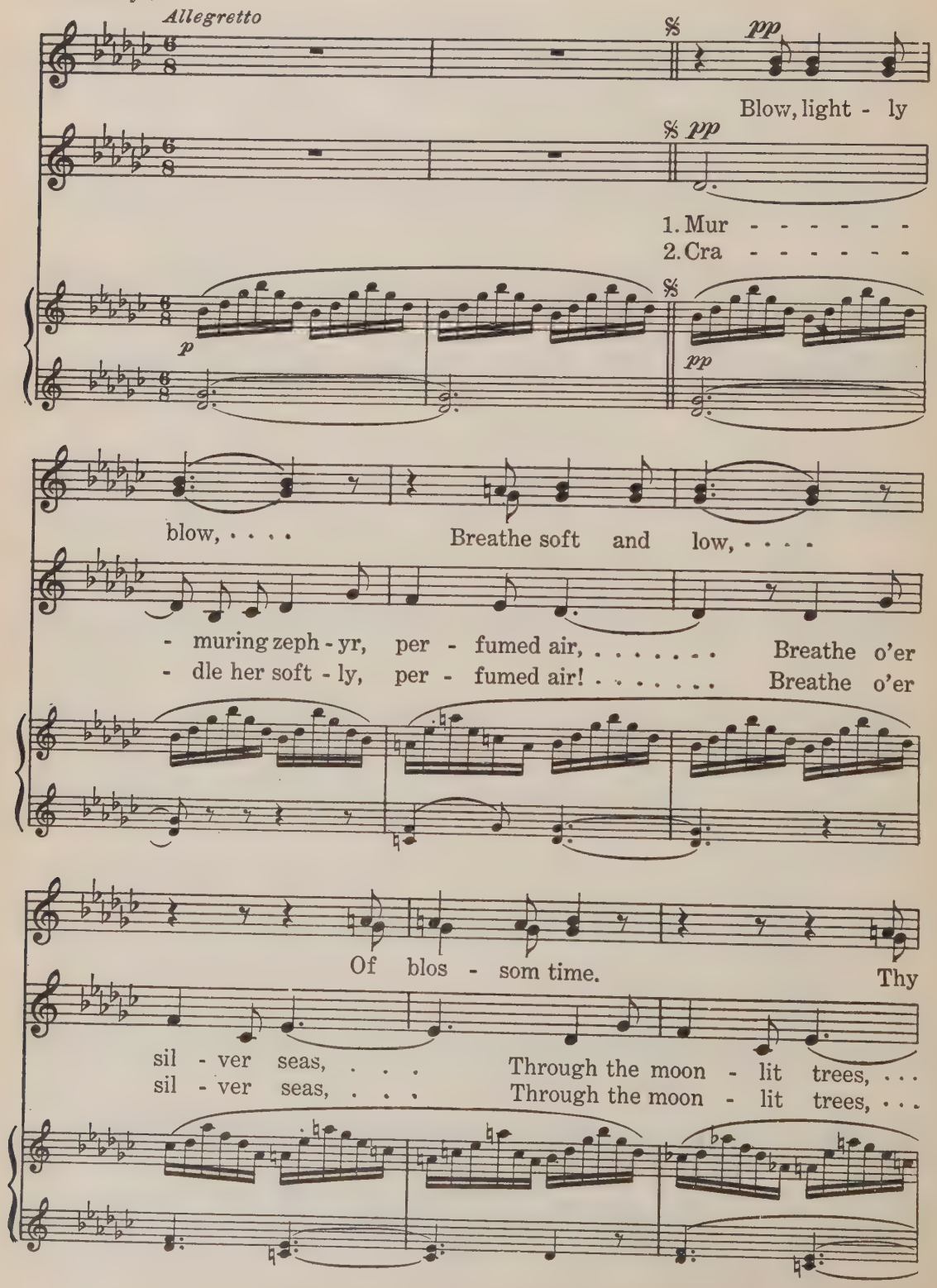

Mm
Mm
burn - ing.
keep - ing.
O gold - en moonlight gleam - ing!
Waves home-ward now are sweep - ing!
Mm
p
O gold - en moon-light gleam - ing!
Waves home-ward now are sweep - ing!
p
p
Fly, O my song, go fly - ing, Fly, O my song go

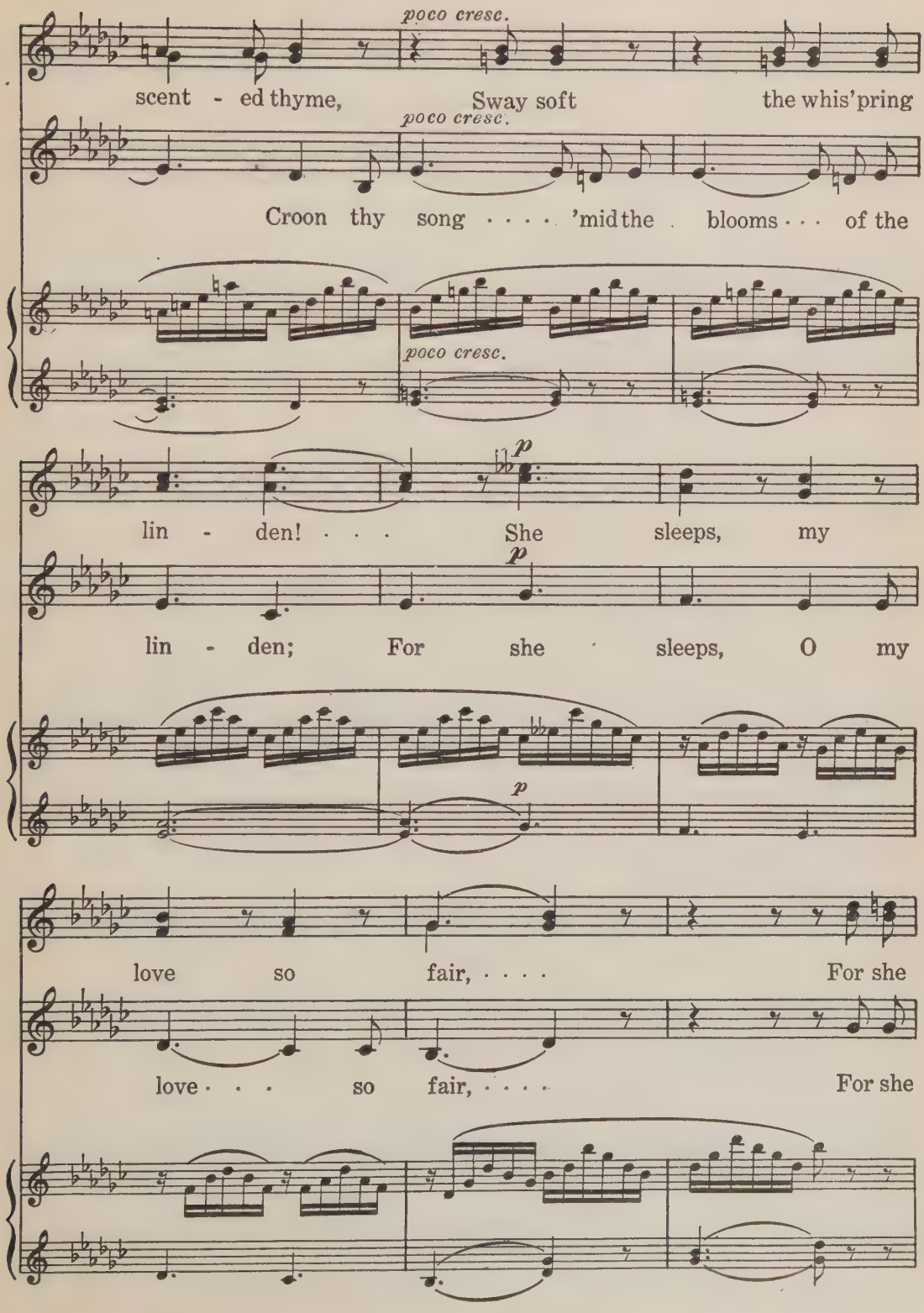

fly - ing, fly - - - - ing!
O, my song, . . O, my
(Hum) Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - -
(Hum) Mm - - - - - - - - mm - - - - - - - - - mm. - - - - - - -
Mm - - - - - - - - -
mm. - - - - - - -
pp
song! . . . . . .
dim.
Mm
Mm - - - - - - - - - - - -
Mm - - - - - - - - - - - -
ppp

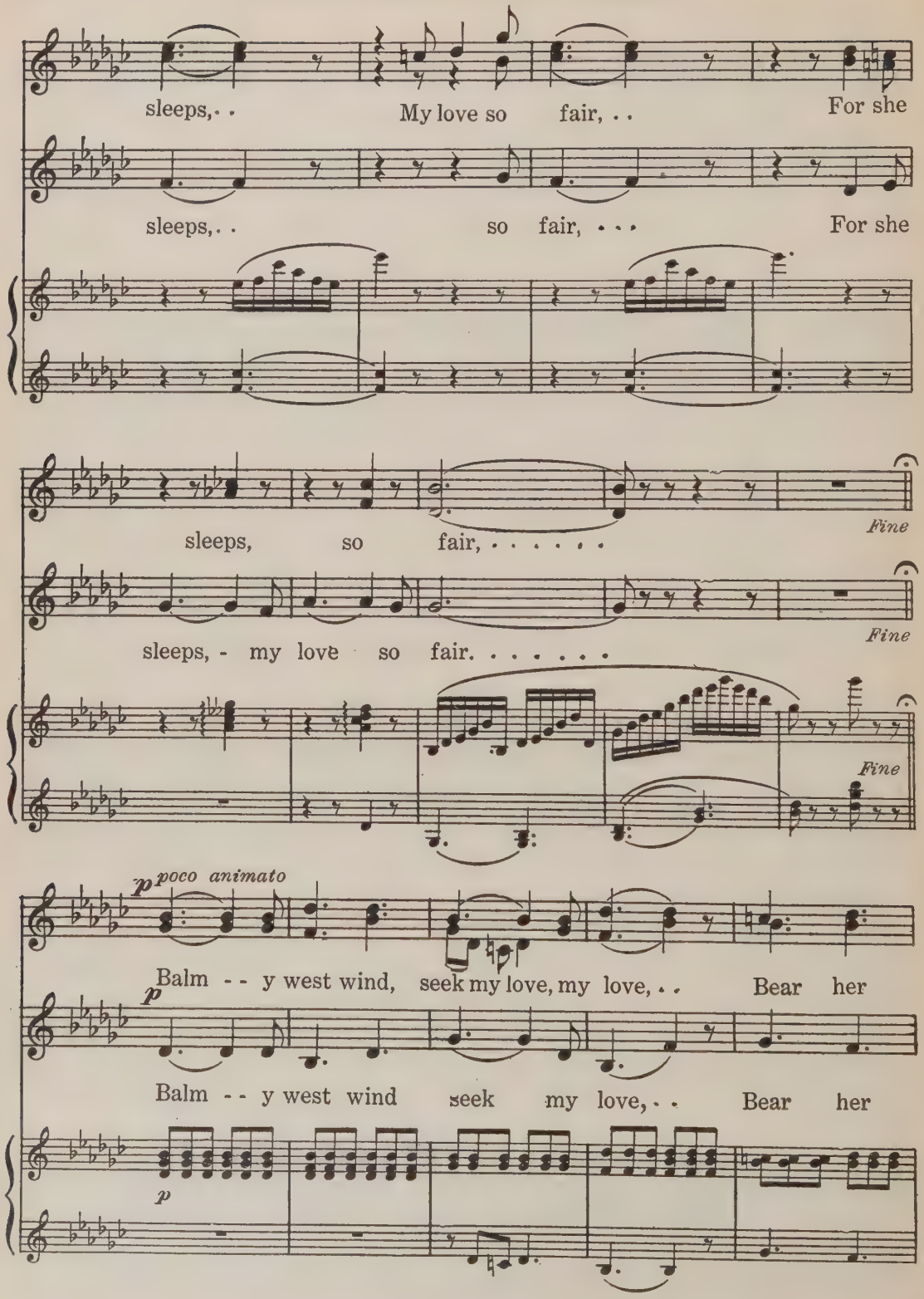
BLOW, LIGHTLY BLOW

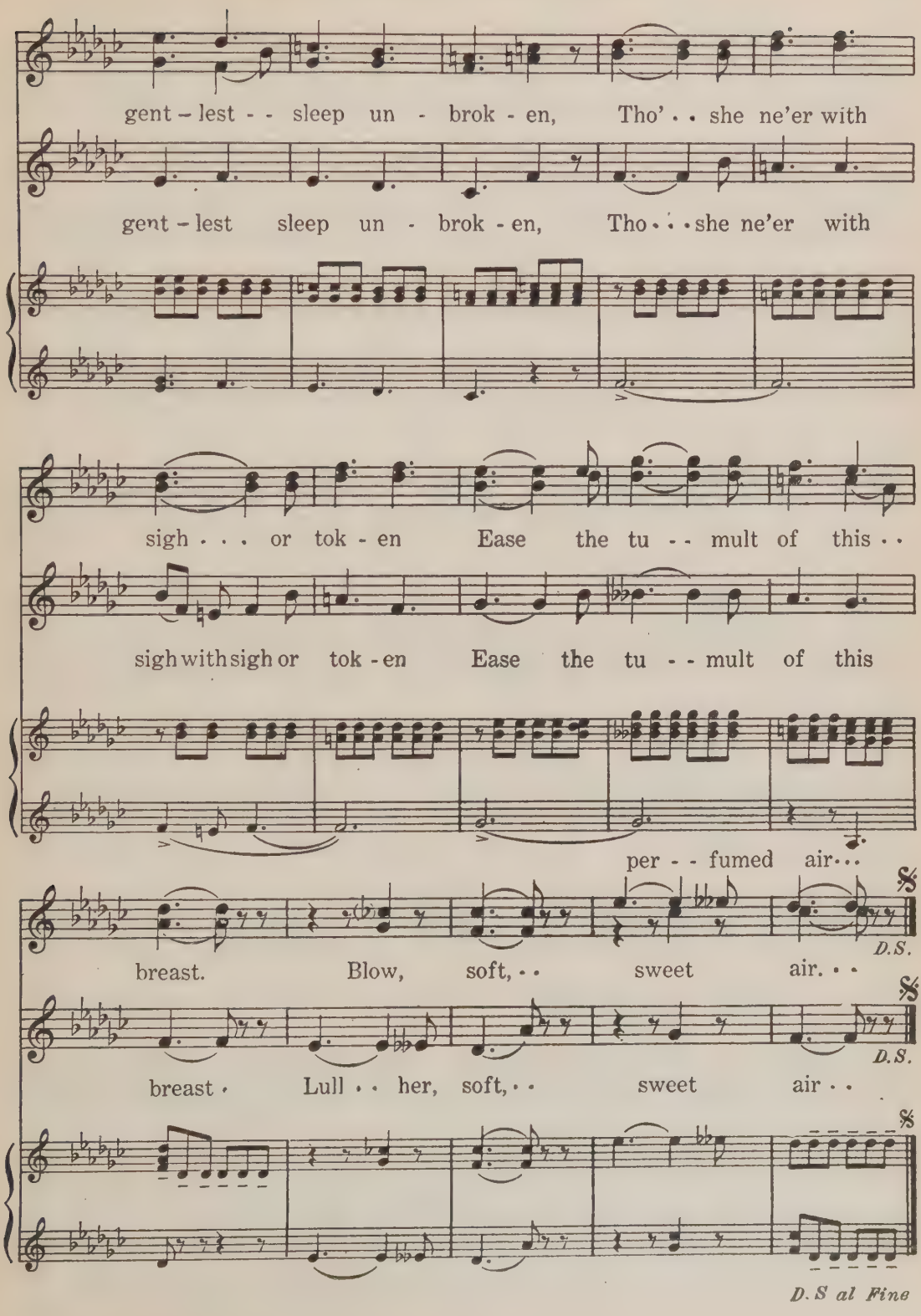
From the German
of Paul Heyse

Adolf Jensen



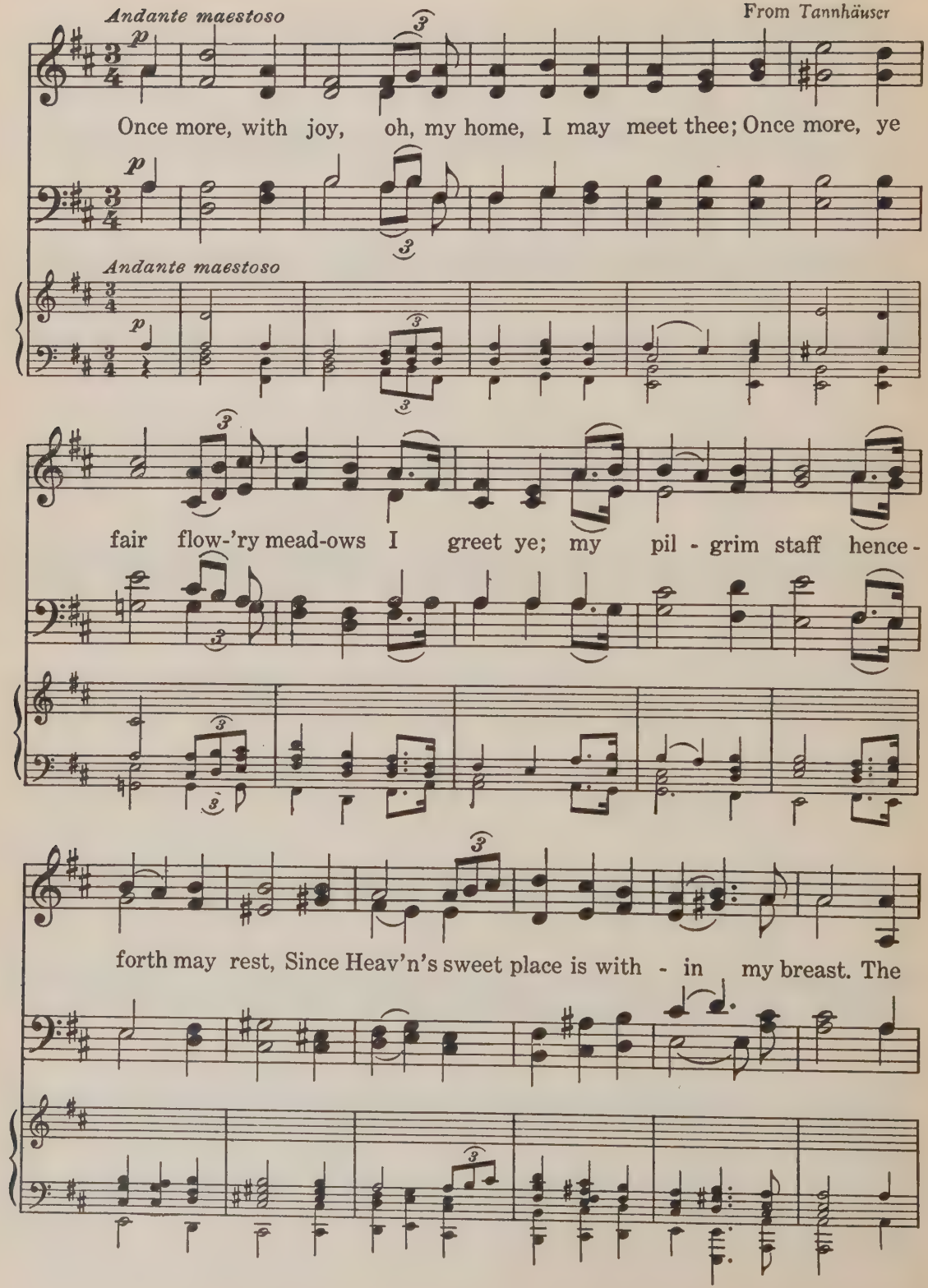

poco cresc.
scent - ed thyme, Sway soft the whis'pring
poco cresc.
Croon thy song . . . . 'mid the blooms . . . of the
poco cresc.
p
lin - den! . . . She sleeps, my
p
lin - den; For she sleeps, O my
p
love so fair, ... For she
love . . . so fair, ... For she

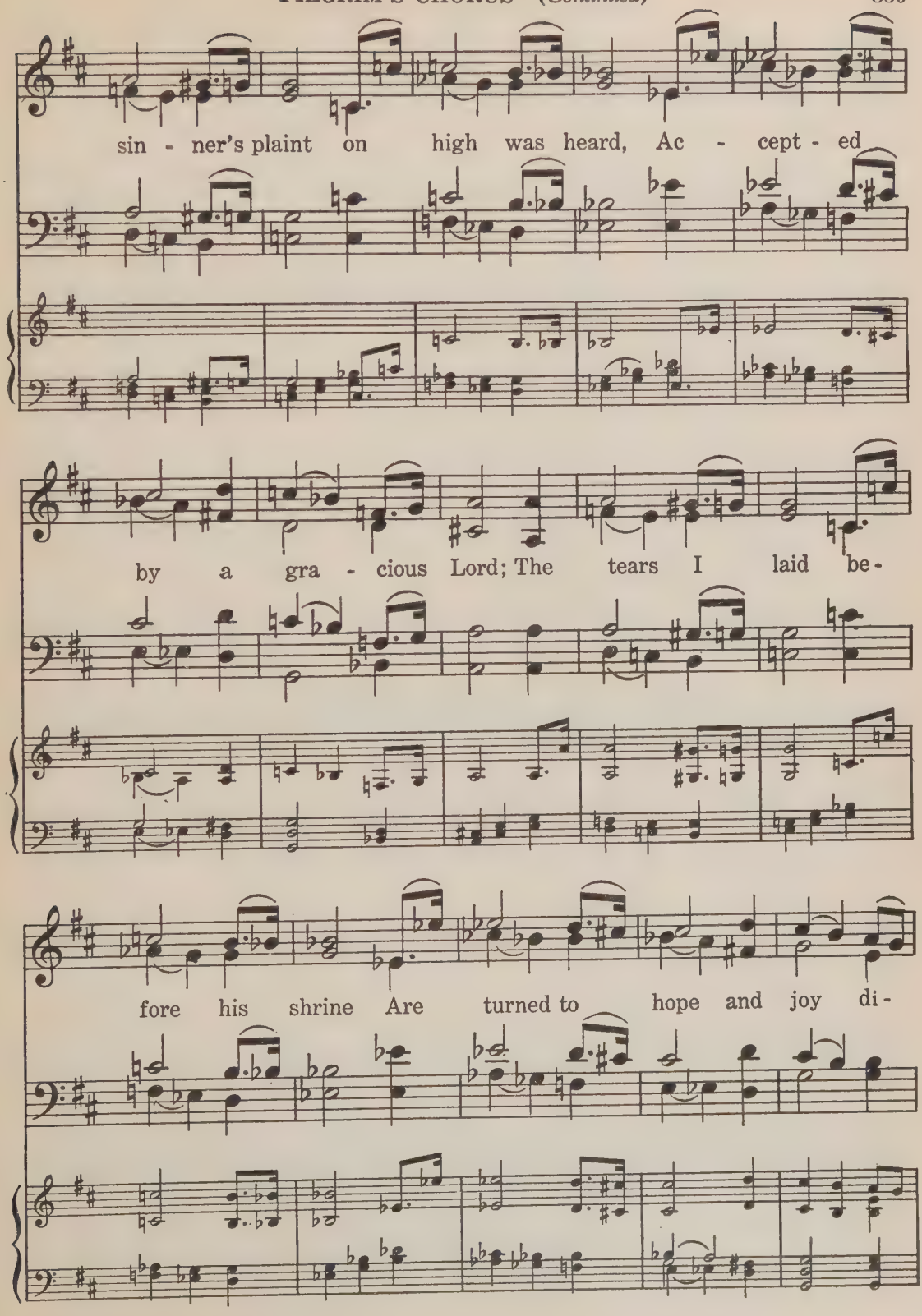

sleeps,. . My love so fair, . . For she
sleeps,. . so fair, . . . For she
sleeps, so fair, ...
Fine
sleeps, - my love so fair. . . . . .
Fine
Fine
p poco animato
Balm - - y west wind, seek my love, my love, . . Bear her
p
Balm - - y west wind seek my love, . . Bear her
p

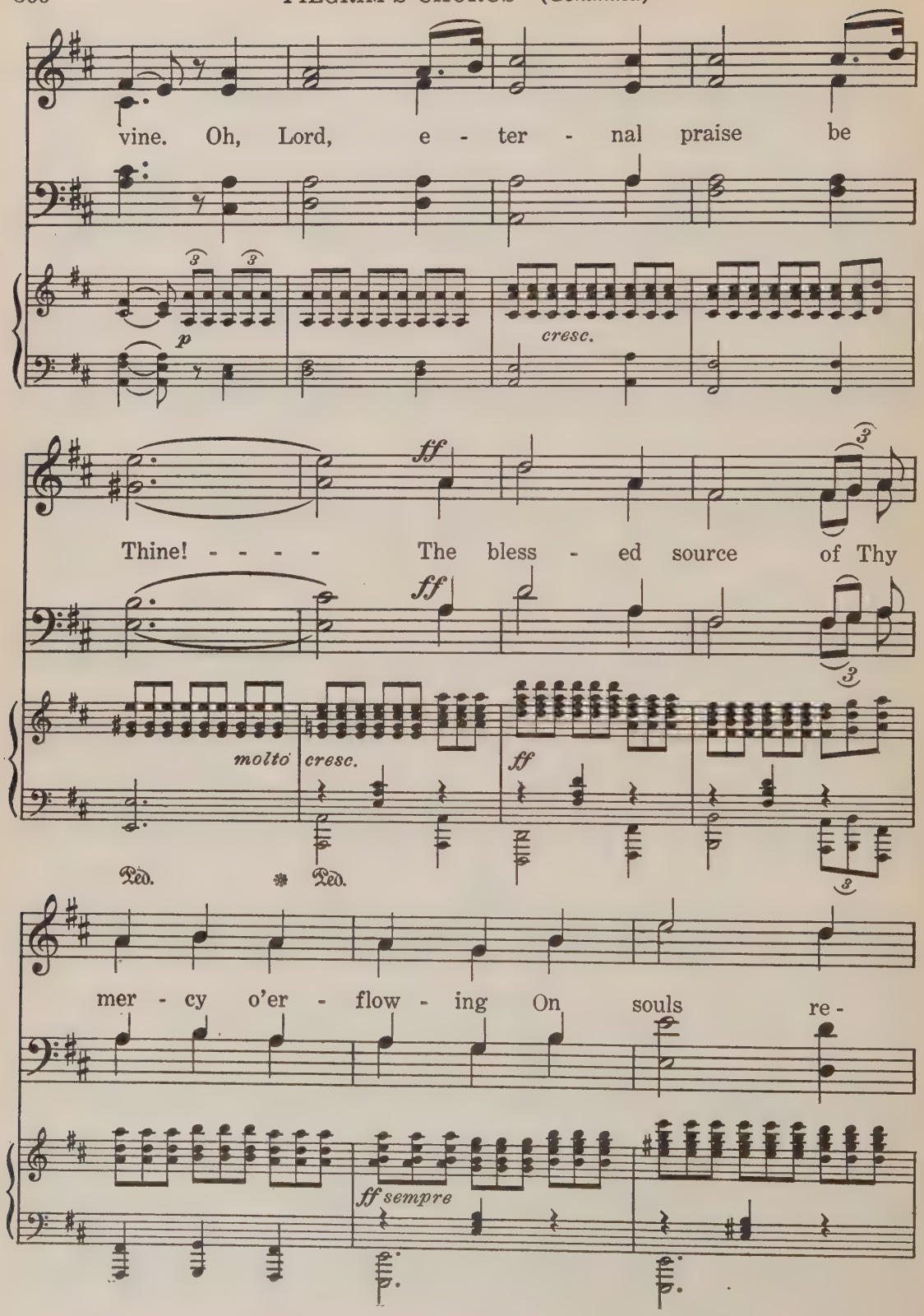

gent – lest - - sleep un - brok - en, Tho' . . she ne'er with
gent – lest sleep un - brok - en, Tho . . . she ne'er with
sigh . . . or tok - en Ease the tu - - mult of this . .
sigh with sigh or tok - en Ease the tu - - mult of this
per - - fumed air . . .
breast. Blow, soft, . . sweet air. . .
D.S.
breast . Lull . . her, soft, . . sweet air . .
D.S.
D.S al Fine

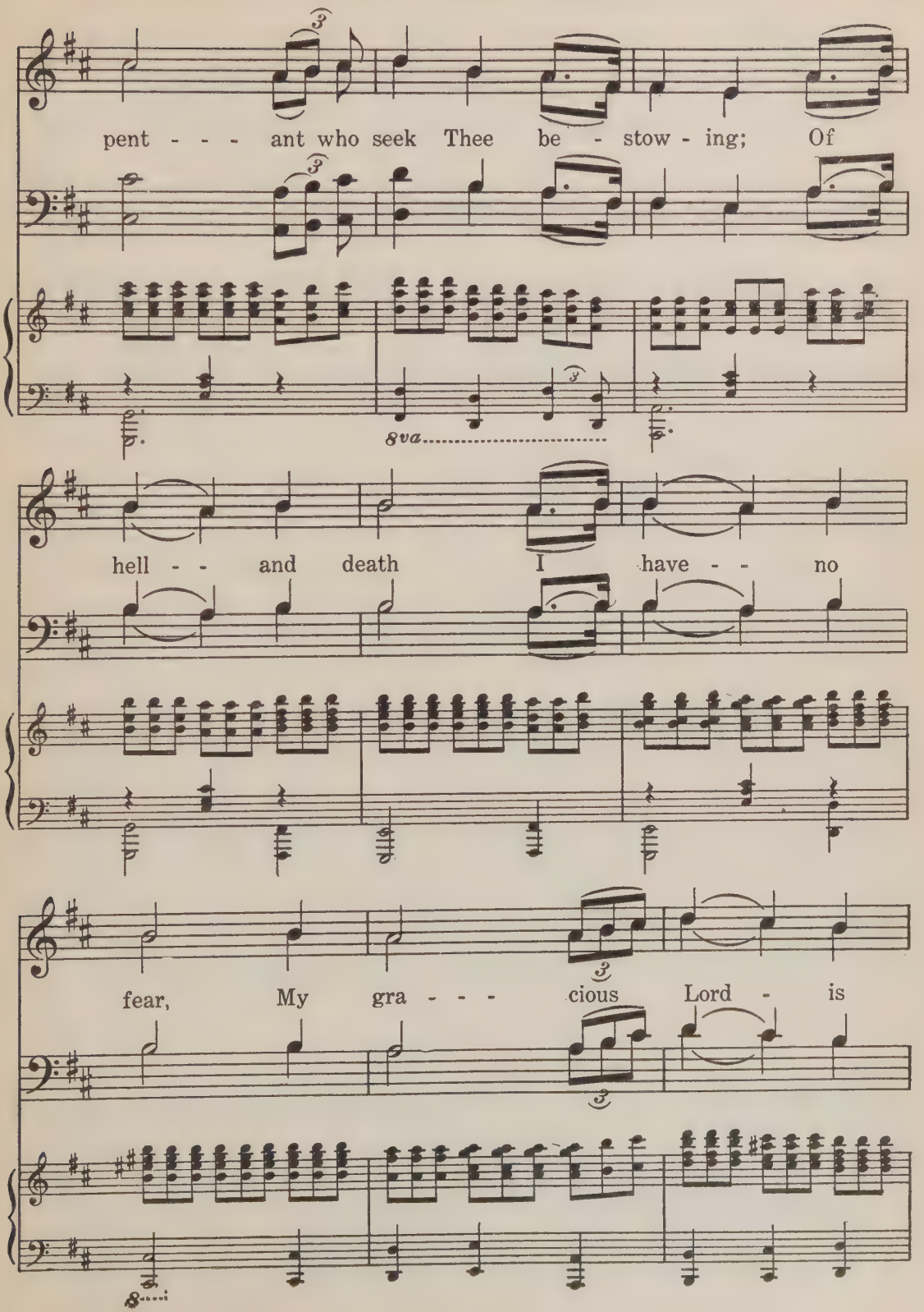
PILGRIM'S CHORUS

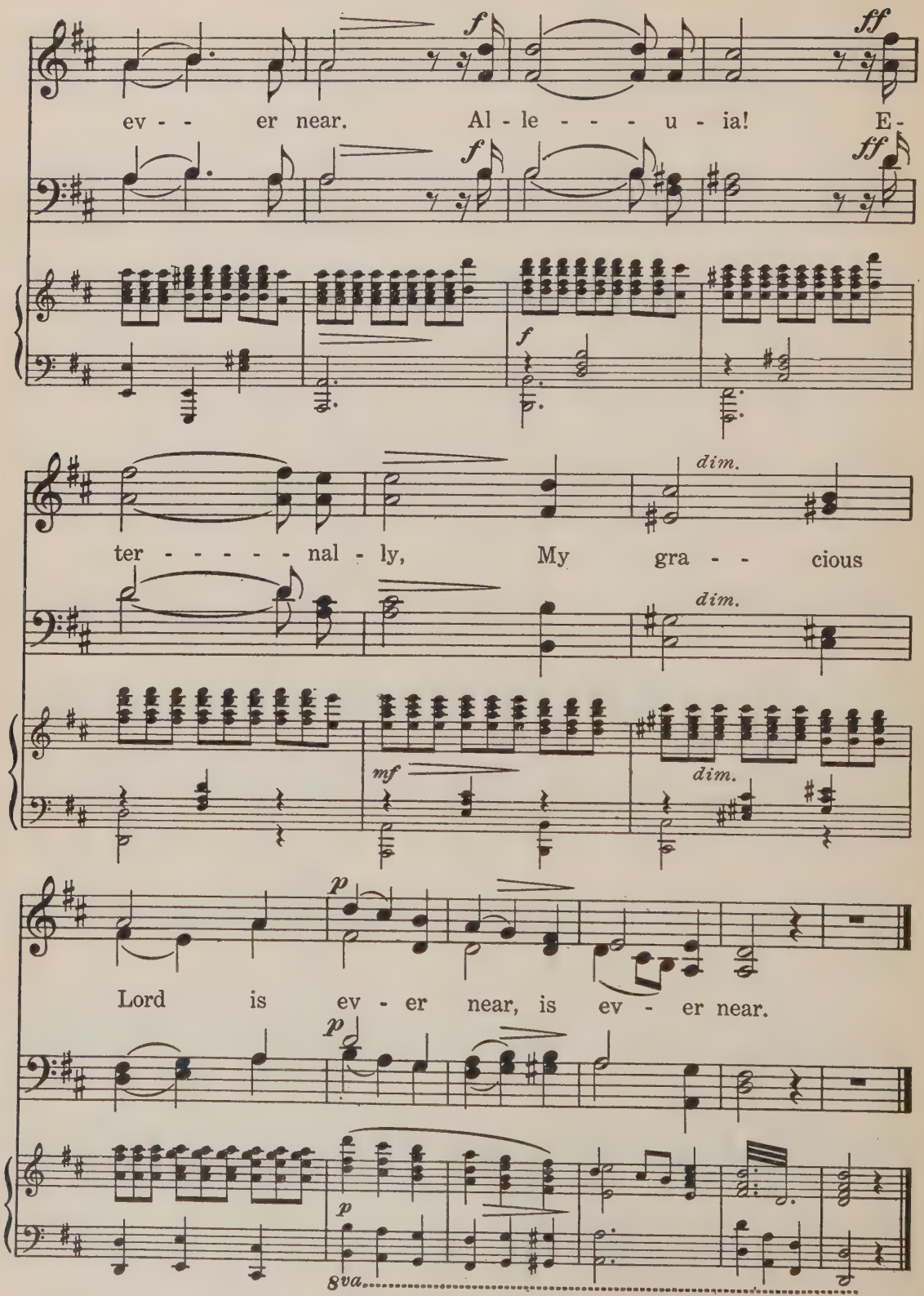
Richard Wagner
From *Tannhäuser*



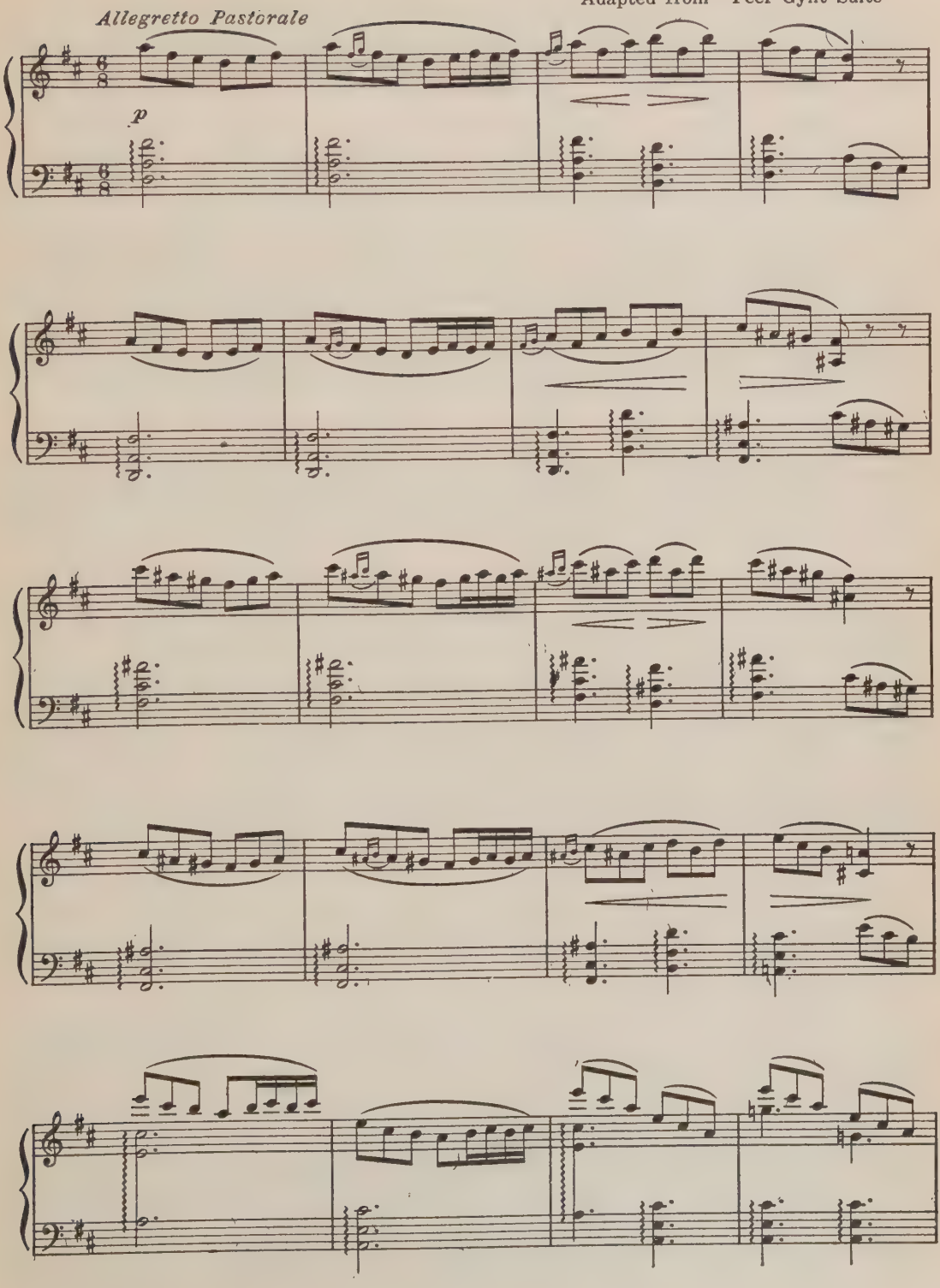

sin - ner's plaint on high was heard, Ac - cept - ed
by a gra - cious Lord; The tears I laid be -
fore his shrine Are turned to hope and joy di -

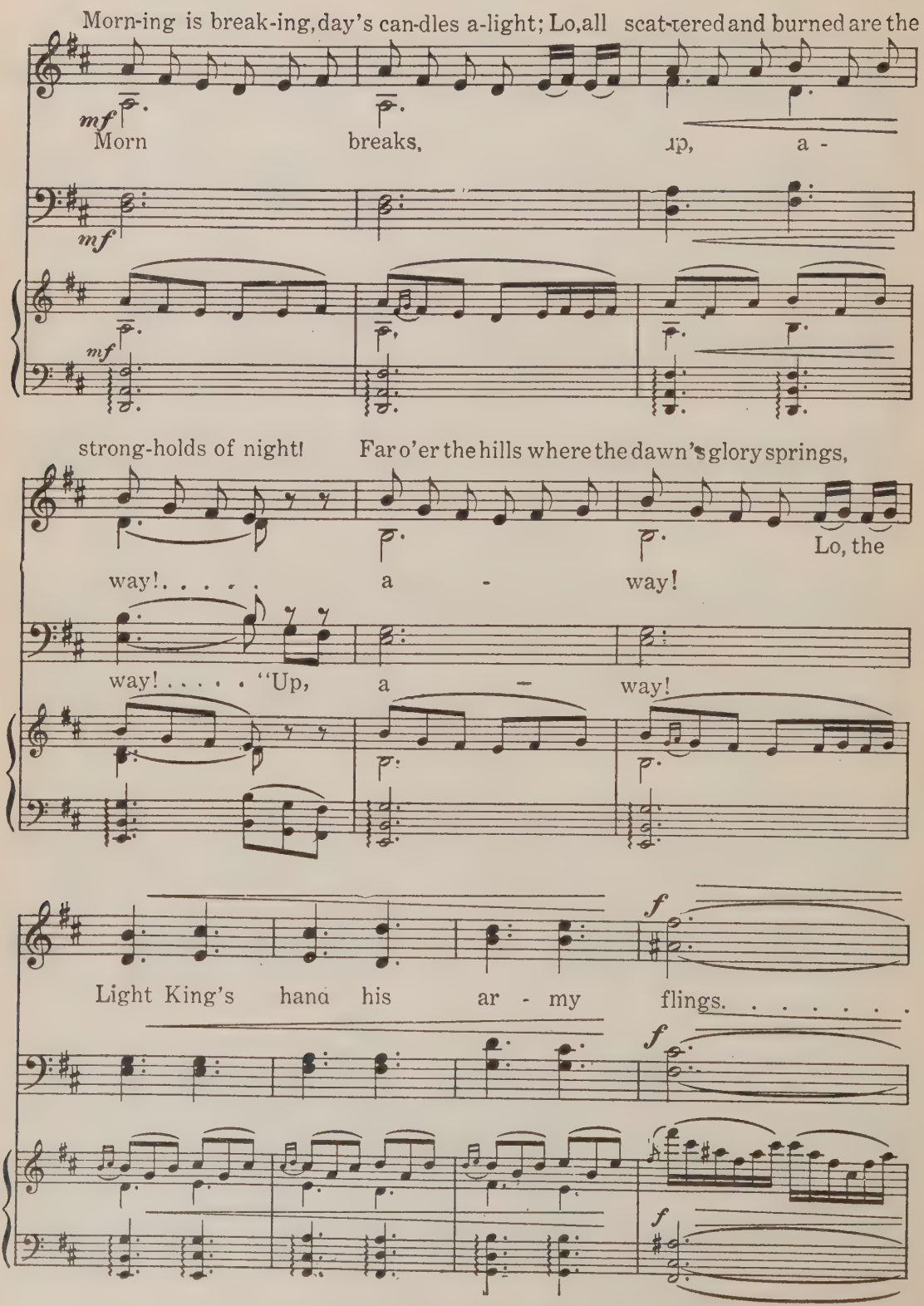

vine. Oh, Lord, e - ter - nal praise be
p
cresc.
ff
Thine! - - - - The bless - ed source of Thy
ff
molto cresc.
ff
Ped. * Ped.
mer - cy o'er - flow - ing On souls re -
ff sempre

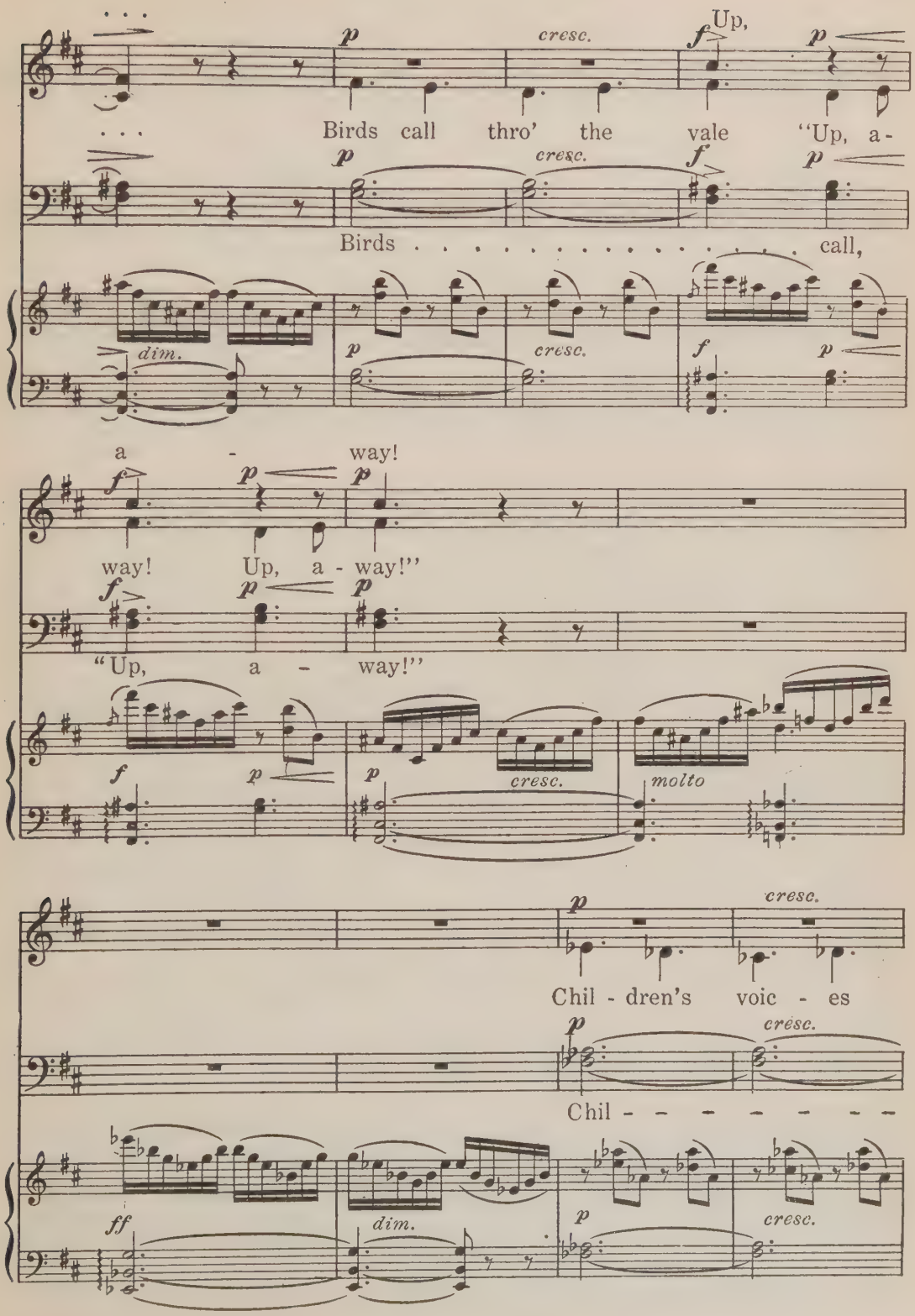

pent - - - ant who seek Thee be - stow - ing; Of
8va
hell - - and death I have - - no
fear, My gra - - - cious Lord - is

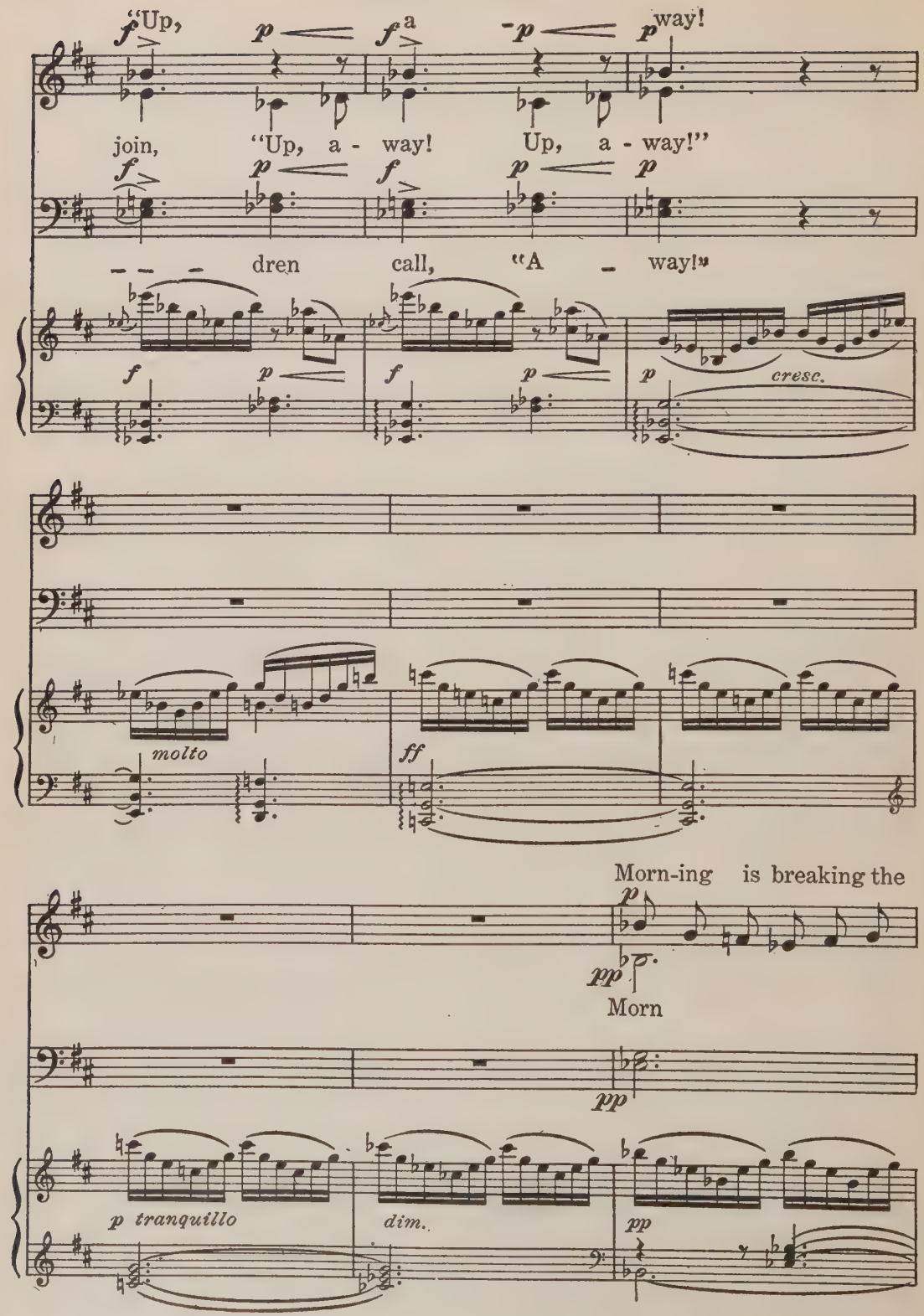

ev - - er near. Al - le - - - - u - ia! E -
ter - - - - - nal - ly, My gra - - cious
Lord is ev - er near, is ev - er near.
f
ff
dim.
mf
p
8va

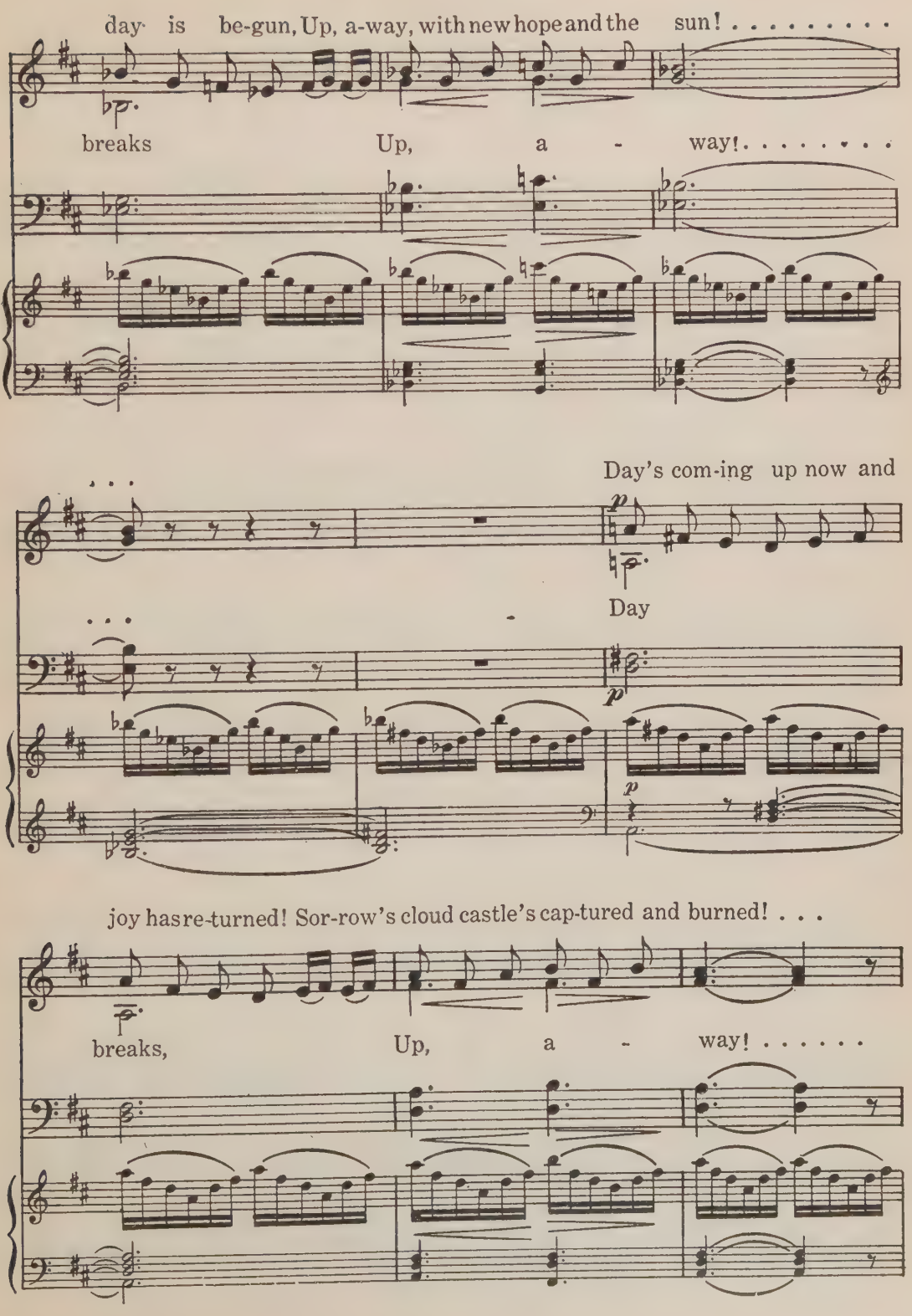
Edward Grieg
Adapted from" Peer Gynt Suite"

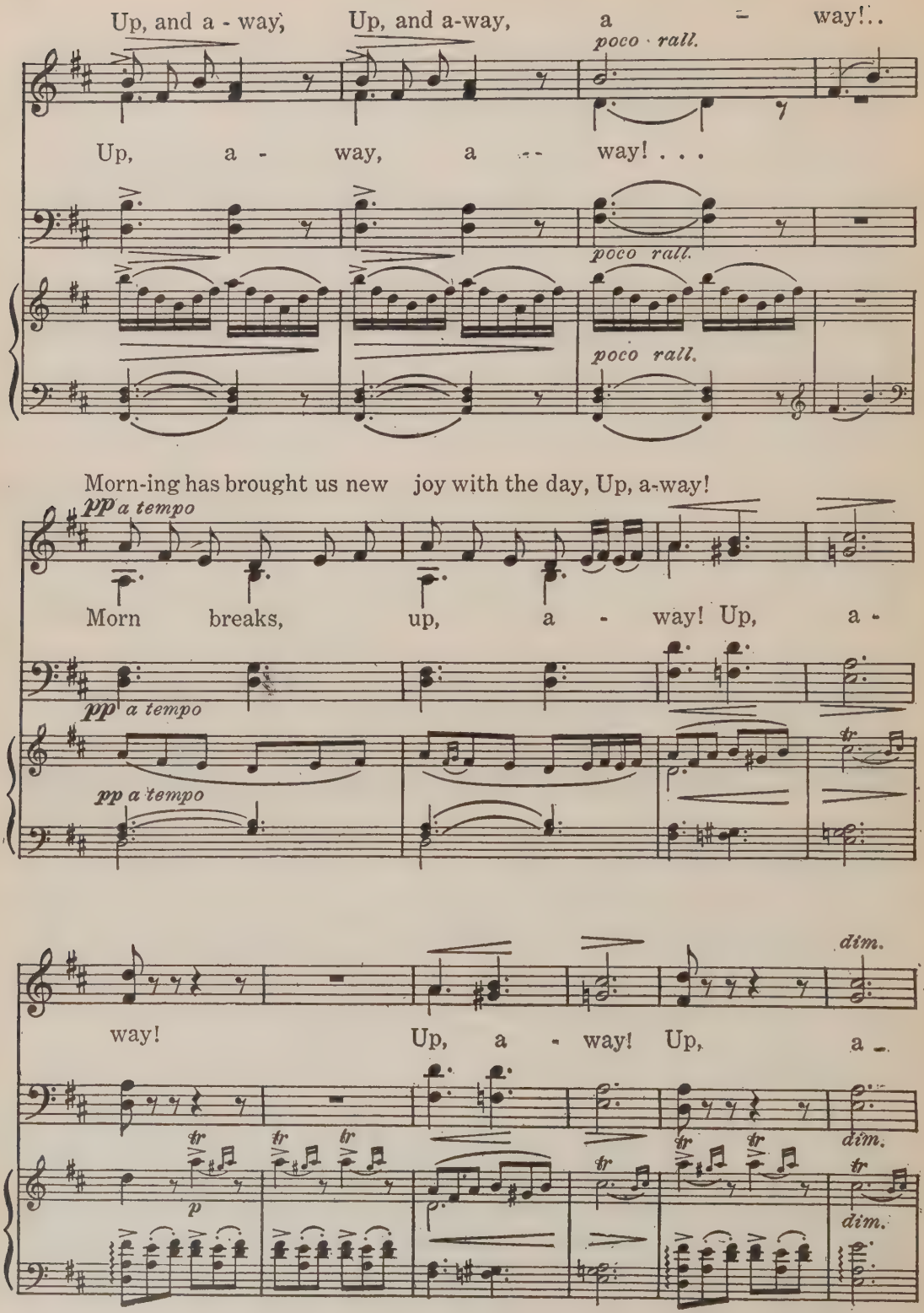


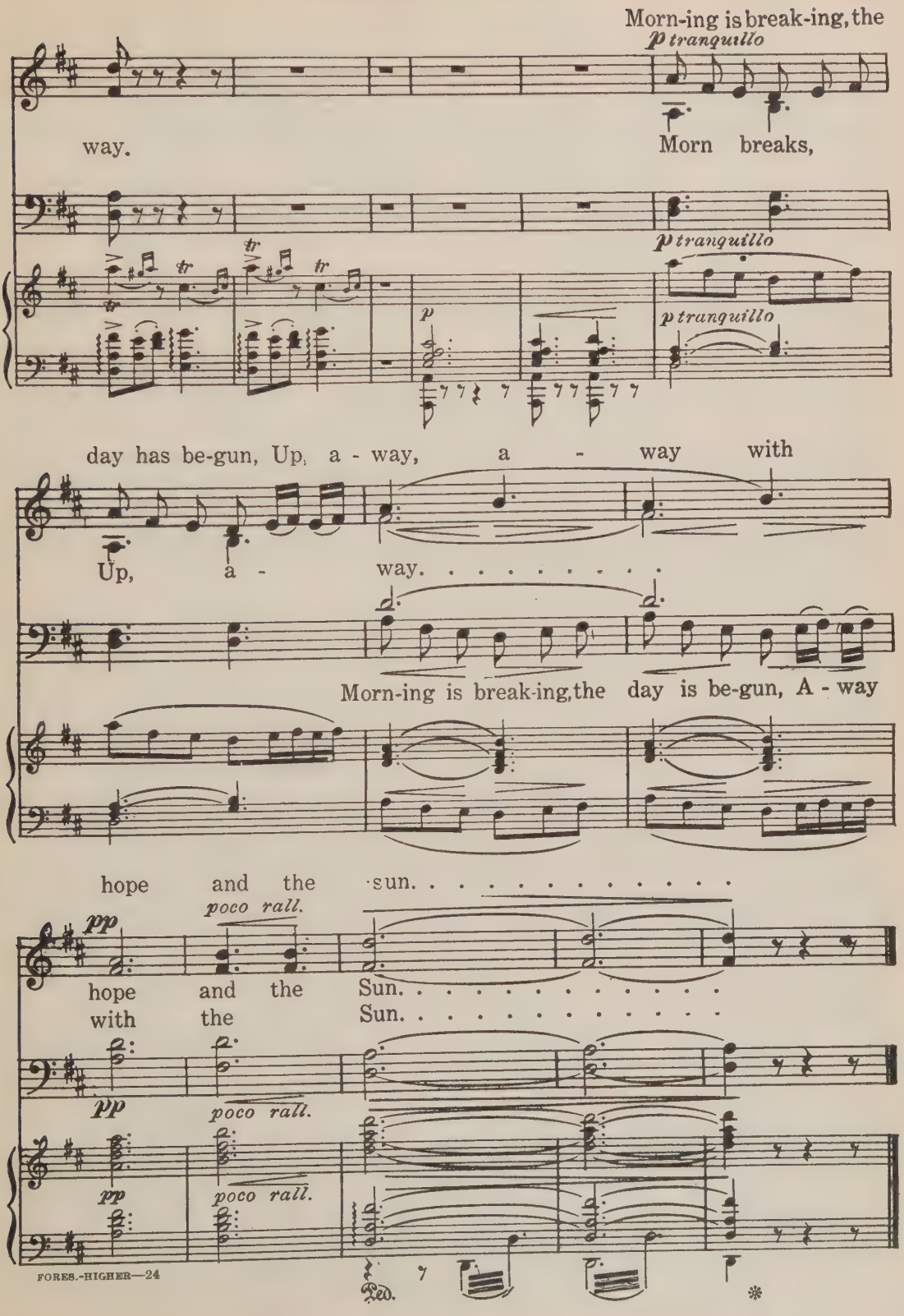

Morn-ing is break-ing, day's can-dles a-light; Lo, all scat-tered and burned are the
mf
Morn breaks, up, a -
mf
mf
strong-holds of night! Far o'er the hills where the dawn's glory springs,
way! . . . . . a - way!
Lo, the
way! . . . . . "Up, a - way!
f
Light King's hand his ar - my flings. . . . . .
f
f


Birds call thro' the vale "Up, a-
Birds call,
a - way!
way! Up, a - way!"
"Up, a - way!"
Chil - dren's voic - es
Chil - - - - - - -
cresc.
dim.
molto


"Up,
a
way!
join, "Up, a - way! Up, a - way!"
dren call, "A - way!"
cresc.
molto
ff
Morn-ing is breaking the
Morn
p tranquillo
dim.

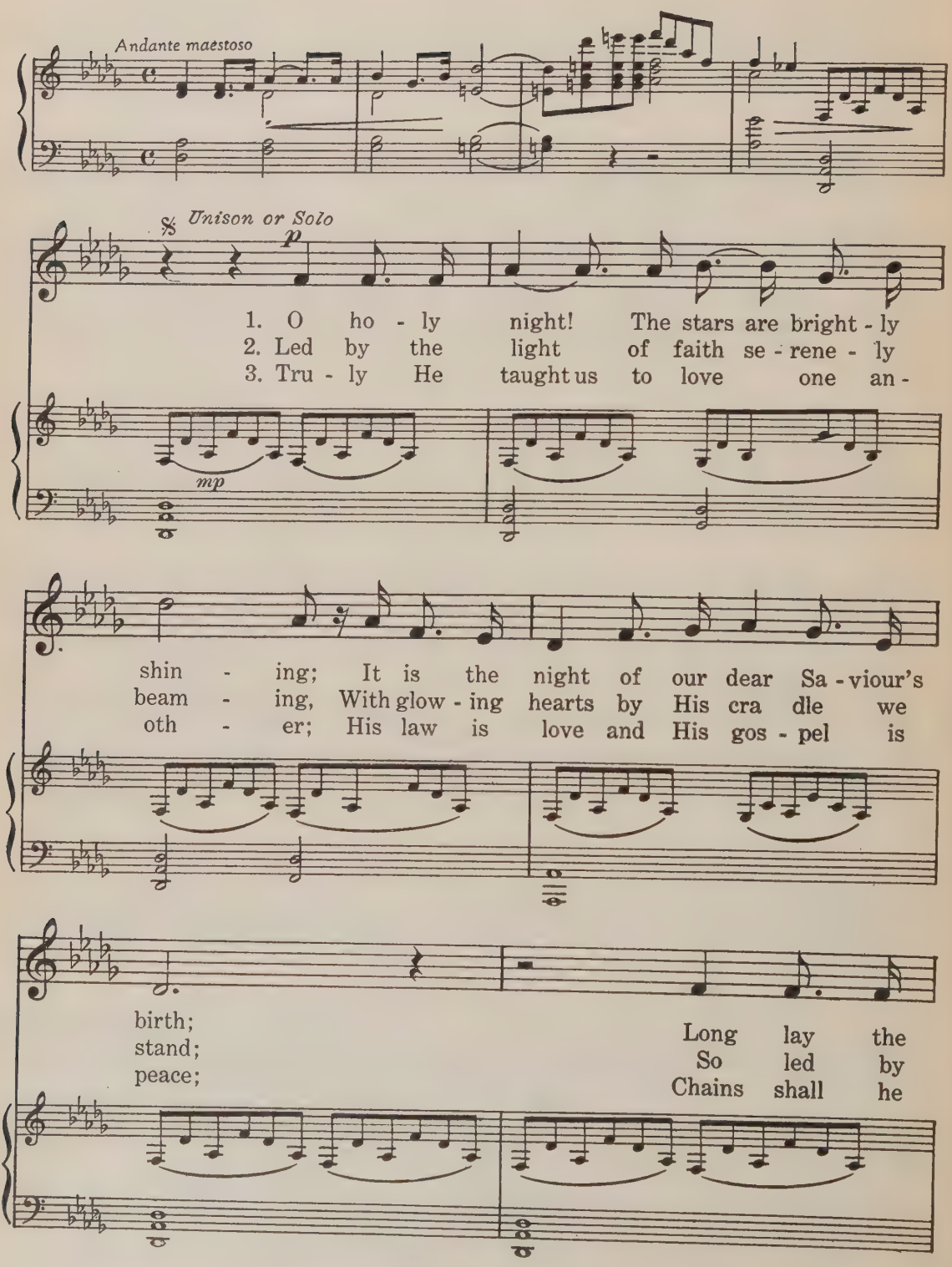

day is be-gun, Up, a-way, with new hope and the sun!
breaks Up, a - way!
Day's com-ing up now and
Day
joy has re-turned! Sor-row's cloud castle's cap-tured and burned!
breaks, Up, a - way!

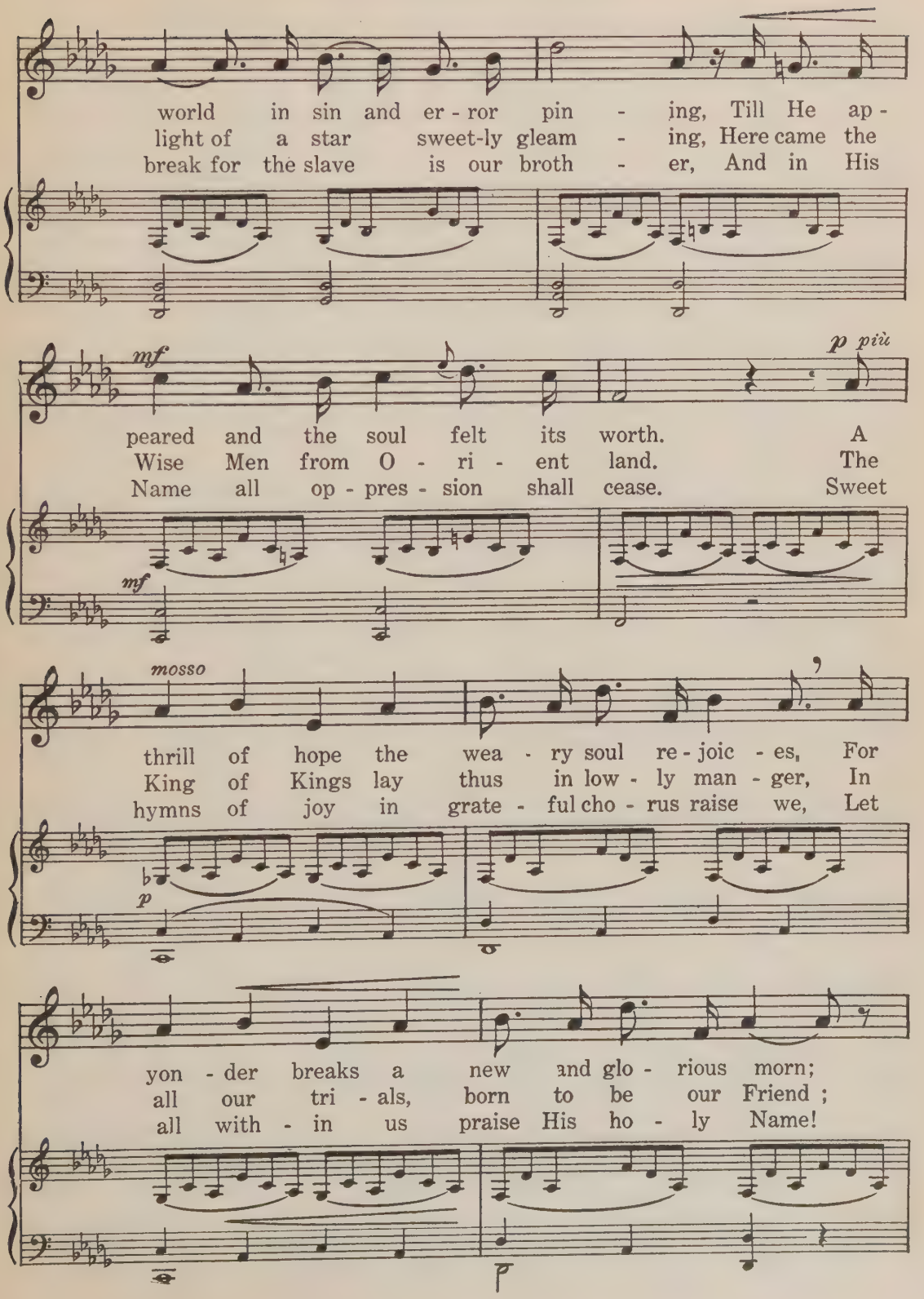

Up, and a - way, Up, and a-way, a - way!..
poco rall.
Up, a - way, a - way! . . .
poco rall.
poco rall.
Morn-ing has brought us new joy with the day, Up, a-way!
pp a tempo
Morn breaks, up, a - way! Up, a -
pp a tempo
pp a tempo
dim.
way! Up, a - way! Up, a -
dim.
dim.
p

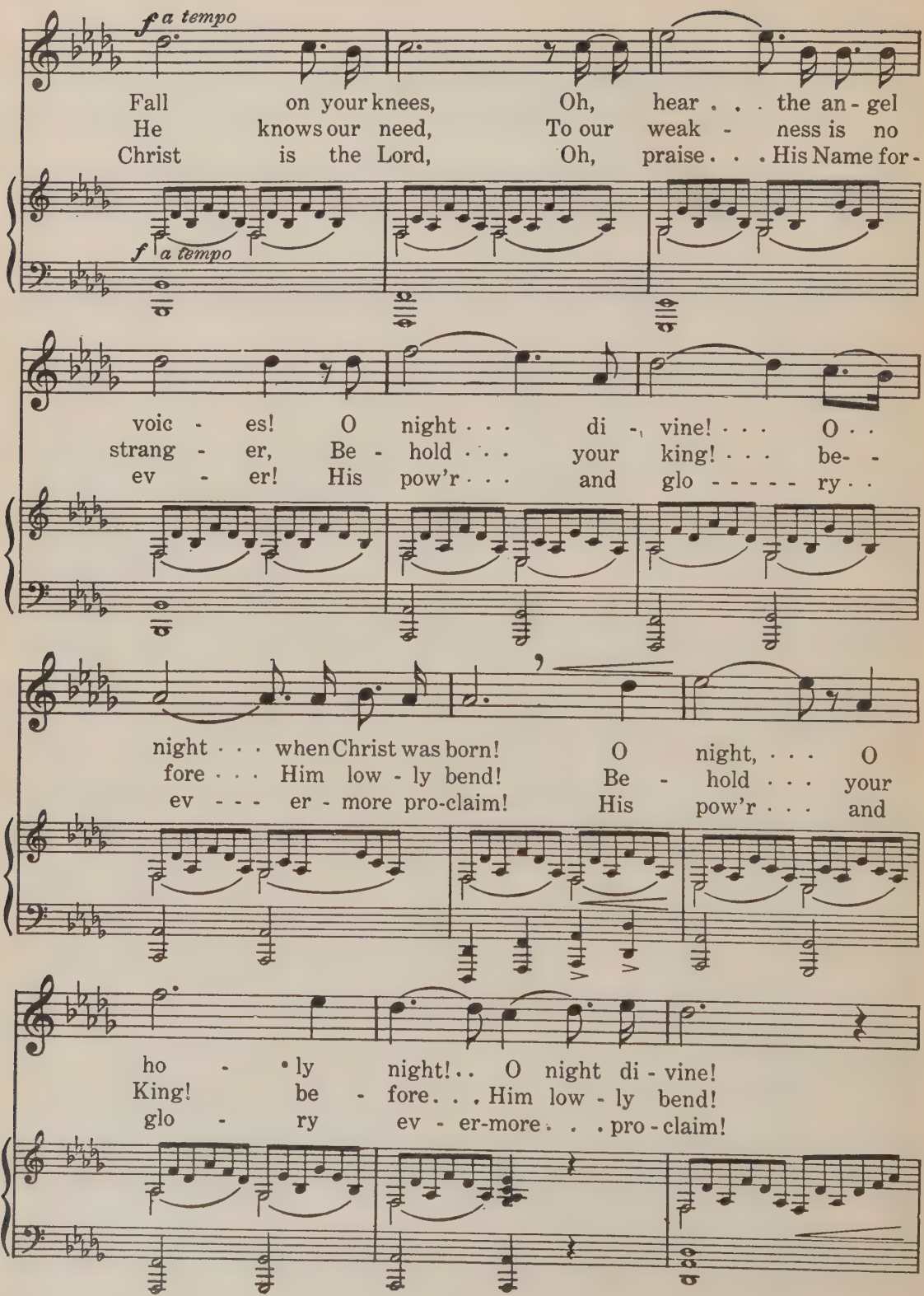

Morn-ing is break-ing, the
p tranquillo
way.
Morn breaks,
p tranquillo
p
p tranquillo
day has be-gun, Up, a - way, a - way with
Up, a - way.
Morn-ing is break-ing, the day is be-gun, A - way
hope and the sun.
pp
poco rall.
hope and the Sun.
with the Sun.
pp
poco rall.
pp
poco rall.
Ped.
*

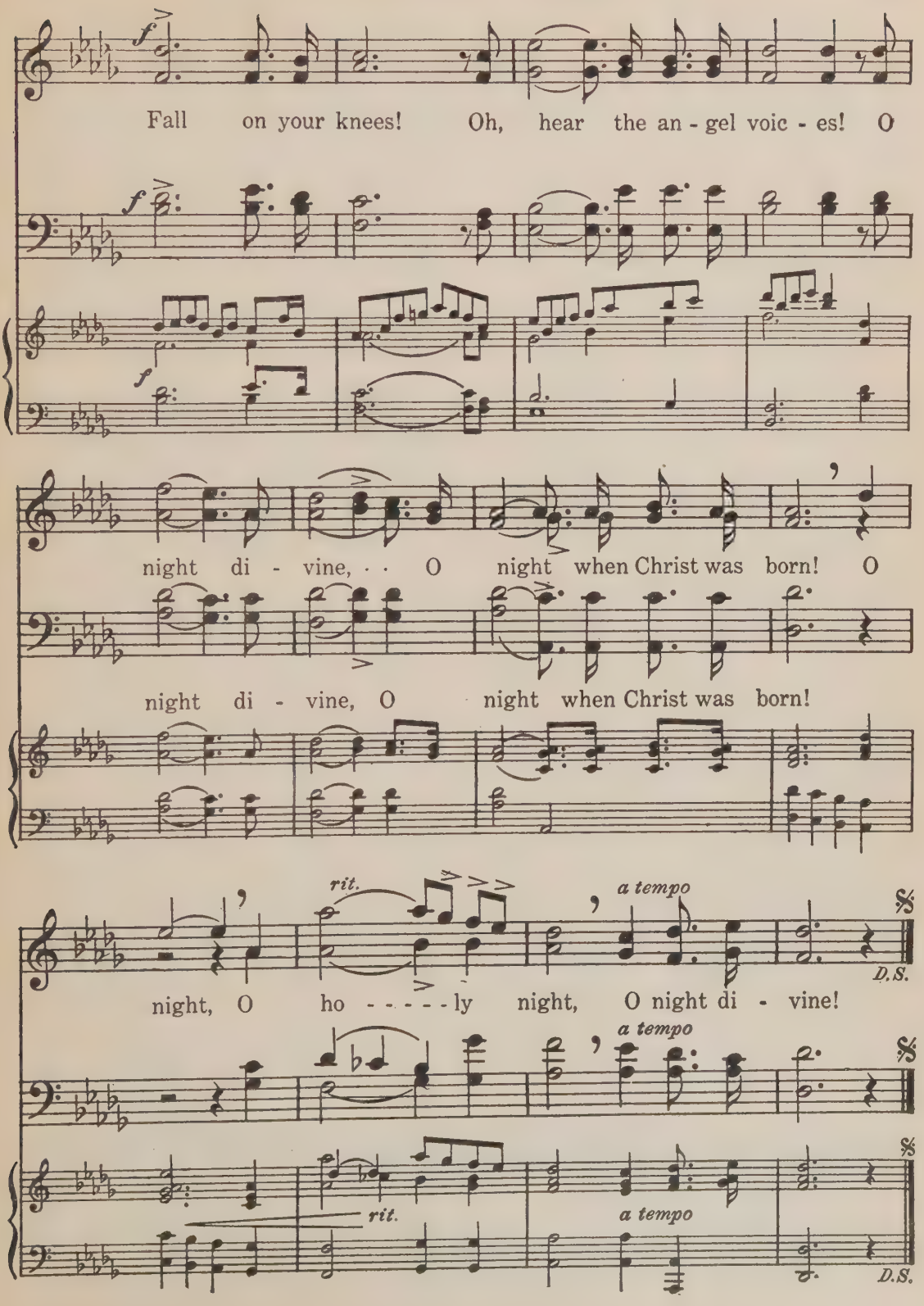
O HOLY NIGHT

Adolph Adam




world in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap -
light of a star sweet-ly gleam - ing, Here came the
break for the slave is our broth - er, And in His
mf
p più
peared and the soul felt its worth. A
Wise Men from O - ri - ent land. The
Name all op - pres - sion shall cease. Sweet
mf
mosso
thrill of hope the wea - ry soul re - joic - es, For
King of Kings lay thus in low - ly man - ger, In
hymns of joy in grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let
p
yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn;
all our tri - als, born to be our Friend ;
all with - in us praise His ho - ly Name!

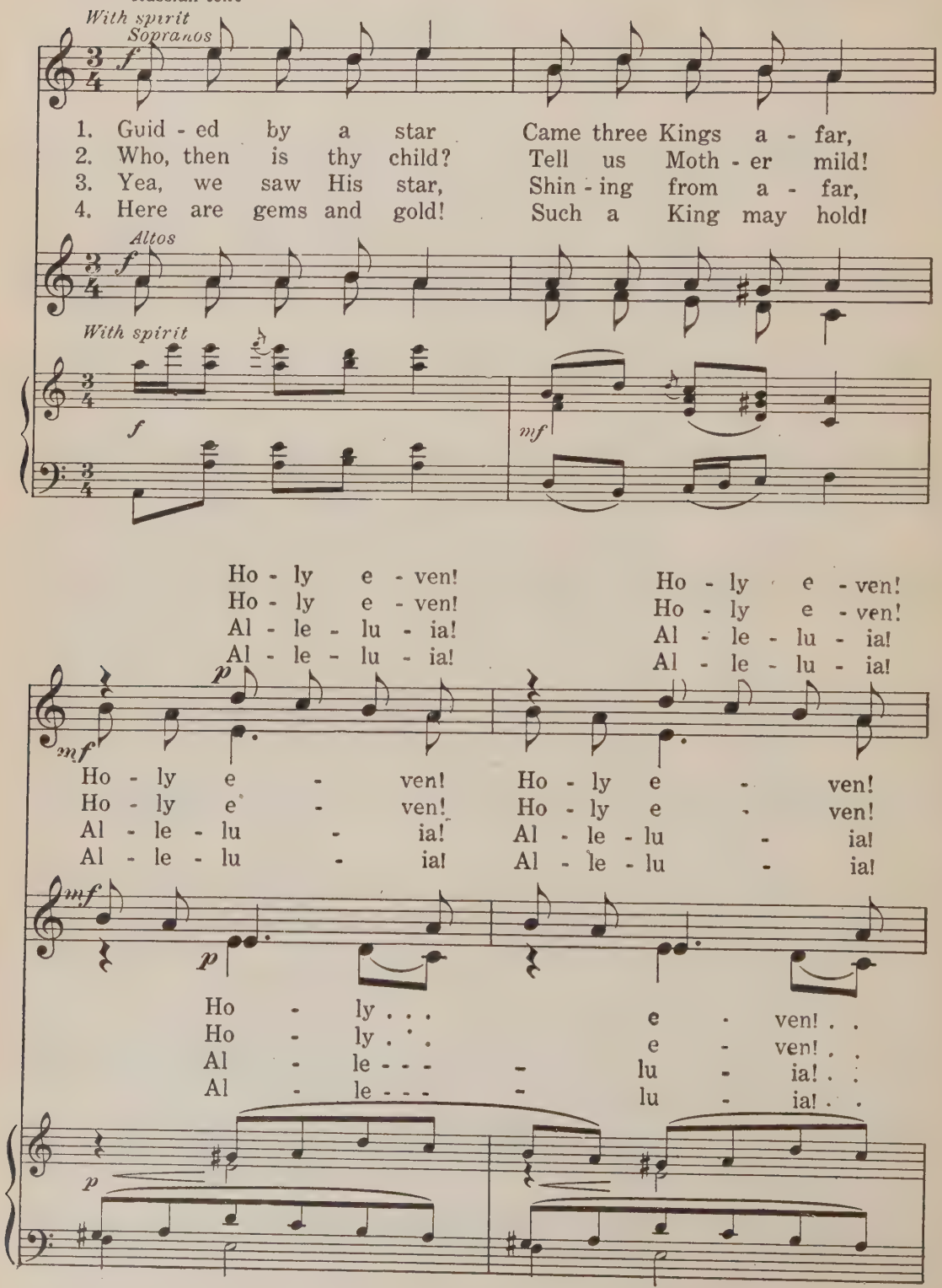

f a tempo
Fall on your knees, Oh, hear . . . the an - gel
He knows our need, To our weak - ness is no
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise . . . His Name for -
f a tempo
voic - es! O night . . . di - vine! . . . O . .
strang - er, Be - hold . . . your king! . . . be- -
ev - er! His pow'r . . . and glo - - - - - ry . .
night . . . when Christ was born! O night, . . . O
fore . . . Him low - ly bend! Be - hold . . . your
ev - - - er - more pro-claim! His pow'r . . . and
ho - ly night! . . O night di - vine!
King! be - fore . . . Him low - ly bend!
glo - ry ev - er-more . . . pro - claim!

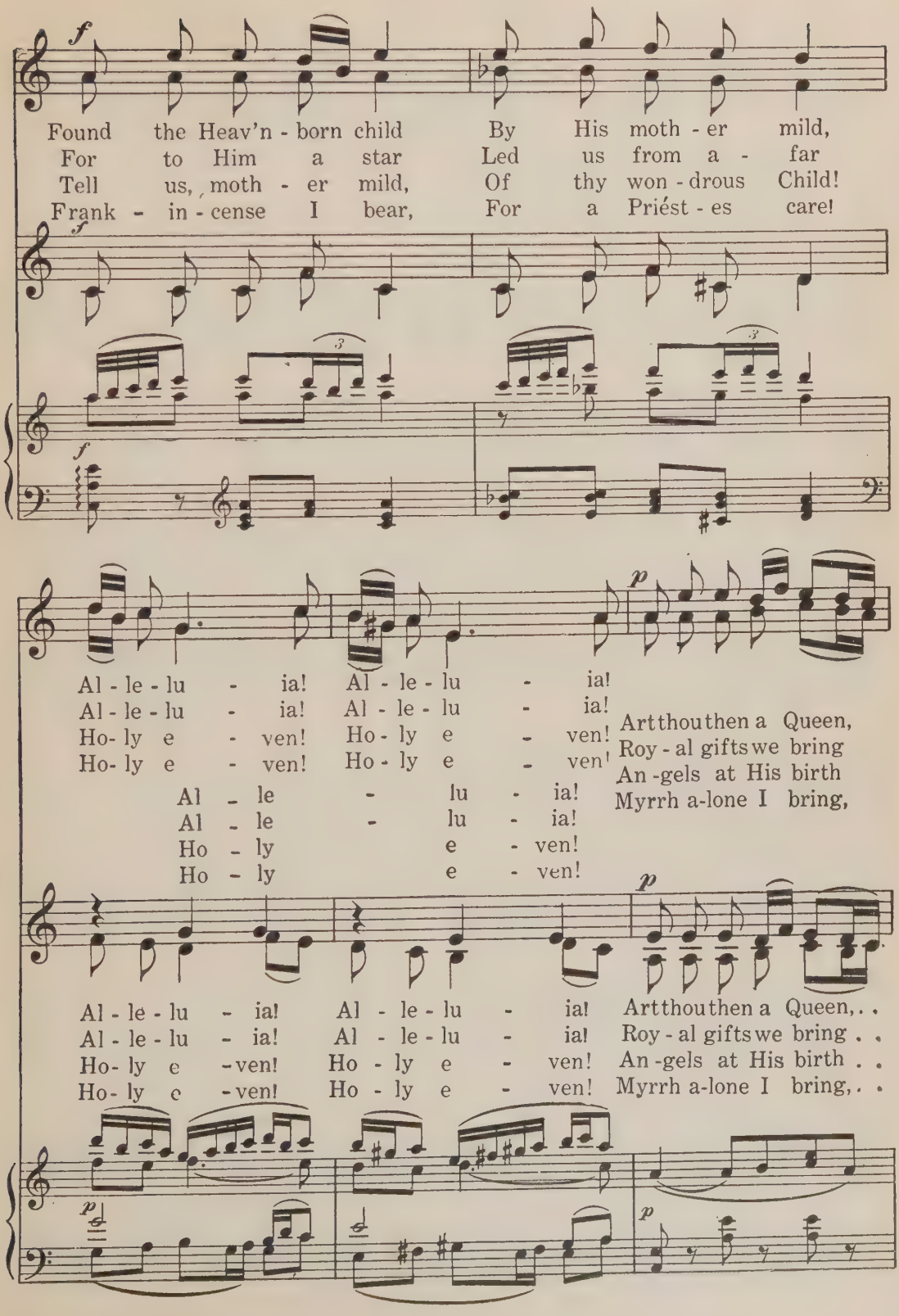

Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the an - gel voic - es! O
night di - vine, · · O night when Christ was born! O
night di - vine, O night when Christ was born!
night, O ho - - - - - ly night, O night di - vine!
rit.
a tempo
D.S.

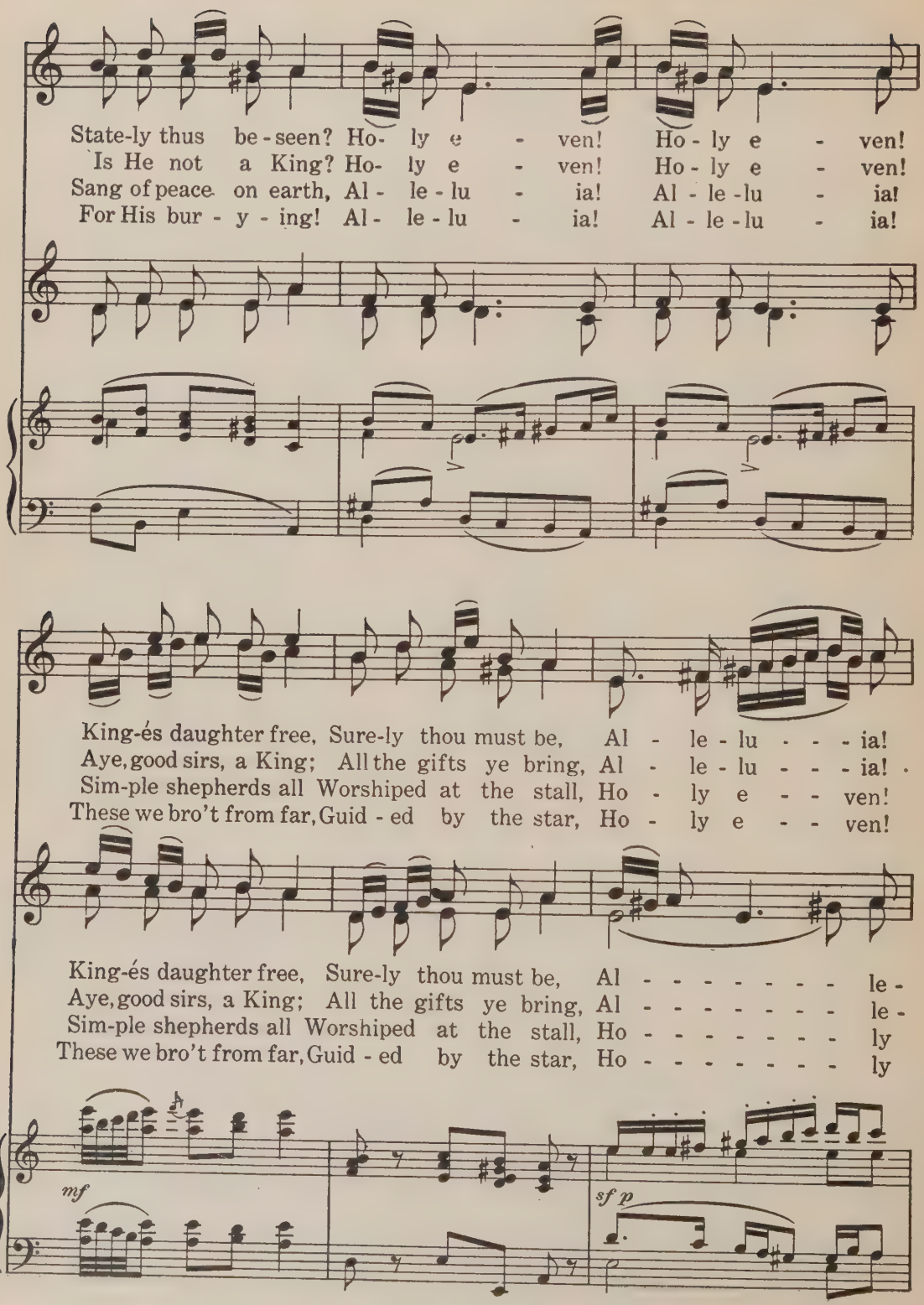
THE CAROL OF THE THREE KINGS

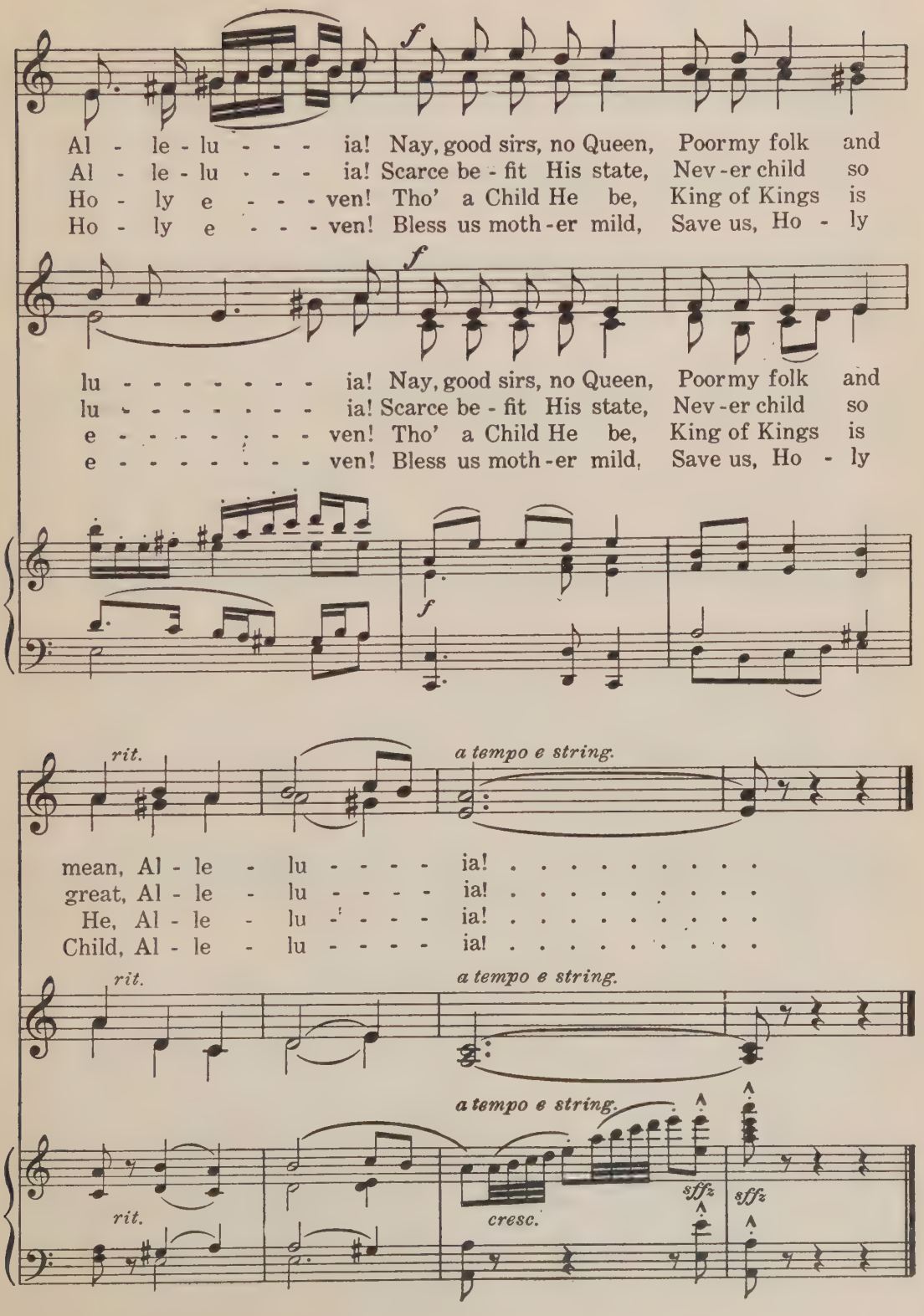
Words adapted and extended from the Russian text

N. A. Rimski-Korsakov
From *Nuit de Noel*




Found the Heav'n - born child By His moth - er mild,
For to Him a star Led us from a - far
Tell us, moth - er mild, Of thy won - drous Child!
Frank - in - cense I bear, For a Priést - es care!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Ho - ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven!
Ho - ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven!
Art thou then a Queen,
Roy - al gifts we bring
An - gels at His birth
Myrrh a-lone I bring,
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia!
Ho - ly e - ven!
Ho - ly e - ven!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Art thou then a Queen, . .
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Roy - al gifts we bring . .
Ho - ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven! An - gels at His birth . .
Ho - ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven! Myrrh a-lone I bring, . .


State-ly thus be-seen? Ho- ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven!
Is He not a King? Ho- ly e - ven! Ho - ly e - ven!
Sang of peace on earth, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
For His bur - y - ing! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
King-és daughter free, Sure-ly thou must be, Al - le - lu - - - ia!
Aye, good sirs, a King; All the gifts ye bring, Al - le - lu - - - ia!
Sim-ple shepherds all Worshiped at the stall, Ho - ly e - - ven!
These we bro't from far, Guid - ed by the star, Ho - ly e - - ven!
King-és daughter free, Sure-ly thou must be, Al - - - - - - - le -
Aye, good sirs, a King; All the gifts ye bring, Al - - - - - - - le -
Sim-ple shepherds all Worshiped at the stall, Ho - - - - - - - ly
These we bro't from far, Guid - ed by the star, Ho - - - - - - - ly
mf
sf p

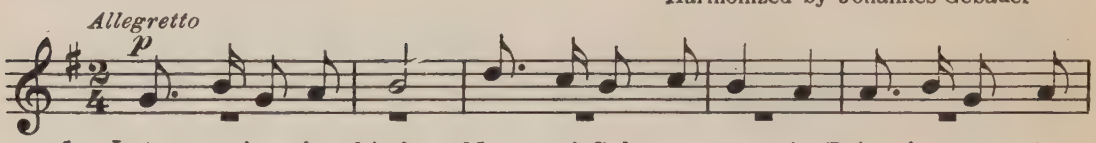

f
Al - le - lu - - - - ia! Nay, good sirs, no Queen, Poor my folk and
Al - le - lu - - - - ia! Scarce be - fit His state, Nev - er child so
Ho - ly e - - - - ven! Tho' a Child He be, King of Kings is
Ho - ly e - - - - ven! Bless us moth - er mild, Save us, Ho - ly
f
lu - - - - - - - - ia! Nay, good sirs, no Queen, Poor my folk and
lu - - - - - - - - ia! Scarce be - fit His state, Nev - er child so
e - - - - - - - - ven! Tho' a Child He be, King of Kings is
e - - - - - - - - ven! Bless us moth - er mild, Save us, Ho - ly
f
rit.
a tempo e string.
mean, Al - le - lu - - - - ia!
great, Al - le - lu - - - - ia!
He, Al - le - lu - - - - ia!
Child, Al - le - lu - - - - ia!
rit.
a tempo e string.
a tempo e string.
rit.
cresc.
sffz
sffz

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

From an Old French Noël

French Carol
Harmonized by Johannes Gebauer

Allegretto



1. Let us sing the birth Nos - tri Sal - va - to - ris; Bring-ing grace to
2. An - gels sang His birth Junc - ti pas - to - ri - bus; Sang of peace on
3. Who will not a - dore? Ad - e - a - mus om - nes; Prais-ing God once

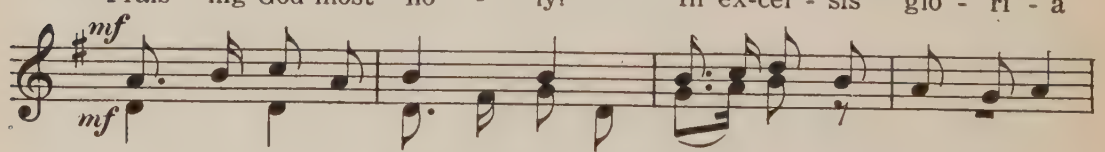
earth, De - i su - i Pa - tris! Lo, this child, how high was He,
earth, Pu - er no - bis na - tus! God hath come with man to live,
more, Prop - ter nos mor - tal - es. Good men all, with mirth and cheer

King of Kings, most ho - ly,
Shepherds told the sto - ry,
Each one high and low - ly,

Now made low to our de - gree!
Joy to low - ly hearts to give!
Keep your Christmas feast this year,

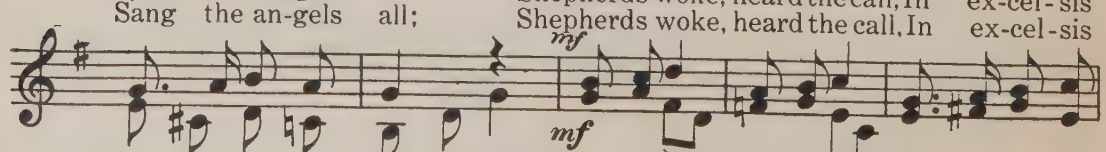
King of Kings, most
Shepherds told the
Each one high and

Born in man - ger low - ly! In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a
Saw the heaven-ly glo - ry! In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a
Prais - ing God most ho - ly! In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a

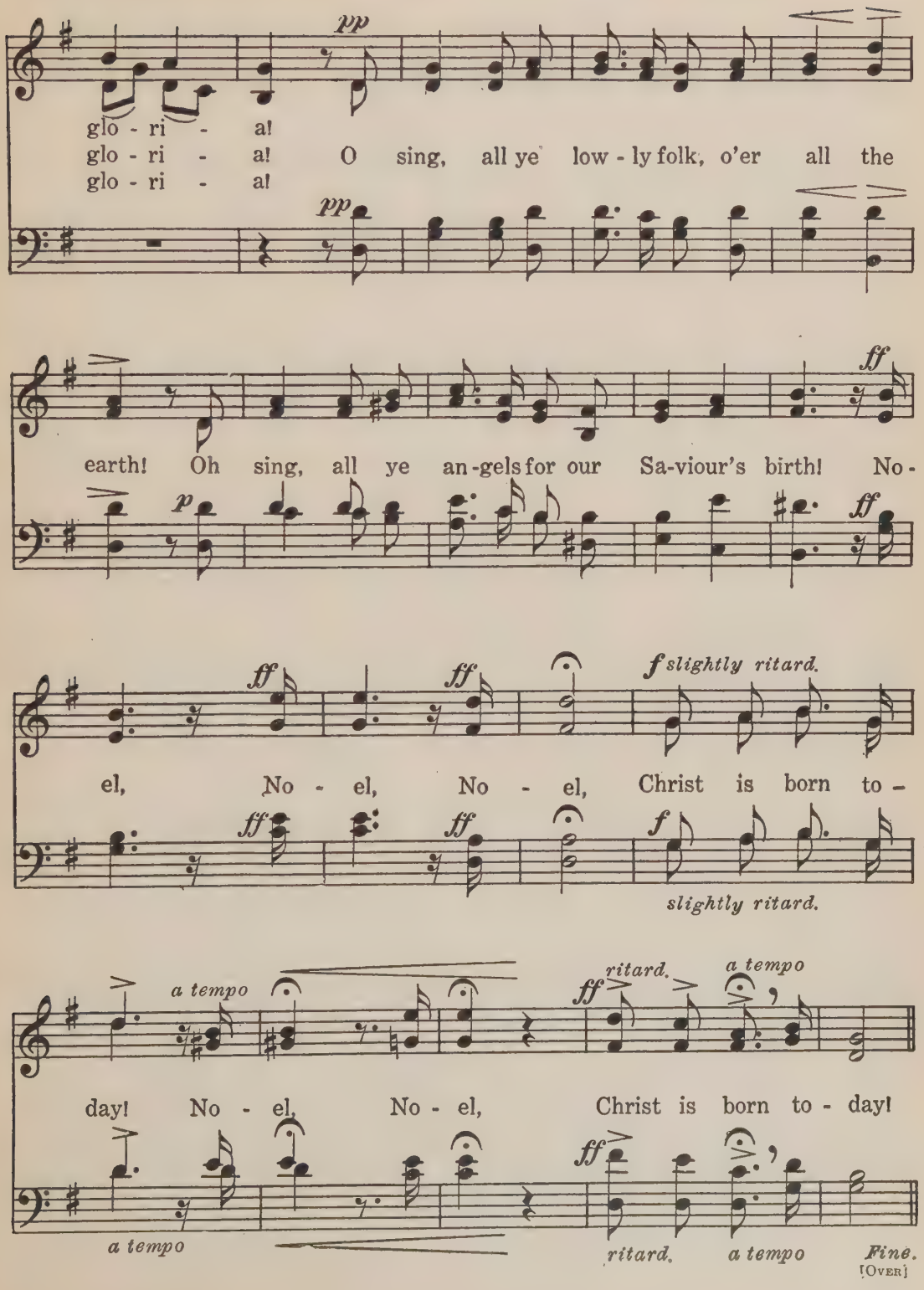


ho - ly, Born in man - ger low - ly!
sto - ry, Saw the heaven-ly glo - ry!
low - ly. Prais-ing God most ho - ly!

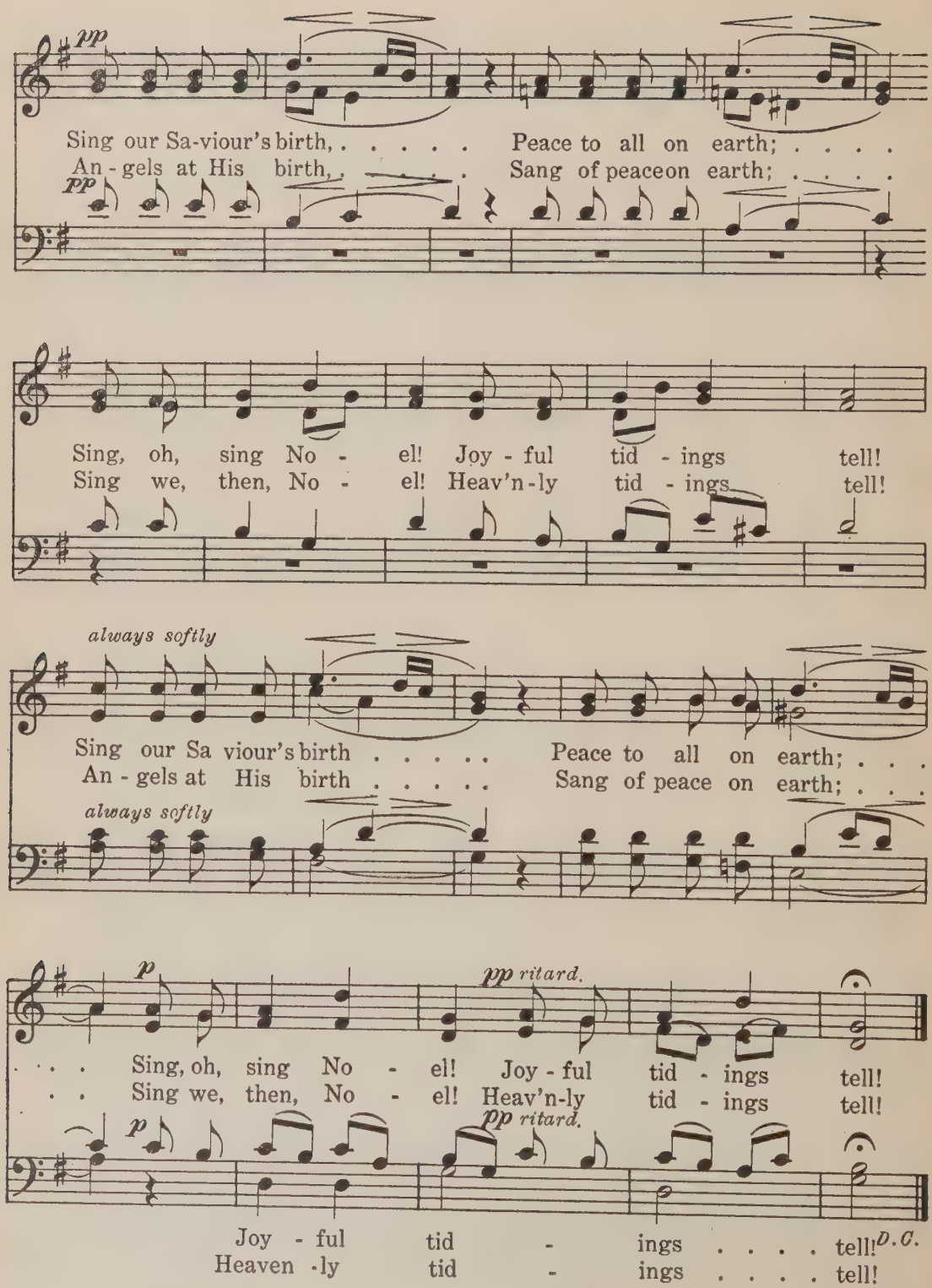
Sang the an-gels all; Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis
Sang the an-gels all; Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis
Sang the an-gels all; Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis



In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a! Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a! Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a! Shepherds woke, heard the call, In ex-cel - sis


pp
glo - ri - a!
glo - ri - a! O sing, all ye low - ly folk, o'er all the
glo - ri - a!
pp
ff
earth! Oh sing, all ye an - gels for our Sa-viour's birth! No -
p
ff
ff
ff
f slightly ritard.
el, No - el, No - el, Christ is born to -
ff
ff
f
slightly ritard.
a tempo
ritard.
a tempo
day! No - el, No - el, Christ is born to - day!
ff
a tempo
ritard. a tempo Fine.

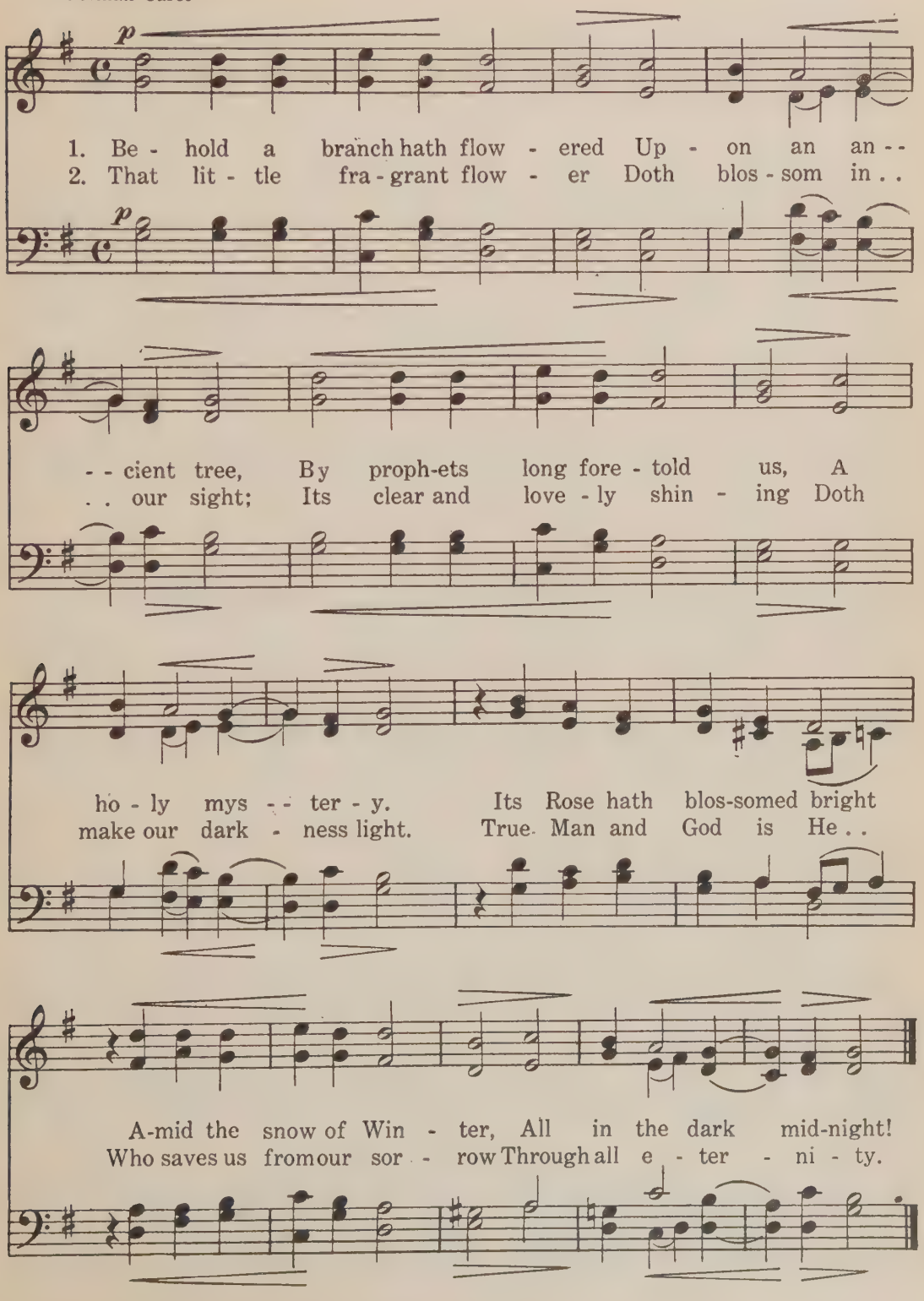
[OVER]


pp
Sing our Sa-viour's birth, ... Peace to all on earth; . . . .
An - gels at His birth, ... Sang of peace on earth; . . . .
pp
Sing, oh, sing No - el! Joy - ful tid - ings tell!
Sing we, then, No - el! Heav'n - ly tid - ings tell!
always softly
Sing our Sa viour's birth . . . . . Peace to all on earth; . . .
An - gels at His birth . . . . . Sang of peace on earth; . . .
always softly
p
pp ritard.
. . . Sing, oh, sing No - el! Joy - ful tid - ings tell!
. . Sing we, then, No - el! Heav'n-ly tid - ings tell!
p
pp ritard.
Joy - ful tid - ings . . . . tell!
Heaven - ly tid - ings . . . . tell!
D.C.

BEHOLD, A BRANCH HATH FLOWERED

From an ancient German Carol

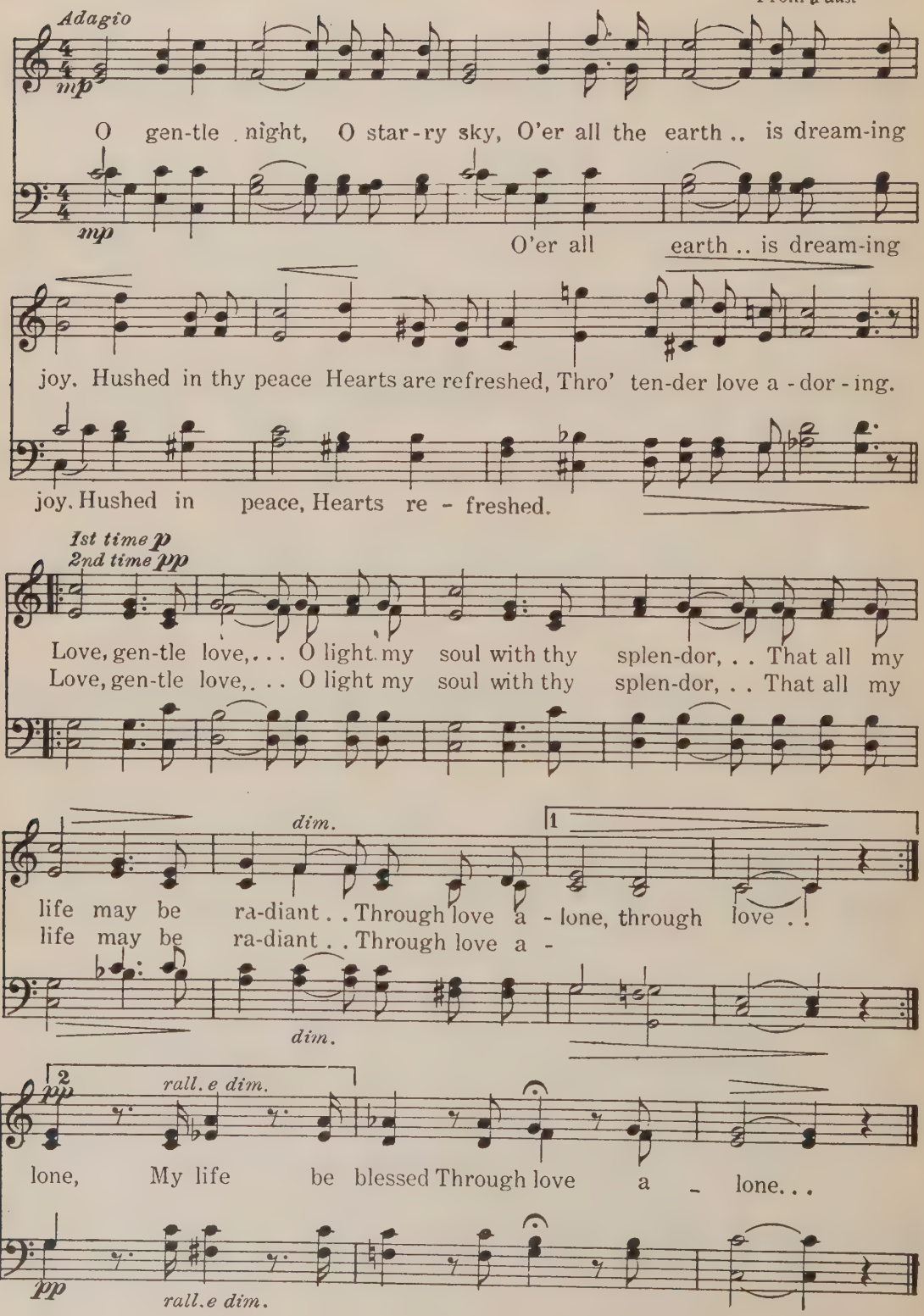
Michael Praetorius



O GENTLE NIGHT

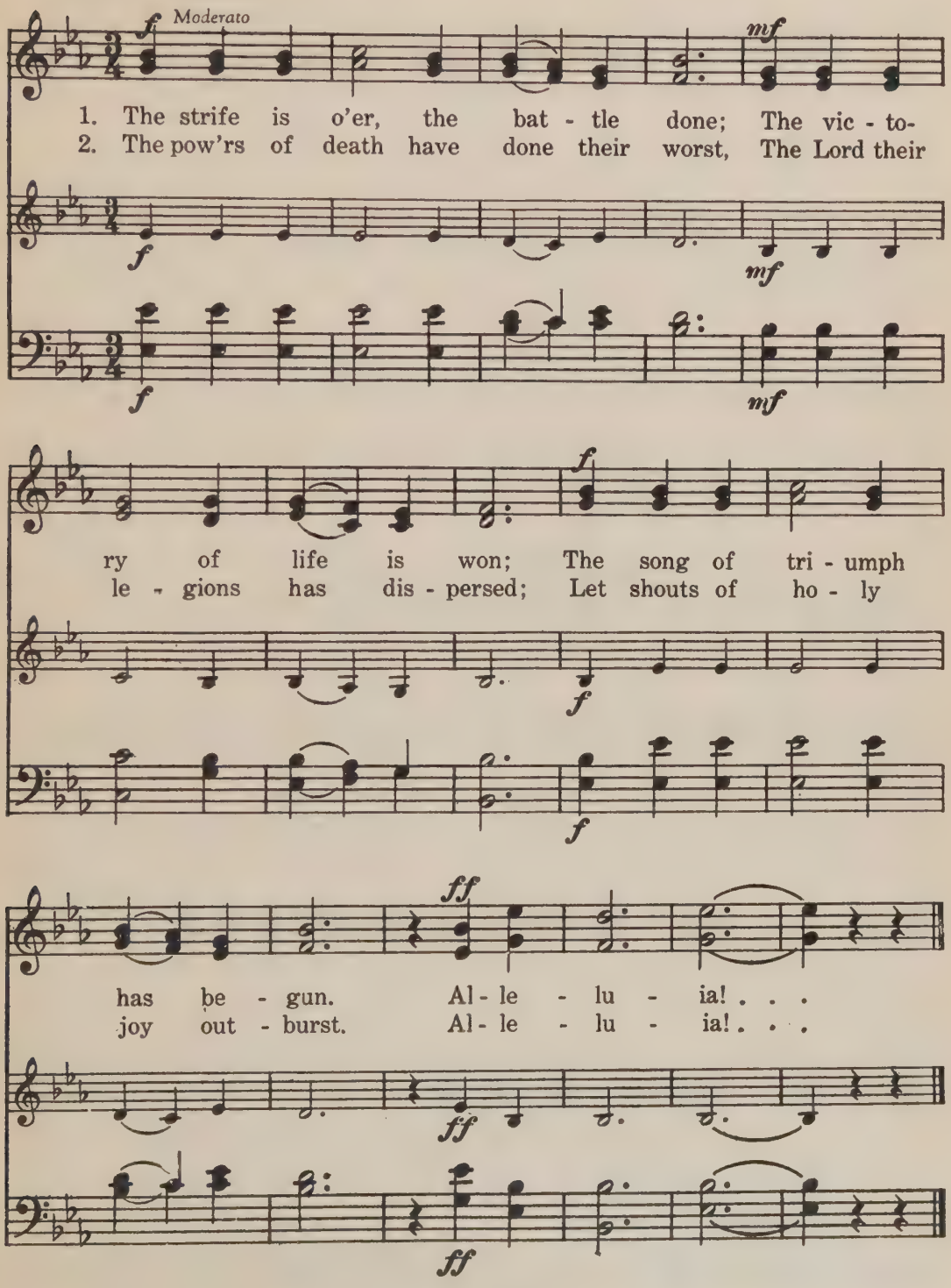
From an Italian text

Charles Gounod
From *Faust*



Twelfth Century Latin Hymn
Translated by Francis Pott

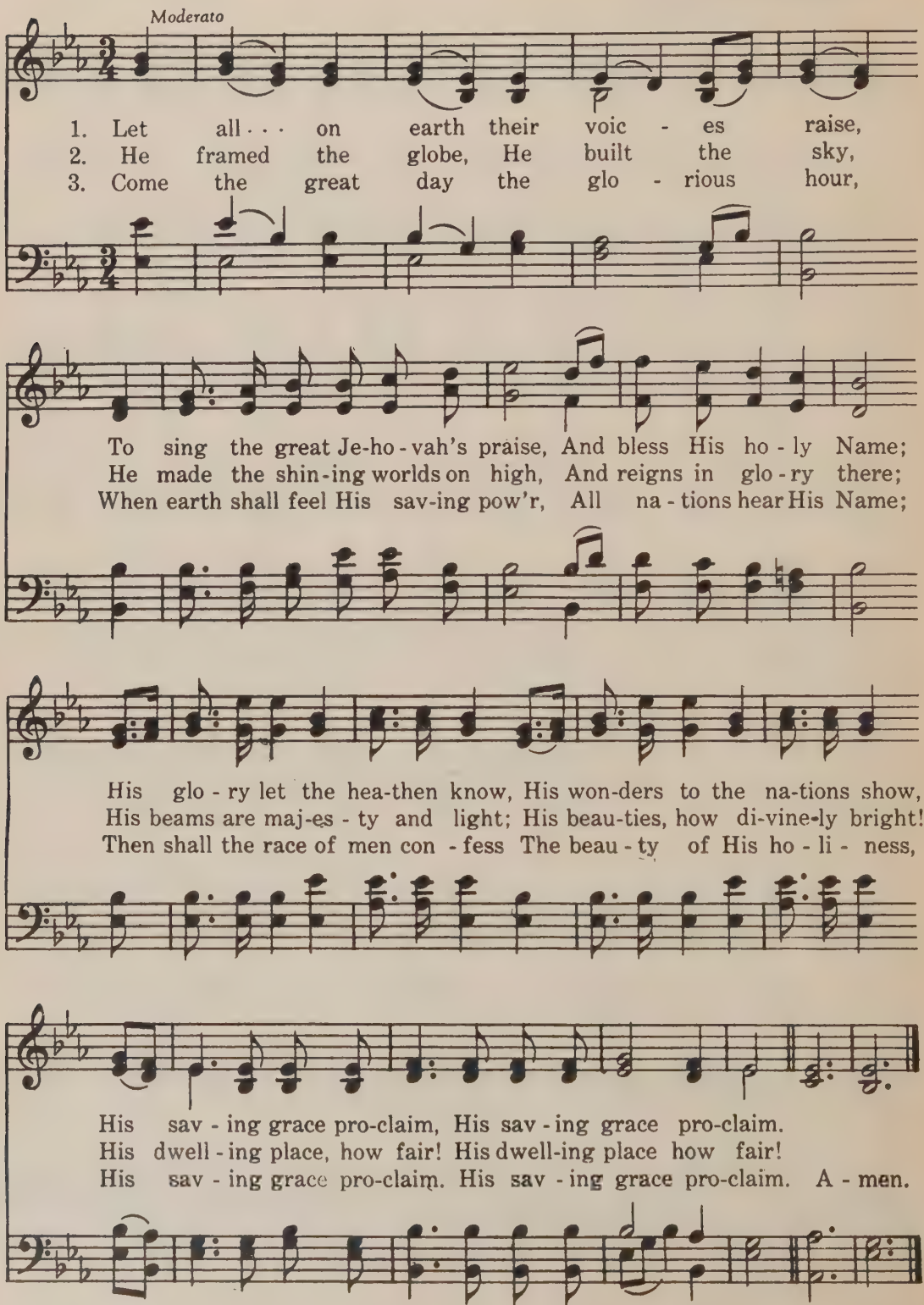
Giovanni da Palestrina



LET ALL ON EARTH THEIR VOICES RAISE

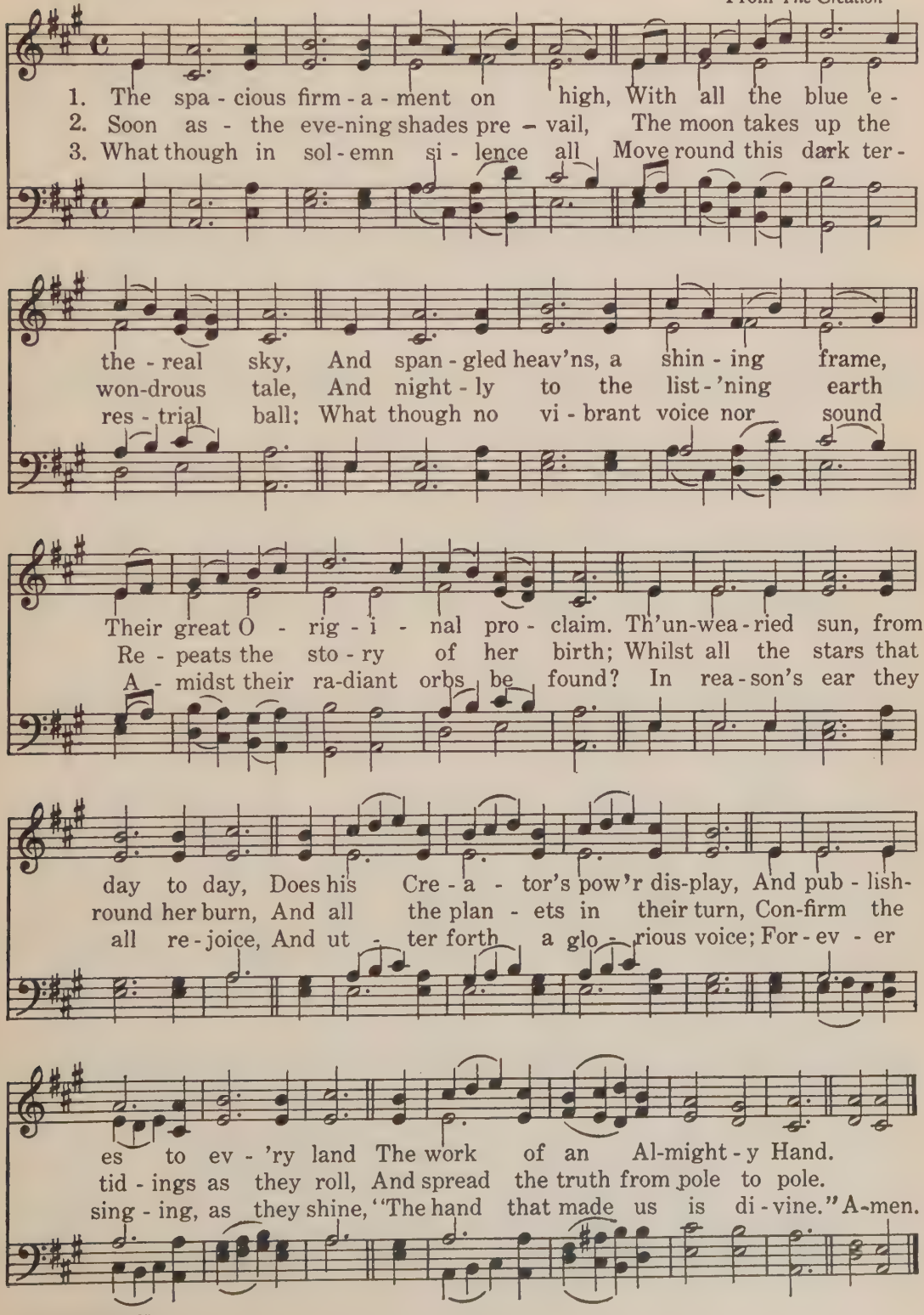
Isaac Watts

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Arranged by Lowell Mason



Joseph Addison

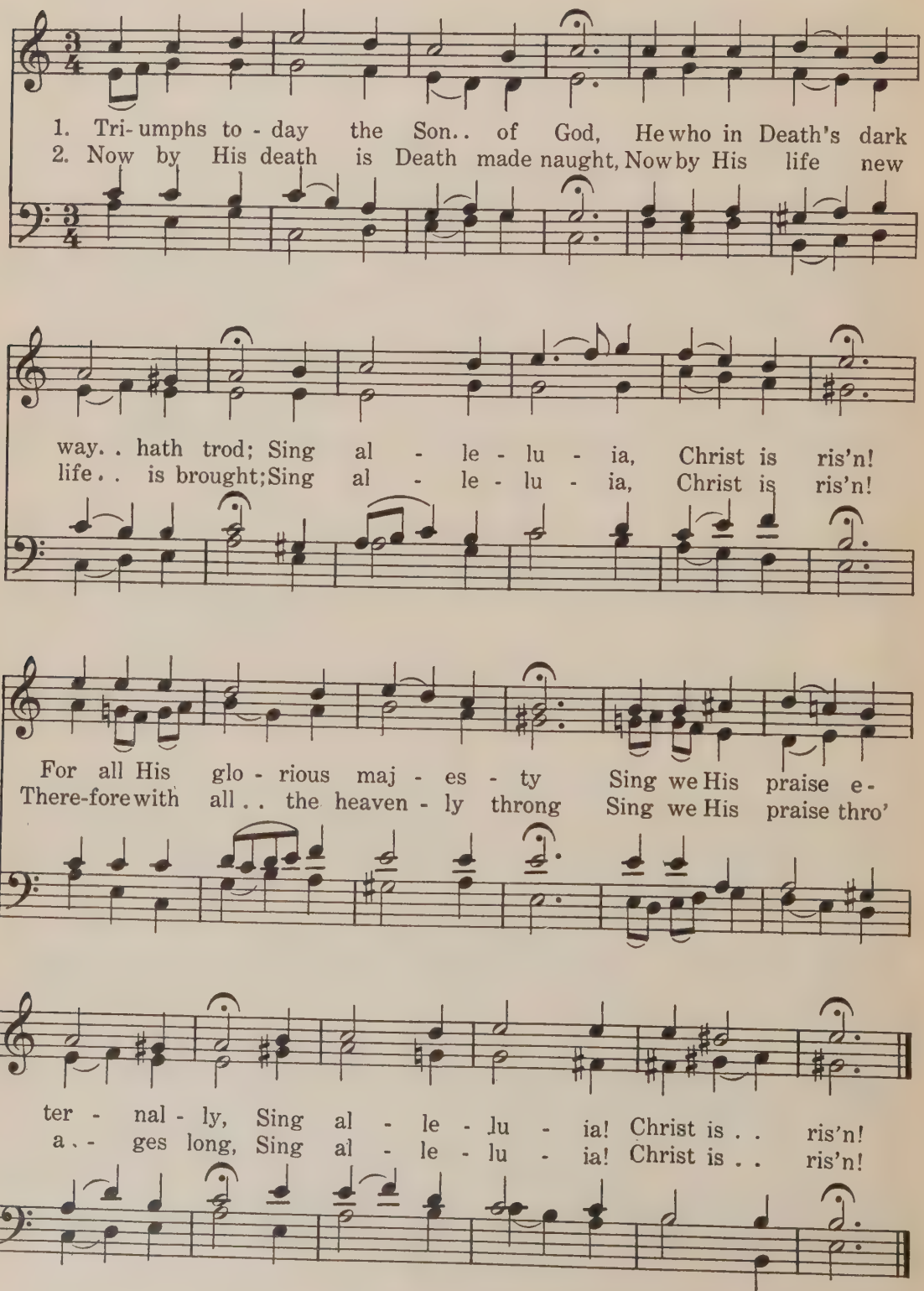
Josef Haydn
From *The Creation*



TRIUMPHS TO-DAY THE SON OF GOD

From the German

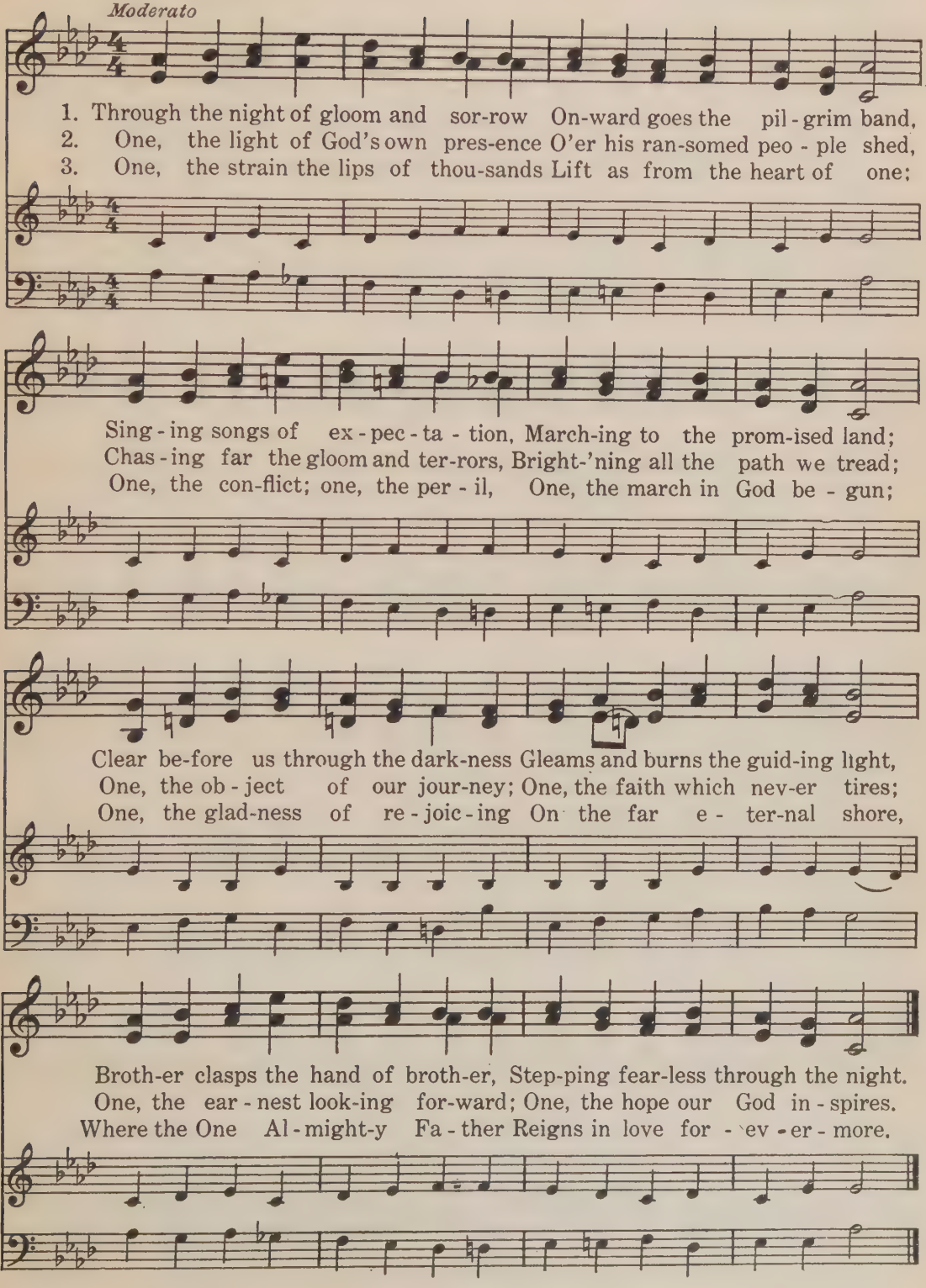
Johann Sebastian Bach



Sabine Baring-Gould

German Choral

Moderato

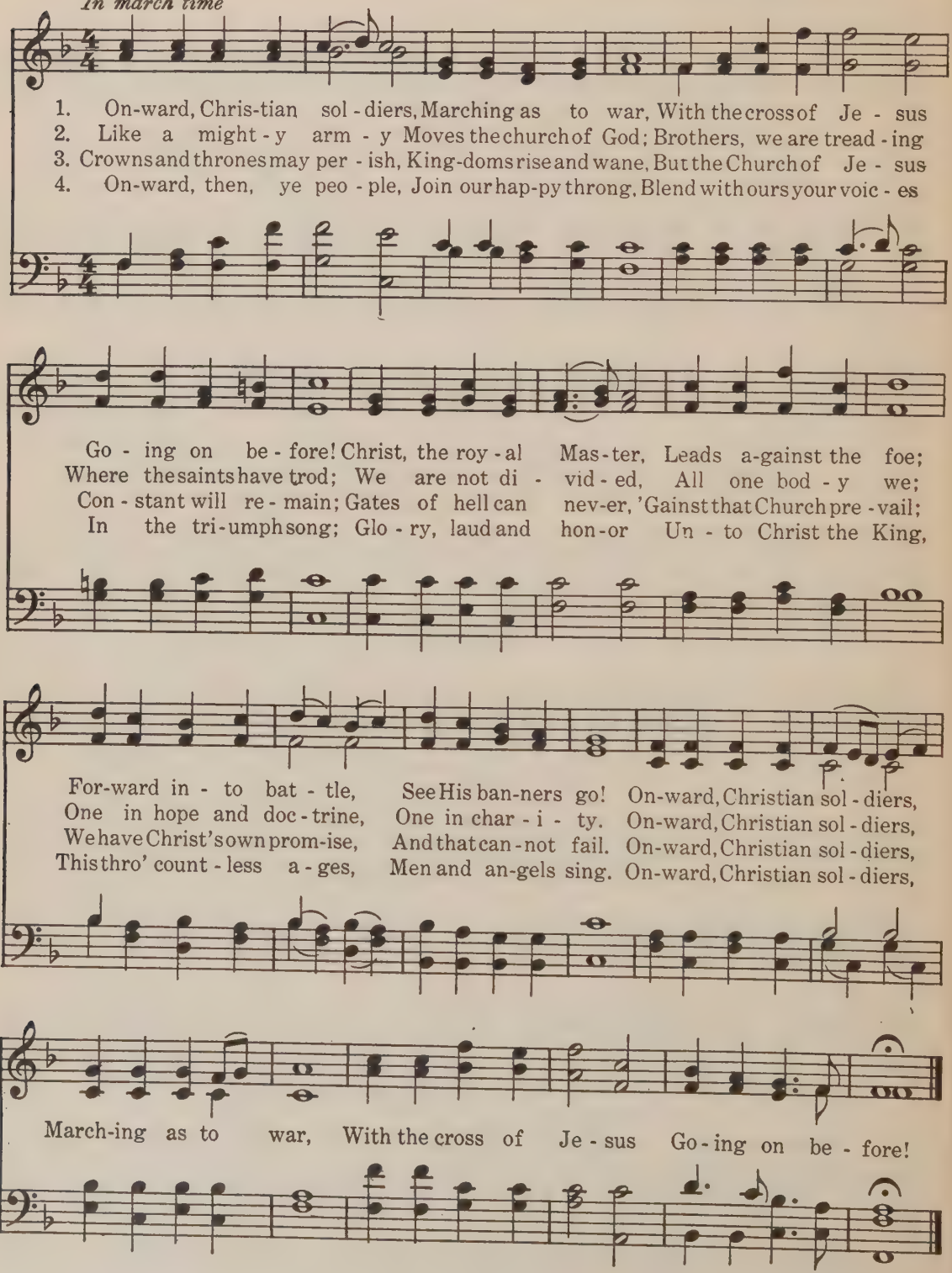


ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Sabine Baring-Gould

Sir Arthur Sullivan

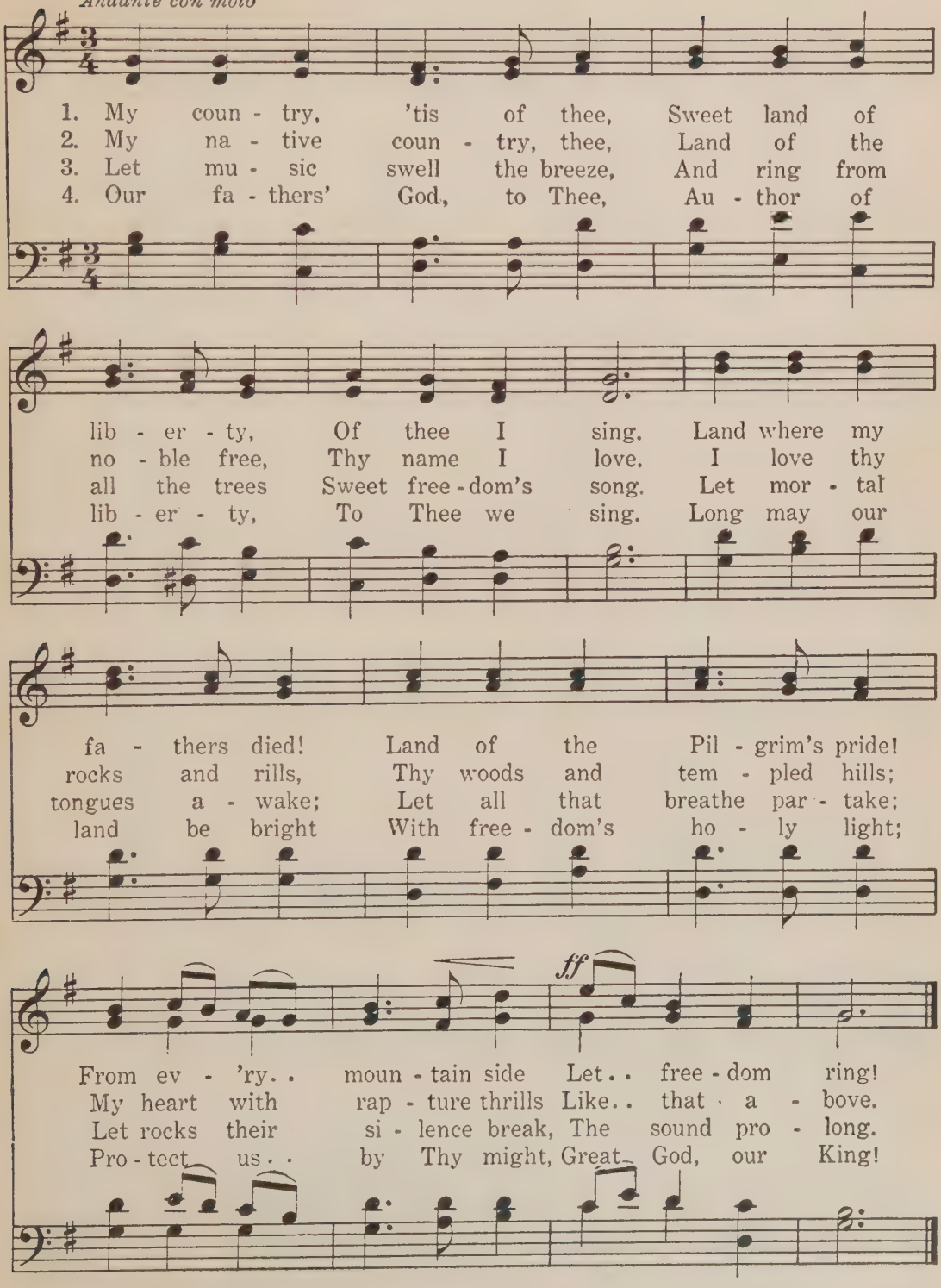
In march time



AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith — Henry Carey

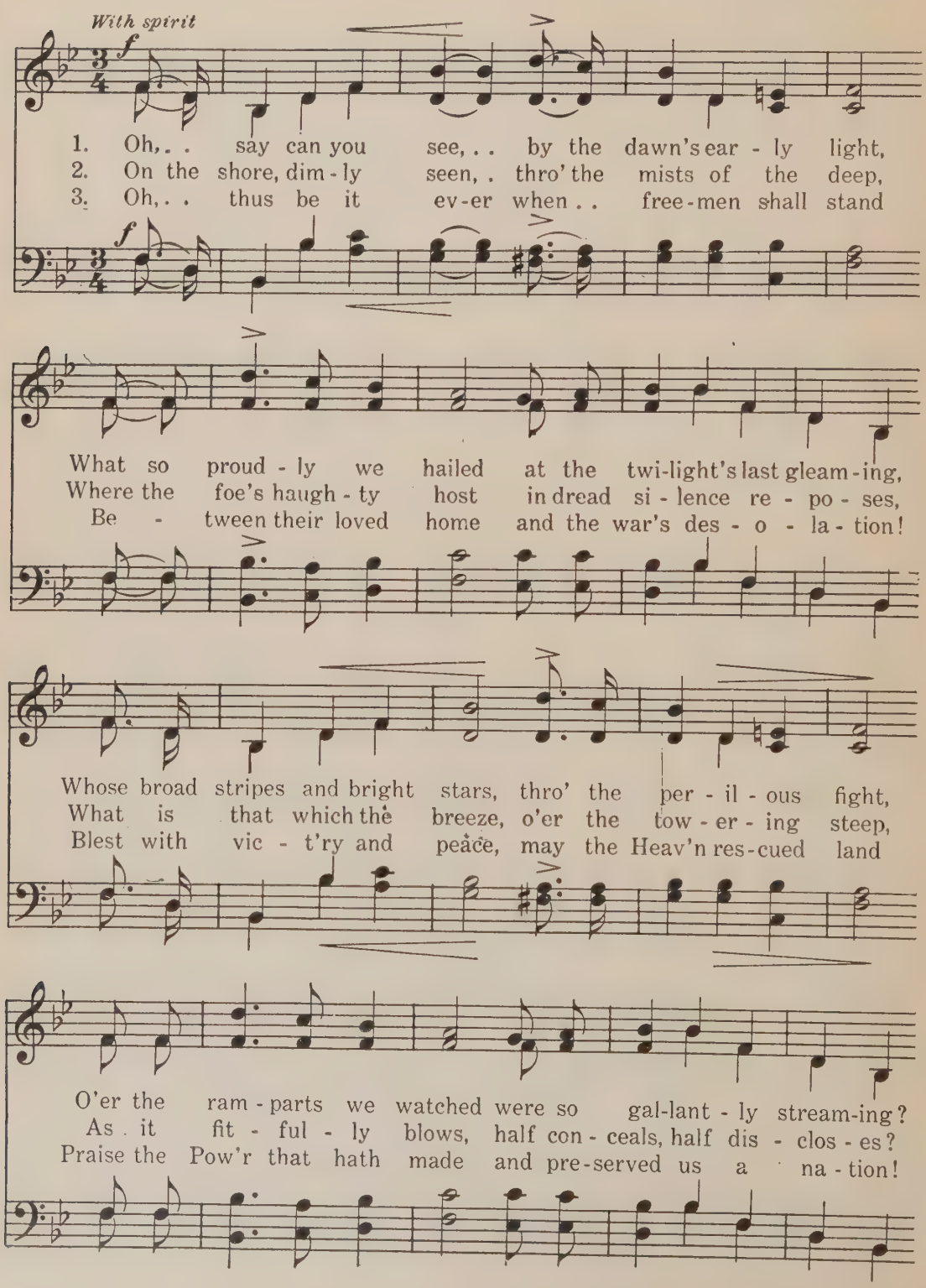
Andante con moto

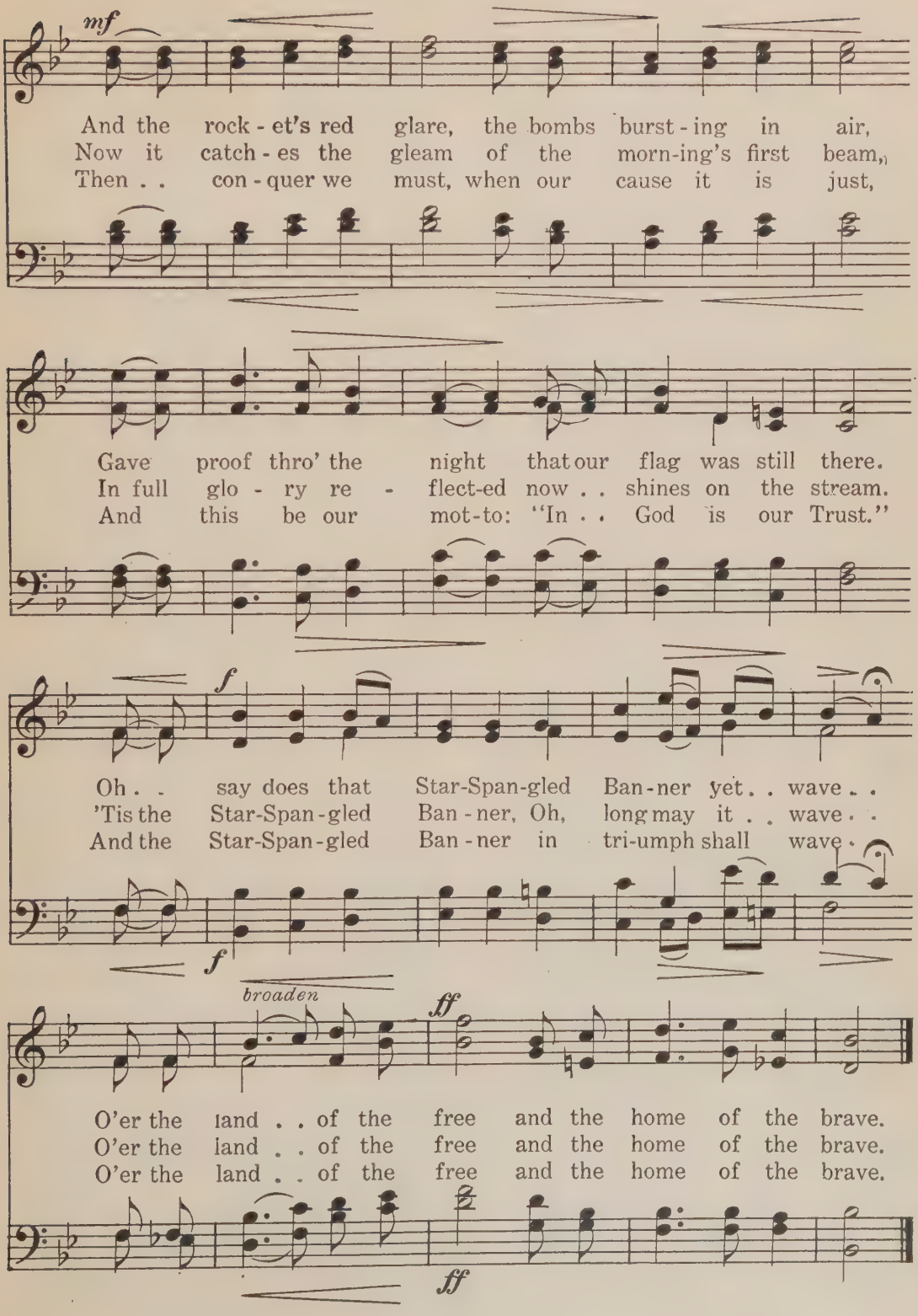


THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(Service Version)

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith




mf
And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
Then . . con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect-ed now . . shines on the stream.
And this be our mot-to: "In . . God is our Trust."
f
Oh . . say does that Star-Span-gled Ban-ner yet . . wave . .
'Tis the Star-Span-gled Ban - ner, Oh, long may it . . wave . .
And the Star-Span-gled Ban - ner in tri-umph shall wave .
f
broaden
ff
O'er the land . . of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land . . of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land . . of the free and the home of the brave.
ff

GLOSSARY OF COMMON MUSICAL TERMS

a (ä) in; at; to; according to; for

accelerando (ät-chā-lā-rän′ dō) gradually quicker

adagio (*a*-dä′jō) slow

ad libitum (ăd lĭb′ĭ-tŭm) as one wishes

agitato (ä-jē-tä′tō) in a restless or hurried manner

al (äl) to the

alla (äl′lä) in the style of

allegretto (äl-lā-grĕt′tō) not so quick as *allegro*

allegro (äl-lā′grō) brisk; lively

andante (än-dän′tā) moderately slow

andantino (än-dän-tē′nō′) rather quicker than *andante*

anima (än′ē-mä) spirit

animato (än-ē-mä′to) with spirit

assai (äs-sī) very

ben (bĕn) well

brio (brē′ō) vivacity

calando (kä-län′dō) gradually diminishing in rapidity and loudness

cantabile (kän-tä′bē-lā) melodious and flowing

coda (kō′dä) a few closing measures

con (kôn) with

crescendo (krĕ-shĕn′dō) with constantly increasing tone-volume

da capo (dä kä′pō) from the beginning (indicated by the letters D.C.)

dal segno (däl sä′nyō) a direction to go back to the sign 𝄋 and repeat from it to the close, or the point marked *fine*

decrescendo (dā-krĕ-shĕn′dō) with constantly diminishing tone-volume

di (dē) of

diminuendo (dē-mē-nwen′dō) with constantly diminishing tone-volume

dolce (dôl′chā) sweet; with soft, smooth execution

energico (ĕn-ĕr′jē-kō) with energy

espressivo (ĕs-prĕs-sē′-vō) with expression

fine (fē′nā) end

forte (*f*) (fôr′tā) loud

fortissimo (*ff*) (fôr-tĭs′ĭ-mō) very loud

forza (fôr′tsä) power

fuoco (fōō-ō′kō) fire; energy

grazioso (grä-tsē-ō′sō) gracefully

grave (grāv) serious; very slow

larghetto (lär-gĕt′tō) somewhat slow

largo (lär′gō) slow

legato (lā-gä′tō) smoothly connected

lento (lĕn′tō) slow

ma (mä) but

marcato (mär-kä′tō) accented

marcia (mär′chä) a march

marziale (mär-tsē-ä′lĕ) in a martial manner

meno mosso (mā′nō môs′sō) slower

mezzo (mĕd′zō) half; medium

moderato (mŏd-ĕ-rä′tō) in moderate time

molto (mōl′tō) much; very

morendo (mô-rĕn′dō) dying

moto (mô′tō) spirited or rapid movement

non (nōn) not

pesante (pā-sän′tā) heavily accented

pianissimo (*pp*) (pē-*a*-nĭs′ĭ-mō) very soft

piano (*p*) (pyä′nō) soft

piu (pyōō) more

poco a poco (pô′kō ä pô′kō) little by little

presto (prĕs′tō) very fast

primo (prē′mō) first

quasi (kwä′sē) somewhat like

rallentando (*rall.*) (räl-lĕn-tän′dō) with a gradual decrease in tempo

risoluto (rē-zô-lōō′tō) resolutely

ritardando (*rit.*) (rē-tär-dän′dō) gradually slower

ritenuto (*riten.*) (rē-tä-nōō′tō) gradually slower

secondo (sĕ-kōn′dō) second

sempre (sĕm′prā) always

sforzando (sfôr-tsän′dō) *sforzato* (sfôr-tsä′tō) (*sf, sfz. fz.* or >) strongly accented

smorzando (smôr-tsän′dō) dying away

solo (sō′lō) alone

sostenuto (sōs-tā-nōō′tō) sustained

staccato (stä-kä′tō) disconnected; opposed to *legato*

tempo (tĕm′pō) time

tenuto (tā-nōō′tō) hold the full value

tranquillo (trän-kwēl′lō) in a quiet style

troppo (trôp′pō) too much

tutti (tōōt′tē) all together

vigoroso (vē-g-ôrō′sō) with energy

vivace (vē-vä′chā) brisk. Also *vivo* (vē′vō)

voce (vō′chā) voice

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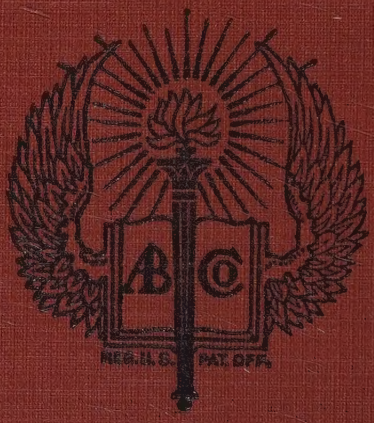
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